



Virginia Commonwealth University  
**VCU Scholars Compass**

---

Theses and Dissertations

Graduate School

---

2013

## The Journal of Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop Wynne, 1862-1878

Andrew Talkov  
*Virginia Commonwealth University*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarscompass.vcu.edu/etd>



Part of the [History Commons](#)

© The Author

---

Downloaded from

<https://scholarscompass.vcu.edu/etd/574>

This Thesis is brought to you for free and open access by the Graduate School at VCU Scholars Compass. It has been accepted for inclusion in Theses and Dissertations by an authorized administrator of VCU Scholars Compass. For more information, please contact [libcompass@vcu.edu](mailto:libcompass@vcu.edu).

© Andrew H. Talkov 2013  
All Rights Reserved

# The Journal of Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop Wynne, 1862-1878

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts at Virginia Commonwealth University.

By

Andrew H. Talkov  
B.A., Rutgers, The State University of New Jersey, 1995

Director: John T. Kneebone, Ph.D.  
Associate Professor and Department Chair, Department of History

Virginia Commonwealth University  
Richmond, Virginia  
December, 2013

## Acknowledgement

Rarely does one person alone do any creditable work. Besides the members of the committee—Dr. Sarah H. Meacham, Associate Professor and Graduate Program Director at VCU, and Dr. Sandra G. Treadway, Librarian of Virginia—who have earned my thanks and gratitude for their guidance and counsel, there are many others whose assistance should not go unnoticed.

I am particularly grateful to Dr. John T. Kneebone at Virginia Commonwealth University who has been a patient mentor, a careful editor, and an enthusiastic partner in this effort. I'll fondly remember our many lunchtime meetings during which we talked about Lizzie's attempts to find God and love. I appreciate that he talked me off the ledge on more than one occasion, convinced me that this project could be completed, and ensured that it would be readable.

The Virginia Historical Society and its staff have been enormously supportive of my efforts to complete my master's degree, and I am particularly thankful for the generous funding that institution provided through the Employee Education Fund. Dr. Paul A. Levengood, President and CEO, and Dr. Nelson D. Lankford, Vice President for Programs, at the VHS offered endless encouragement, and I am grateful for their frequent guidance and counsel. I'm thankful to Meg Eastman, Visual Resources Manager, who brought Lizzie to my attention. It was impossible to know that when I saw her cased ambrotype for the first time that it would be the beginning of a more than four year relationship with Lizzie Alsop. This project would not have been possible if not for the resources of the Virginia Historical Society, and I am grateful to Frances Pollard, Katherine Wilkins, Edward "Tony" Walters, and Matthew Chaney in the Research Library for making repeated trips up and down the stairs to

retrieve requested volumes. I'm also grateful to Graham T. Dozier, Managing Editor of Publications at the Virginia Historical Society, who not only served as an editorial advisor, but whose own documentary editing project allowed us to commiserate throughout this project.

In the final stages of this project, John Hennessey, Chief Historian at Fredericksburg & Spotsylvania National Military Park, and Elizabeth Daly at the Fredericksburg Regional Heritage Center, rallied to the cause by sharing their extensive knowledge of the people and places of Civil War-era Fredericksburg which would have been familiar to Lizzie.

Most importantly I must thank my friends and family. My parents, Joan and Leonard Talkov, saw a spark of interest in a ten-year-old boy, and did everything they could to fan it into a passion that has led me to this point. Karri A. Peifer, K. Robin Raver, and Kimberly P. Drudge have supported my efforts throughout this journey despite the lack of attention caused by the project. For them, words of thanks do not adequately express my feelings of gratitude for their support during the completion of this project.

Lastly, I would like to thank Lizzie Alsop, who has, over the years, made me variously laugh, cry, and ponder the meaning of true love.

## Table of Contents

Introduction: .....	1
Chapter 1:        March 4, 1862 – July 19, 1864 .....	18
Chapter 2:        July 2, 1864 – October 9, 1864 .....	165
Chapter 3:        January 4, 1865 – January 11, 1866 .....	205
Chapter 4:        March 13, 1866 – March 28, 1867 .....	260
Chapter 5:        June 17, 1867 – August 4, 1869 .....	325
Chapter 6:        August 14, 1869 – January 5, 1871 .....	407
Chapter 7:        January 20, 1871 – December 26, 1872 .....	442
Chapter 8:        February 1, 1873 – March 20, 1878 .....	502
Appendix A: Major Characters in the Life of Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop Wynne .....	522
Appendix B: Photographs .....	526
Bibliography .....	529
Vita .....	535

## Abstract

### THE JOURNAL OF ELIZABETH MAXWELL ALSOP WYNNE, 1862-1878

By Andrew H. Talkov, M.A.

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts at Virginia Commonwealth University.

Virginia Commonwealth University, 2013.

Major Director: John T. Kneebone, Ph.D.  
Associate Professor and Department Chair, Department of History

The experiences of Southern women during the American Civil War are often represented through the publication of their journals, diaries, and memoirs. This project consists of the transcription and annotation of the journal of Elizabeth (“Lizzie”) Maxwell Alsop Wynne, written from March 4, 1862, through March 20, 1878. During her most intense period of writing from 1862 to 1866, Lizzie Alsop recorded the effects of the American Civil War on an extensive network of friends and family in the Confederate capital at Richmond, Virginia, and at her home in Fredericksburg, Virginia. Lizzie’s journal offers valuable insight into the wartime politicization of adolescent women, courtship, religion, the changing relationship between enslaved African Americans and slave-owners, the effect of Union occupation on Southern civilians, and the social ties among family and friends during and after the war. The journal is among the Wynne Family Papers at the Virginia Historical Society (MssI W9927 a) and recorded in nine blank books. Transcribed for the first time in its entirety, Lizzie’s journals add her voice to the relatively small number of records left by female adolescents describing the dramatic experiences at the epicenter of civil war and growth into womanhood in its aftermath.

## INTRODUCTION

On Tuesday, March 4, 1862, fifteen-year-old Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop, a student at the Southern Female Institute in Richmond, Virginia, took pencil in hand and inscribed the title page of her new journal. “Lizzie M Alsop / Southern Female Institute / Richmond / Va. / March 4th 1862. Journal / ‘A man’s enemies are the men of his own house.’”<sup>1</sup> With varying frequency over the next seventy years, Lizzie filled the pages of nine such books. During her most intense period of writing from 1862 to 1866, Lizzie Alsop recorded the effects of the American Civil War on an extensive network of friends and family in the Confederate capital and at her home in Fredericksburg, Virginia. Largely overlooked by historians even after they became publicly accessible as part of the Virginia Historical Society collection in 1986, Lizzie’s journal offers valuable insight into the wartime politicization of adolescent women, courtship, religion, the changing relationship between enslaved African Americans and slave-owners, the effect of Union occupation on Southern civilians, and the social ties among family and friends during and after the war. Historians who have found Lizzie’s journal generally focus on entries made during the Civil War, but the decade of journaling that followed have been largely ignored.<sup>2</sup> From 1866 to 1878, readers are privy to the most intimate thoughts of a young woman coming of age in the post-war South. Transcribed for the first time in their entirety, Lizzie’s journals add her voice to the relatively small number of records left by female adolescents describing the dramatic experiences in the epicenter of civil war and growth into womanhood in its aftermath.

---

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop Wynne. Journal of Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop Wynne, 1862 – 1926. Wynne Family Papers, 1809-1967. MssI W9927 a. Virginia Historical Society. Richmond, VA. The quotation is derived from the Gospel of Matthew, Chapter 10, Verse 36.

<sup>2</sup> Elements of Lizzie’s journal have been used by tour guides at Fredericksburg and Spotsylvania National Military Park, and she was the subject of historian Steven E. Nash’s essay “Love is a Battlefield: Lizzie Alsop’s Flirtation with the Confederacy” that appeared in *Weirding the Civil War: Stories from the Civil War’s Ragged Edges*, ed. Stephen Berry (University of Georgia Press, 2011).



Elizabeth (“Lizzie”) Maxwell Alsop Wynne, as she was known after her marriage, was born into a world of privilege on March 17, 1846. Her parents, Joseph M. and Sarah Ann Alsop, were among the wealthiest residents of Fredericksburg, Virginia, and by 1860, the fifty-four-year-old Joseph owned \$130,000 in real and personal property—including at least forty-eight enslaved men, women, and children.<sup>3</sup> Joseph was the only son of Samuel Alsop, a wealthy and influential resident of Spotsylvania County, and from an early age he showed an interest in his father’s enterprises. Joseph became active in business, owned several farms, and by 1833 served as a justice of the Spotsylvania court.<sup>4</sup> Joseph lived at his parents’ residence in Spotsylvania County, known as “Fairview,” until his marriage to twenty-year-old Sarah Ann French about 1836. Sarah, also a native of Spotsylvania County, had grown up on an estate adjacent to “Fairview.”

By 1860, Sarah, Joseph, and their five surviving children resided in the substantial brick home at 1201 Princess Anne Street in the nearby city of Fredericksburg. Lizzie’s oldest brother, twenty-two-year-old William, studied law, while twenty-year-old George was a student of medicine. The education of his daughters was also important to Joseph, and fourteen-year-old Lizzie and her sixteen-year-old sister Nannie attended the Southern Female Institute in Richmond, Virginia. The family’s youngest daughter, eight-year-old Emily, remained with her parents in Fredericksburg. The Alsop family looked forward to a future of continued wealth and prosperity in a society based on slavery. Virginia’s secession in April 1861 threatened that prosperity, the importance of Spotsylvania County and Fredericksburg in the resulting war assaulted it, and Confederate defeat in 1865 unhinged it.

The three years of war recorded in Lizzie’s journal follow the emotional ups-and-downs of the Confederacy. In May 1862, she patriotically wrote from Union-occupied Fredericksburg that “we Confederates are, generally speaking, the most cheerful people imaginable, and treat the Yankees with

---

<sup>3</sup> 1860 U.S. Census, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, Fredericksburg, p. 261 (handwritten), dwelling 73, family 73; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1380. 1860 U.S. Census, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, slave schedules, St. Georges Parish, page 336 (printed, 67 handwritten).

<sup>4</sup> Jerry D. Alsop, *Alsop’s Tables: Volume III, Part I* (Bloomington: iUniverse, 2012), 381.

silent contempt Ah! They little know the hatred in our hearts towards them—the Great scorn we entertain for Yankees. I never hear or see a Federal riding down the street that I don't wish his neck may be broken before he crosses the bridge.”<sup>5</sup> Following the December 1862, Battle of Fredericksburg, Lizzie, then at school in Richmond, anxiously reported her family's flight into the countryside. “For several days before I left Richmond I was kept in a constant state of anxiety—not knowing what to do about coming home—no message or letter came from home telling me to come.”<sup>6</sup> Although the Confederate forces had been victorious, she reported the following New Year's Day, that she had “been over the house and . . . almost every room has a ball through it & the garden is much torn to pieces.”<sup>7</sup> After two more years of bloodshed, Lizzie reported the April 1865 surrender of Confederate general Robert E. Lee. “I pray God,” she wrote, “that I may yet live to see his vengeance exercised against our enemies; that I may live to see our brave, our noble army rise up from the ashes of our burning homes, and yet avenge the death of our heroes slain. If they could choose, how few would come back to this life, for what is life compared with honour.”<sup>8</sup>

Lizzie's reporting of wartime events is juxtaposed with her everyday concerns over education, courtship, marriage, entertainment, and her desire to be more submissive and control a violent temper. Although she lived in turbulent times, her diary is largely concerned with these timeless and ordinary events. “I had resolved to commence such a different life on yesterday,” she wrote in January 1863, “but alas the weakness of humans, and their inability to do anything without seeking aid from a higher power.”<sup>9</sup>

Life continued for Lizzie and her family after Appomattox, and she continued to record her thoughts in her journal with some regularity for the next thirteen years. Her post-war journal entries offer insight into how young Southerners coped with Confederate defeat, religious conversion, the

---

<sup>5</sup> Elizabeth M. Alsop, *Journal*, Vol. I, May 23, 1862.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, December 29, 1862.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, January 1, 1863.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, April 12, 1865.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*, January 2, 1863.

dynamics of a family in financial decline, postwar relationships of former slaves and former slave masters, and the process of maturing into a woman in the post-war South. In September 1865, Lizzie reported a “great change” had come over her since her last journal entry. Having become a Christian, she remarked that, “by his grace I trust to lead a better life hereafter.”<sup>10</sup> Her subsequent writing is dominated by often detailed records of church services and meetings she attended, biblical verses and hymns she wished to remember, and thoughts regarding her nascent evangelical faith. At the same time Lizzie continued to struggle with the insecurities of becoming a young woman in a postwar South and the reduction of her family’s wealth and status. Unable to mail letters for want of money to purchase stamps, Lizzie wrote, “at-times I acknowledge, I do feel very much dissatisfied with my poverty, but the Bible tells us to be content, with the things we have.”<sup>11</sup> Lizzie ceases to journal regularly in 1873. Her final entries suggests a significant turn of fortune that include her brother-in-law’s ill health, her brother George’s financial trouble, the sale of her childhood home at 1201 Princess Anne Street, and the pending sale of her mother’s family farm “Sunnyside.” Lizzie, now twenty-six-years-old, wrote, “I dare not dwell upon the thousand memories of my child, maiden or womanhood, which has made the past a holy thing. No, I can only try to put far away such sad remembrances, and pray for daily strength. I do not look forward, I dare not look backward. I can only keep my eyes upon heaven, and try to be content.”<sup>12</sup>

It is fitting that Lizzie chose to quote Matthew, Chapter 10, Verse 36, “a man’s enemies are the men of his own house” on the opening page of her journal. During the sixteen-years that followed that first entry, she struggled against her own anxiety, temper, and impatience, to become a disciplined student, a dutiful daughter and sister, a faithful friend, a patriotic Confederate, and a submissive Christian. In 1878, Lizzie found the love she so desperately hoped for. Although she did not record the next phase of her life in as much detail, it is evident that she continued to be an active Christian, a

---

<sup>10</sup> Alsop, Journal, Vol. III, September 15, 1865.

<sup>11</sup> Ibid., December 1, 1865.

<sup>12</sup> Alsop, Journal, Vol. VIII, December 12, 1873.

patriotic Southerner, a loving sister, a dutiful wife, and an attentive mother until her death in 1933.

## **Sources**

Lizzie's journals are among the Wynne Family Papers at the Virginia Historical Society (Mss I W9927 a) and recorded in nine blank books of varying appearance and length. Written in both pencil and pen, the 281 pages of Volume I (Mss I W9927 a31) are contained in an 8-inch by 7-inch blank book. This volume contains the most frequent concentration of entries representing the period from March 4, 1862 to July 19, 1864. Each of the other volumes (Mss I W9927a 33-39) is a blank book with ruled pages and pasteboard covers—usually with a marbled or faux leather finish. These are typically 7.5-inches high by 6.5-inches wide and contain between sixty and seventy leaves. Volume II (Mss I W9927 a32), covering the period from July 1864 through October 9, 1864, is the only volume not in a standard blank book, but instead is contained in a 3-inch by 4-inch pocket ledger with sixty leaves. The nine volumes of Lizzie's journal encompass the period from March 1862 to February 1926 and are largely continuous until December 12, 1873.

The Wynne Family Papers also includes letters written to Lizzie by her mother concerning life in Fredericksburg during Union occupation in May 1863, correspondence between Lizzie and her father concerning her education in Richmond, family news, and an agricultural fair in Fredericksburg, and correspondence with her sister, Nannie. Lizzie continued to journal in 1893, 1895, and 1897 at Bethany, West Virginia, about her life in Bethany, her children's education, and her notes regarding the Christian Woman's Board of Missions.

The collection also includes manuscripts from several members of Lizzie's family: correspondence (1841-1885) between Lizzie's mother and father, the Civil War correspondence of John William Wynne (1838-1864) of the 1st Virginia Infantry; correspondence of Richard Henry Wynne (1842-1915) of the 32nd Virginia Infantry Regiment; the diary of Eliza Chew (French) Smith

from September 1, 1864 to May 26, 1866; and the account books of Carter Moore Braxton (1836-1898) and Charles Edward Young (1838-1905), kept while serving as civil engineers for the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Company.

The collection of Wynne family papers was a gift to the Virginia Historical Society of Mrs. Francis Edmund Wynne, Jr., Allison Park, Pennsylvania, in 1982 and 1984. The collection was accessioned by Virginia Historical Society staff on June 10, 1986.

## **Methodology**

The written words of men and women who do not know how their own particular lives will play out helps avoid the sense of inevitability found in many history books, but, as the editors of *Freedom: A Documentary History of Emancipation* noted, “transcribing a handwritten document into a standardized, more accessible form inevitably sacrifices some of their evocative power.”<sup>13</sup>

This project consists of the transcription and annotation of the journal of Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop Wynne from March 4, 1862, through March 20, 1878. This period represents the portion of her journals beginning with her first entry and ending with her marriage to Richard Henry Wynne. Although Lizzie continued to write after her marriage, it seemed a fitting period at which to terminate this project as Lizzie’s marriage—a subject that dominated the sixteen years during which she wrote her journal—marked the end of her life as a dependent of the Alsop family. In addition, the entries in her journal that appeared after her marriage in 1878 are intermittent and, as they offer summaries of her activities, lack the immediacy of her earlier journal entries.

An unpublished typescript “excerpt” of Lizzie’s journals (MssI W9927 a 40) in the collection of the Virginia Historical Society was produced in November 1963 by her son, Francis Edmund Wynne,

---

<sup>13</sup> Michael E. Stevens and Steven B. Burg, *Editing Historical Documents: A Handbook of Practice* (Walnut Creek: AltaMira Press, 1997), 17, 92.

for distribution to family members and friends.<sup>14</sup> Although he noted that “it took much effort to prepare the text for typing, retaining the peculiarities of punctuation, spelling and expression,” numerous journal entries were omitted and, although the transcript retained original spellings, there are obvious errors in both typography and transcription.<sup>15</sup> Nevertheless, the typescript provides an overview of the journal’s contents and is a valuable reference in deciphering the peculiarities of Lizzie’s handwriting.

For this project, the 1963 typescript was scanned using optical character recognition software to produce a digital version of the journal. The digital document was then checked against the original documents to produce a complete typescript of the journals for the period outlined above. In order to ensure that the final transcription is accurate—and to allow work to be accomplished outside the archives—digital photographs of the journal taken by the author served as the basis from which the transcription was created. The nine volumes of Lizzie’s journal include nearly 1,100 pages, 1,000 of which were transcribed for this project. The 1963 typescript is 162 pages long and single spaced on 8.5-inch by 11-inch paper. The portions of the journals which serve as the focus of this project comprise 136 of those pages.

During the transcription of the journal, it quickly became apparent that the typescript version was heavily edited, and much content was omitted—ranging from single sentences to entire journal entries. Although one can only speculate as to why that is the case, the omitted passages have two common themes. The first are those in which multiple illegible words made a sentence’s meaning unclear. This may have been done to ease the reading of the typescript, and Francis Wynne rarely, if ever, identified words that he was unable to read in the text. The other circumstance in which passages were omitted appears to be of those Wynne deemed either too private for public consumption or those which may have negatively reflected on his mother. Wynne omits, for example,

---

<sup>14</sup> Francis Edmund Wynne (1880-1972) was the oldest of four children of Richard Henry Wynne and Elizabeth M. Alsop.

<sup>15</sup> Francis Edmund Wynne, “Foreword - Journal of Lizzie Maxwell Alsop, Fredericksburg, Virginia,” dated November 1963, Wynne Family Papers, 1809-1967. MssI W9927 a. Virginia Historical Society. Richmond, VA.

numerous passages related to the death of Lizzie's friend Hannah Graves. Lizzie discusses her deep sorrow and relates memories of her friend on many occasions, but these passages were often omitted from the journal typescript. One notable editorial omission is related to Mrs. Lovely Brown. Readers of the typescript would understand that Mrs. Brown came to dinner at the Alsop's home on July 13, 1862. Omitted from the typescript, however, is Lizzie's parenthetical comment about Mrs. Brown being, "the ugliest woman in town."<sup>16</sup> Many of the historians who have previously studied the Alsop journal have relied on the easily accessible typescript and, as such, this version offers not only more material, but a truer representation of Lizzie Alsop than earlier available.

In addition to this introductory essay, this project is divided into nine chapters corresponding to the various volumes of the diary. Each chapter begins with a brief summary of the volumes' content. This project reveals the material and psychological effects of the American Civil War on a Southern family as well as the changing relationship of the Alsops to their community, the South, and the nation. The thesis also features one young woman's intellectual, religious, and personal development during this critical period in American history.

Although making Lizzie's journal readable is an important goal of this project, extensive editorial intervention was avoided so as to maintain the value of the journal as a historical document. As Lizzie was well educated, the few discrepancies between modern spellings and her own do not significantly affect the reading of the text. As such, the text of each document in this thesis is reproduced—to the extent permitted by modern typography—as it appears in the original manuscript. All peculiarities of syntax, spelling, capitalization, and punctuation appear as in the original manuscript. The same is true of paragraph breaks, missing or incomplete words, words run together, quotation marks or parenthesis that are not closed, contractions, and abbreviations. Where these require explanation, one will be added in brackets within the body of the sentence. In instances where correct reading of a character is

---

<sup>16</sup> Alsop, Journal, Vol. I, July 14, 1862.

ambiguous, modern practice is followed. Words underlined once in the manuscript are underscored, and those underlined more than once in the manuscript are double underscored. Internally quoted documents which are set off in the manuscript (i.e. poetry and biblical verses) will be reproduced as closely to the original as current technology will allow. Although the location of dates and place lines vary in the manuscript, the placement of these in the transcript is standardized to appear at the left margin in order to help readers locate this information. Canceled matter will be struck out and followed by the inserted text.

The annotation of Lizzie's journal consists largely of contextual and informational notes to allow readers to understand more fully and appreciate the content of the journal. This will include historical background, biographical data, fuller descriptions of mentioned events, clarification of ambiguous passages or words, unstated outcomes, and corrections of erroneous information in the text. The annotations assume knowledge of the major characters and events of the American Civil War era and limits biographical information to individuals who would not be familiar to readers with such knowledge. People and places mentioned in the journal will be identified in the footnotes at their first appearance. As Lizzie discusses many of the books she reads, bibliographical data on published works mentioned in the document is also provided.

Lizzie uses dashes regularly throughout the diary to represent both commas throughout sentences and periods at the end. In cases where it is clear the end of a sentence has been reached (end of a paragraph, next thought begins with a capital letter, etc.) a period is used. In cases where dashes appear in the middle of a thought, a comma is inserted. Superscripts as part of ordinals and titles have been brought down to the main line for ease of reading. In cases where Lizzie uses the abbreviation "M<sup>r</sup>," the abbreviation "Mr." is used in its place. Surprisingly Lizzie uses "M<sup>f</sup>s." in place of "Miss." In these instances, "Miss." is used for ease of reading. Although it had fallen out of fashion in the United States by the mid-nineteenth century, Lizzie occasionally uses the medial "s" in words ending in a double "s." In these cases a double "s" is used in this transcription. Lizzie frequently uses a plus sign (+) to represent the word "and." In these cases a more familiar and easier to read



ampersand (&) has been inserted. Uncommon and incorrect spellings that appear in the journal have been retained in the transcription. A bracketed “sic” is added immediately after the word to inform readers of these situations that may appear to be typographical errors made by editor. In the many cases in which peculiarities of Lizzie’s handwriting were unable to be deciphered “illegible word” or “illegible name” has been inserted into the sentence in brackets.

## **Historiography**

The experiences of Southern women during the American Civil War are first represented through the publication of their journals, diaries, and memoirs. The earliest example may be Rose O'Neal Greehow’s *My Imprisonment and the First Year of Abolition Rule at Washington* (1863). In the twenty-five years following Appomattox, other diaries appeared in print: Judith McGuire’s *Diary of a Southern Refugee during the War* (1867), Fannie A. Beers’s *Memories: A Record of Personal Experience and Adventure during Four Years of War* (1888), and Parthenia Antoinette Hague’s *A Blockaded Family: Life in Southern Alabama During the Civil War* (1888).

Arguably the most influential Civil War diary to be published is that of Mary Boykin Chesnut. A *Diary from Dixie* was published nineteen years after her death in 1886. Chesnut spent many years revising and editing her diaries during the 1880s in preparation for publication, and the final version was a synthesis of diary entries written during the war and embellished by her post-war memory of events. A more exacting version of the diary appeared under the title *The Private Mary Chesnut: The Unpublished Civil War Diaries* in 1984. Chesnut’s diary captures the sweep and chaos of a society at war, but the more recent edition also offered an intimate picture of the woman as writer of her own story of that society. For a century, however, women’s autobiographies and diaries were read simply as primary sources documenting historical or cultural developments.

The past twenty years have witnessed the appearance of numerous studies focusing on the effects of the Civil War on Southern women. Notable among these are George Rable's *Civil Wars: Women and the Crisis of Southern Nationalism* (1989), Drew Gilpin Faust's *Mothers of Invention: Women of the Slaveholding South in the American Civil War* (1996), Lee Ann Whites's *Gender Matters: Civil War, Reconstruction, and the Making of the New South* (2005), and Victoria Ott's *Confederate Daughters: Coming of Age during the Civil War* (2008). The wartime experiences of elite women—who have the education, time, and materials that allow for writing letters and diaries—have been the focus of many of these historical studies. Although this is frequently considered to be a weakness in that it ignores poor and middle-class women, these sources prove eminently useful in considering the wartime and postwar experiences of Lizzie Alsop.

Two decades of scholarship about Southern women who experienced the Civil War has produced two competing interpretations. Rable, Whites, and Faust each contributed to a school of thought centering on gender relationships as contingent on the fulfillment of certain expectations—among which were a man's role in the protection of dependent women. As the war progressed and Southern women were faced with poverty, social insecurity, and domestic instability, they rejected an ideology of sacrifice in favor of more private concerns. By withdrawing their support of the war, elite Southern women contributed significantly to Confederate military failure.<sup>17</sup>

In *The Confederate War*, however, Gary Gallagher resurrected a more traditional view of women on the Confederate home front. Although conceding that class tension, unhappiness, desertion, and war weariness existed, he rejected the argument that Confederates lacked sufficient will to win the war. Gallagher pointed instead to a widespread expectation of Confederate victory and a tenacious popular will closely attuned to military events.<sup>18</sup> He asserted that although the Confederacy absorbed as much punishment as its people could tolerate by spring 1865, many expressed continued devotion

---

<sup>17</sup> George Rable, *Civil Wars: Women and the Crisis of Southern Nationalism* (Chicago: University of Illinois, 1989), 221.

<sup>18</sup> Gary W. Gallagher, *The Confederate War* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1997), 3.

to the Southern nation.<sup>19</sup> Lizzie's confidence in ultimate victory never waned. On March 3, 1865, she wrote, "scarcely can we realize that Sherman has overrun Georgia, South Carolina, and is even now advancing with rapid strides through the old Tar State; but it is true that Columbia, Branchville, Charleston, & Wilmington are in the enemy's hands; and yet we know that with God's help, we shall be victorious. Never has one doubt of our ultimate success crossed my mind; and never shall so long as we have our noble leaders Lee, Johnston & Beauregard to direct us; and two brave Armies in the field."

Victoria Ott's *Confederate Daughters: Coming of Age During the Civil War* offers important insight to the psychology of Lizzie's generation through the study of letters, diaries, and memoirs written by eighty-five women between the ages of twelve and eighteen at the outbreak of the war. Although Ott includes seventeen manuscript collections from the Virginia Historical Society in her bibliography, Alsop's journal was surprisingly not one of them.<sup>20</sup> Ott argued that elite white women who came of age during the conflict remained dedicated to the gender ideals and racial order of southern hierarchy, particularly domesticity, patriarchy, and white supremacy. Lizzie's journal entries support Ott's assertion that "as youths attempting to form their own identity, they often clashed with parents who sought to enforce the standards of respectable behavior. Yet they perceived their entrance into bellehood as a time of freedom and viewed their eventual marriage with much enthusiasm."<sup>21</sup> Ott suggested that Confederate womanhood paved the way for young women to enter a new realm of political and civic participation and transformed their courtships, familial roles, and social activities into patriotic support for the cause that would ensure the survival of their social order and protect their status as elite slaveholding women.<sup>22</sup> In a wartime environment, young women found a greater level of freedom in their courtship, but never questioned that one day they would marry, create a family, and

---

<sup>19</sup> Gallagher, *The Confederate War*, 24.

<sup>20</sup> Victoria Ott, *Confederate Daughters: Coming of Age during the Civil War* (Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 2008), 198-199.

<sup>21</sup> Ott, *Confederate Daughters*, 5.

<sup>22</sup> Ott, *Confederate Daughters*, 6.

assume the place of wife, mother, and slave mistress. Ott finally suggested that Confederate defeat ended young women's hopes of preserving the antebellum past. They then searched for ways to give meaning to their wartime experiences while reconciling themselves to the political, social, and economic changes that lay ahead.

Although Lizzie is a contemporary of the women in Ott's study, the young women that appear in *Confederate Daughters* "nearly all resided on plantations in rural areas. Only a small number lived in urban centers, namely New Orleans, Atlanta, Charleston, and Columbia, when the war commenced."<sup>23</sup> As such, Lizzie's experience as an urban teen in central Virginia is underrepresented in Ott's study. Lizzie's proximity to Union-occupied Fredericksburg and her time spent in the Confederate capital allowed her to witness some of the most intense activity experienced by any region during the war. Unlike residents of rural plantations, the Alsops were repeatedly in the direct paths of the armies. Nevertheless, Lizzie, like the women in Ott's study, expressed a strong cultural identification with the South and the Confederacy, and shared the privileges and material comforts of women from wealthy families. Her parents had the financial means to provide her with formal education; she attended social functions where she mingled with other members of her economic class, and she enjoyed vacations and extended visitations from family and friends.

Lizzie Alsop's journal also offers insights into the effect of the Civil War on a feminine ideal that emphasized beauty, gentleness, submissiveness, and piety. The women of Lizzie's race and class were integral to the tradition of honor that marked the South's regional distinctiveness. According to historian Bertram Wyatt-Brown, Lizzie's role in that tradition would have been to "raise sons who would be brave protectors able to meet the intruding world."<sup>24</sup> In *Honor and Violence in the Old South*, Wyatt-Brown describes how Southern whites, living chiefly in small, rural, agrarian communities, established a hierarchy of kin and neighbors according to individual and familial reputations. By claiming

---

<sup>23</sup> Ott, *Confederate Daughters*, 9.

<sup>24</sup> Bertram Wyatt-Brown, *Honor and Violence in the Old South* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1986), 27.

honor and dreading shame, they controlled enslaved African Americans, managed their households, and established social rankings. As such, Southern conceptions of honor were largely dependent on the opinions of others. Although her journal was intended as a record of private thoughts, Lizzie frequently gives significant weight to the opinion of others about her actions and simultaneously records her own opinions of her contemporaries. These opinions not only determined rank in society but also affected the way men and women thought.<sup>25</sup> Wyatt-Brown also noted the importance of women's sexual powers in that their ability to damage or destroy the male reputation by publicly commenting on a man's failings as a provider, lover, or family leader. Lizzie was keenly aware of the relationship between her sexuality and honor and frequently mentions concern about the effect her flirtation has on the reputations of her various suitors. Although honor applied to all white classes, Wyatt-Brown identified three characteristics of Southern gentility—sociability, learning, and piety—and Lizzie's journal offers numerous opportunities to compare her thoughts and actions during and after the South's greatest challenge to that ideology.<sup>26</sup>

Historian John Hennessy noted that there are but four known civilian diaries recording daily life in Fredericksburg, Virginia, during the Civil War.<sup>27</sup> The best known is that of Jane Howison Beale (1815 – 1882). At nineteen, Jane married William Churchill Beale, a 43-year-old widower. In 1846, William's success as a merchant allowed the couple to purchase a brick home at 307 Lewis Street in Fredericksburg, Virginia—less than a block from the home owned by the Alsops. In 1850, when Jane was 36-years-old, William died of a heart attack, leaving Jane with ten children to raise on her own. To financially support herself, she opened a school for girls in a brick building on her property and took in boarders. To support herself emotionally, she began committing her most intimate thoughts in a journal. After the first year following William's death, Jane's entries became sporadic, but the coming of

---

<sup>25</sup> Wyatt-Brown, *Honor in the Old South*, 35.

<sup>26</sup> Wyatt-Brown, *Honor in the Old South*, 40-41.

<sup>27</sup> John Hennessy The mystery of Mary Caldwell's "Aspen Cottage," *Fredericksburg Remembered*, January 14, 2011, <http://fredericksburghistory.wordpress.com/2011/01/14/the-mystery-of-mary-caldwells-aspen-cottage/>.

Civil War inspired her again to record her thoughts on paper. Beginning on July 23, 1861, she was a relatively faithful diarist through mid-December 1862, when her diary suddenly stops. Like Lizzie, Jane commented on day-to-day activities, war news, and the occupation of Fredericksburg and its attendant annoyances. Nearly thirty years Lizzie's senior and mother of ten children, two of whom were serving in the Confederate army, Beale wrote from the perspective of a mature woman, mother, and provider. On August 11, 1862, Jane wrote of shortages produced by the presence of the Union army and the difficulty in procuring "any articles from the country around upon which we have been accustomed to depend for our comfortable subsistence . . . we feel greatly depressed by these evils and cannot avoid casting our thoughts forward to the winter that is before us with its accumulated horrors of want and difficulty, no food left in the country, no fuel to be obtained except at enormous prices and with great difficulty. This is indeed a time when we feel especially in need of the grace of God to keep our hearts from unbelief and impatience."<sup>28</sup> Beale's journal is best-known for her account of being under fire during the initial stages of the Battle of Fredericksburg on December 11, 1862, and was published in 2011 by the Historic Fredericksburg Foundation, Inc., as *A Woman in a War-Torn Town: The Journal of Jane Howison Beale, 1850–1862*.

The daughter of Matthew Fontaine Maury, Betty Herndon Maury (1835–1903), was also an astute observer and an eloquent Yankee-hater. A decade older than Lizzie, Betty married a cousin, William A. Maury, in 1857. Unlike Beale, Maury was a relatively new wife and mother in 1862, and connected to a prominent Southern family. Her diary was re-published in *Fredericksburg History and Biography*, the annual journal of the Central Virginia Battlefields Trust in 2010. Like Beale's, Maury's diary ends in early 1863, and similarly she writes about day-to-day activities and the Union occupation of Fredericksburg during the spring and summer of 1862. Although she records the movements of family and friends, her primary concerns are her husband, who frequently travels to Richmond in

---

<sup>28</sup> Barille and Willis, *Woman in a War-Torn Town*, 92.

search of a position in the military, and her father, who was in the process of trying to safely sail out of the Confederacy to procure ships and supplies in Europe.

A recently discovered diary begun in 1863 by seventeen-year-old Mary Caldwell offers a fourth view of wartime Fredericksburg and, like Lizzie's, continues beyond the end of the conflict. Mary shared Lizzie's Confederate patriotism and hatred of Union soldiers. According to historian John Hennessey, "it is hard not to conclude that she was a cold-hearted soul, stomping on suitors' hearts and tingeing her prose with malevolence—much of it directed at Yankees, African-Americans, and even Virginia soldiers—she held a warm place in her heart for Mississippians, the principal protectors of town in early 1863, and in her eyes Virginia soldiers paled in comparison." A portion of Mary's diary has been transcribed and published in *Fredericksburg History and Biography*, Volume 11 (2012), under the title "It Does Appear that Our Soldiers Were Made Altogether of Patriotism: The Civil War Diary of Mary Gray Caldwell, Part I."<sup>29</sup>

Most recently Lizzie appeared as the subject of Steven E. Nash's "Love is a Battlefield: Lizzie Alsop's Flirtation with the Confederacy."<sup>30</sup> Interested more in Lizzie's memories of the war than contemporary observations, he focused on a brief memoir of her wartime experiences written in 1916. Like the previous historians who fell victim to Lizzie's charm, Nash assumed that the four years of Civil War were "the most formative period of her life." When taken in total, however, Lizzie's journal suggests otherwise. Nash beautifully and accurately related the numerous Confederate soldiers who sought Lizzie's attention, but only hinted at what may be contained in the remainder of the journal when he wrote that the fall of Richmond brought her closer to religious conversion and feeling that, "death would be preferable to our lives henceforth; but I know, I feel, that we will conquer 'through

---

<sup>29</sup> John Hennessey, The Mystery of Mary Caldwell's "Aspen Cottage," *Fredericksburg Remembered*, January 14, 2011, accessed October 7, 2013, <http://fredericksburghistory.wordpress.com/2011/01/14/the-mystery-of-mary-caldwells-aspen-cottage/>.

<sup>30</sup> Steven E. Nash, "Love is a Battlefield: Lizzie Alsop's Flirtation with the Confederacy," in *Wierding the Civil War: Stories from the Civil War's Ragged Edges*, ed. Stephen Berry (University of Georgia Press, 2011)

Christ.” Although it is questionable as to whether her conversion marked the end of her “turbulent path to womanhood,” it is true that Lizzie Alsop charted her own way out into the postwar world, and that she felt, “no less a widow than many women who lost loved ones.”<sup>31</sup>

“By the late eighteenth century, the diary had become a literary genre” and that “prominence” of the genre “encouraged young ladies to keep more journals.”<sup>32</sup> Mothers encouraged daughters to keep a diary as a way to practice writing skills; many young women did so for a few years. That Lizzie maintained her journal with some regularity from 1862 through 1878, offers the opportunity to observe her metamorphosis from a sixteen-year-old Confederate patriot to a mature thirty-two-year-old woman on the eve of her own marriage. As such, Lizzie’s journal serves as a valuable primary source—providing a window into the everyday life of an adolescent in the midst of the Civil War and Reconstruction.

---

<sup>31</sup> Nash, “Love is a Battlefield,” 133.

<sup>32</sup> Michael O’Brien, “An Evening When Alone: Four Journals of Single Women in the South” (Charlottesville: University Press of Virginia, 1993), 2.



## CHAPTER ONE

March 4, 1862 – July 19, 1864

From March 4, 1862, to July 19, 1864, Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop committed her private thoughts to paper on the 281 pages of an 8-inch high and 7-inch wide blank book.<sup>33</sup> The book is decorated with marbled covers and edges. Each page is ruled at 1/4-inch intervals with twenty-three blue lines. The pages are hand-numbered in pencil at the top-left corner of the verso page, and top right corner of the recto page. This volume of Lizzie's journal represents her most regular period of writing. She used both pencil and ink at various times and wrote entries beginning from both ends of the book—in some cases writing upside down. The entries have been transcribed here in the order in which they appear from proper front to back, and the shift is noted in the text where it occurs.

The first volume begins as Lizzie attempts to pass through the lines of the contending armies while traveling from Confederate-controlled Caroline County, Virginia, to Union-occupied Fredericksburg. Once at home, Lizzie proved to be a careful observer of Federal troop movements, collector of rumors about battles and campaigns, and witness to the evolving relationship between Federal officials and local civilians. Although the “Irish, Dutch, Rogues &c which compose the Federal Army commit many depredations upon private property,” Alsop wrote that “we Confederates are, generally speaking, the most cheerful people imaginable, and treat the Yankees with silent contempt.”<sup>34</sup> Not all of Fredericksburg's civilians shared her sympathies for the Confederate cause, however, and Lizzie recorded that many African Americans, including three of the Alsop family slaves, escaped bondage by fleeing to Union lines.<sup>35</sup>

---

<sup>33</sup> Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop Wynne. Journal of Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop Wynne, 1862 – 1926. Wynne Family Papers, 1809-1967. MssI W9927 a 31. Virginia Historical Society, Richmond, VA.

<sup>34</sup> Ibid., June 6, 1862.

<sup>35</sup> See Alsop Journal, June 6, 1862; June 20, 1862; August 3, 1862; August 12, 1862; and August 23, 1862.

Although the early occupation of Fredericksburg was marked by conciliatory Federal officers, Lizzie noted the harsher treatment—including the arrest of nineteen civilians who were sent to prison in Washington, D.C.—that began when Union general John Pope arrived in Central Virginia. The Federals evacuated Fredericksburg in early September after the Confederate victory in the Battle of Second Manassas.

Lizzie's education at the Southern Female Institute was interrupted in June 1862 when it appeared the Federals might capture Richmond, Virginia. During her time at home she designed a plan for her continued study that included history, geometry, and classical literature. The movement of the armies northward finally allowed her to return to school in Richmond by late October. There she rejoined friends and was visited by a number of Confederate officers. The intense fighting in Virginia and Maryland resulted in the deaths of a number of Lizzie's friends and neighbors serving in regiments comprised largely of Fredericksburg citizens —particularly the 30th Virginia Infantry and 9th Virginia Cavalry.

Lizzie remained at school through December and, as a result, she was absent during the battle of Fredericksburg. She reunited with her family in Spotsylvania County soon after Christmas and reported the effect of the battle on the town and on her home. After returning to the Southern Female Institute in mid-January 1863, Lizzie's journal largely focused on her experiences with school mates and instructors.

After completing the final year of her studies, Lizzie returned to Fredericksburg in August 1863. On September 3, she wrote of the death of her school-mate Hanna Graves. Although Lizzie knew a number of men who died on the battlefield, Hanna's passing proved to be deeply felt and she remembered her in her journal with some frequency for the next nine years.

During the fall and winter of 1863-64, the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia encamped around Fredericksburg, and the Alsop family was active entertaining many of its officers. Lizzie caught the eye of quite a few of the men in gray.

Spring brought a renewal of the fighting, and in late May 1864, Lizzie reported the Union occupation of Fredericksburg and the town's transformation into a depot for Federal soldiers wounded during the Overland Campaign. She also noted the deaths of many friends and acquaintances in the army.

Lizzie visited Richmond in June 1864, where she was reunited with Captain Jones, who became the first to address Lizzie on the subject of love and marriage. Of the incident, she wrote that "I feel very deeply for Capt. Jones, for I am sure he loves me truly, & it cost me pain to tell him, 'that he must forget me, for I could not feel otherwise, than as a friend, towards him.'"<sup>36</sup>

Lizzie returned to Fredericksburg in mid-July, where Captain Fendall Gregory—on leave from the army—proposed to her. "I have felt it for sometime," Lizzie wrote, "ever since one evening we walked together in Richmond, but have continued to treat him as I have always done, hoping what I so much dreaded would not come to pass; but it did."<sup>37</sup>

Lizzie's third unsuccessful suitor that summer was John H. Beale. "It may be indelicate to say so," she wrote, "but I verily believe Mr. Beale does love me. He has told me so again & again, not directly, & I am afraid to touch on any subject that can possibly give rise to sentiment; while conversing with him."<sup>38</sup>

This volume of her journal ends with taking inventory of her family and friends, and bidding her journal goodbye, noting that "putting you away seems like parting with a companion."<sup>39</sup>

---

<sup>36</sup> Alsop Journal, June 8, 1864.

<sup>37</sup> Ibid., July 30, 1864.

<sup>38</sup> Ibid., 1864

<sup>39</sup> Ibid., 1864

Journal 1862

Lizzie M Alsop<sup>40</sup>

Fredericksburg

Private Journal, Virginia

May 20, 1862

Journal for 1862 – 1863

Lost sometime from practicing last night.

Said I words, made signs.

Lost five mins fr. dreaming.

20 mins late in the morning.

Came over to write Jim a [illegible word]

Lizzie M. Alsop

Sou. Fem. Institute

Richmond

August 1862

September 1862

Sou. Fem. Ins.

---

<sup>40</sup> Elizabeth (Lizzie) Maxwell Alsop Wynne (March 17, 1846 - October 26, 1933) was the fourth eldest of five surviving children of Joseph Alsop and Sarah Ann French of Fredericksburg, Virginia. She died in Bethany, West Virginia, Ancestry.com. *West Virginia, Deaths Index, 1853-1973* (Provo: Ancestry.com Operations, Inc., 2011), accessed October 7, 2013, <http://search.ancestry.com/cgi-bin/sse.dll?ti=0&indiv=try&db=fswestvirginiadeath&h=1714695>.

Age 16

Fairfield – May 20, 1862

Tuesday, May 20th 1862

Sick in bed. Cousin Joe came up to see me, but thought that I was either “playing possum” or had the love fever.<sup>41</sup> So I am going down in the morning. Dr. Evins told little Lucy “to present his compliments to Miss Lizzie, and tell her he hoped she was better. The little German came up this morning, but as Aunt Mary and I were sick and the other ladies indisposed he soon left.”<sup>42</sup>

May 23d 1862

Wednesday we spent the day with Cousin Margaret White and had quite a pleasant time. As Dr. Evins had very kindly gotten us out of a difficulty on our way to Mount Zephyr we brought him a bouquet home and sent it with our card to him.<sup>43</sup> While we were at supper, when he came into the parlor later in the evening he said if I was in the habit of making speeches, I would certainly make you one this evening and Aunt Mary afterwards told me that he valued the flowers very highly. Thursday evening Drs. Matthews, McWirtter & Evins with Messrs. Sloan, Winn, & [illegible word] were all in the parlor to see us, but I don’t think they enjoyed the visit very much as Jane, Nannie & I felt particularly blue we

---

<sup>41</sup> Probably Lizzie’s paternal cousin Joseph W. Alsop (1826 – 1862), son of Thomas and Elizabeth Wharton Alsop. He was raised at “Locust Grove,” his parents’ farm near the estate of his father’s brother, Samuel Alsop. Joseph married Martha A. Wilson in 1850, and purchased a farm in St. George Parish, Spotsylvania County about that time. Jerry David Alsop, *Alsop’s Tables: Volume III Part I* (Bloomington: iUniverse, Inc., 2012),

<sup>42</sup> “Fairfield” was the Caroline County, Virginia, home of Thomas Coleman Chandler (b. 1798). Clementina S. Alsop (no dates) was Chandler’s first wife. In 1862, Chandler was married to Mary E. Frazier. The household also included Mary E. (b. 1839), James G. (b. 1849), Lucy T. (b. 1851), Elizabeth (b. 1853) and Nannie W. (b. 1855). On May 11, 1863, Confederate Gen. Thomas J. “Stonewall” Jackson, after being wounded during the battle of Chancellorsville, died in the plantation office at “Fairfield.”

<sup>43</sup> “Mount Zephyr” was the home of Hugh R. White (b. 1806) and his wife Martha (b. 1811). It was located in Madison Township, Caroline County, Virginia. Marshall Wingfield, *A History of Caroline County, Virginia: From Its Formation in 1727 to 1924* (Regional Publishing Company: Baltimore, 1969), 477.

only had Dr. Evins & Mr. Haeseler to entertain this evening, but I enjoyed myself vastly in comparison with Thursday night. Cousin William has just brought dispatches from Gen. Anderson<sup>44</sup> and amongst them a note for us to return home.

May 25th, Sunday evening

Yesterday morning between nine and ten o'clock we left Fairfield and in an hour arrived at General Anderson's Head Quarters, he was not there but Mr. Narwood came out to the carriage, and we got a peep at him. He told Uncle Tom how to arrange about the flag of truce, and &c. When we had gone a short distance from there, Captain Worthington was seen advancing toward us. He stopped and told Uncle Tom that he had just made some arrangements about the young ladies getting home, and that Mother had been advised to meet us at twelve on the river road. After some other remarks he cautioned Uncle about talking near the Yankees. Just before riding off he again said I feel that it is unnecessary for me to caution you about saying anything concerning what you have seen this morning. So I said from my corner that we would be extremely cautious in talking. Hoping that we might reach Mother safely he rode [sic] off leaving a very deep impression on me of his handsome face. When we came to the Yankee Pickets the officer first read General Anderson's pass and the note from Captain Worthington to us, and said that the lady would be there in a short time for us. Presently he road [sic] up to the carriage and addressing himself to me asked if I had any letters. To which inquiry I replied that I had a letter for my cousin in Fredericksburg, but did not know what was in it, not having opened it and asked him if he wished to see it. He very politely said Oh, No! and then I told him I had another for an acquaintance which he was perfectly welcome to read for it contained nothing, and again asked if he wished to see it? for I would give it to him if he did. He replied No Miss, if those are all you have we

---

<sup>44</sup> Brig. Gen. Joseph Reid Anderson commanded Confederate forces near Massaponax, Virginia. At this time, "Fairfield" was located behind Confederate lines and Fredericksburg was occupied by Federal forces. United States War Department, *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, Series I, Volume XII (Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1880-1901), 47-48.

have no objection to your taking them with you, but you know we are obliged to be very careful about such things, for only the other day a lady came and brought some 20 or 30 letters with her.

Mother had to come by Head Quarters to give General Patrick the passes which she had.<sup>45</sup> He came out and said he hoped she had received her daughters in safety and turning to me asked whether I had any letters or not, but before I could reply, the officer who had questioned about the very same thing told him what I said. So General P—said “Oh! it doesn’t matter at all.” Last night the Citizens wrote a letter to General McDowell requesting him to permit General Patrick to remain here, and in return received a very respectful communication saying that though General Patrick’s services were needed else where he would send us a General in every way as satisfactory. Large numbers of soldiers have been passing here all evening and a great many have gone up the valley to assist Banks. We are afraid that the regiments which have passed through town are marching onward although General Patrick said that the “Onward March” was all knocked in the head. This morning we heard that Jackson had cut Banks all to pieces and that “McClellan’s Grand Army” was totally routed, but we fear the latter is untrue, although there is every reason to believe the former.<sup>46</sup> Three of our servants have already left, viz; Georgianna, Mary Ann, and John. The others can leave whenever they feel so disposed.

Monday, May 26th, 1862

Several regiments both of Cavalry and Infantry have passed through town “on their way to Richmond.”

---

<sup>45</sup> Federal troops occupied Fredericksburg from April 18, 1862 until August 31, 1862. The first “military governor” was Brig. Gen. Marsena R. Patrick (1811-1888). Guided by a belief that the army’s good behavior would restore the loyalty of the Southern citizenry he restrained his troops from looting or destroying private property. See also Jane Howison Beale, *A Woman in a War-Torn Town: The Journal of Jane Howison Beale, Fredericksburg, Virginia 1850-1862*, eds. Kerri S. Barile and Barbara P. Willis (Virginia Beach: Donning Company Publishers, 2011), and Breck O’Donnell, “Fredericksburg in its Days of Trial: A Local Newspaperman’s Account of the 1862 Union Occupation of Fredericksburg,” *Fredericksburg History and Biography*, 9 (2012): 138-153.

<sup>46</sup> Lizzie is referring to the Peninsula Campaign (March – July) and Shenandoah Valley Campaign (March – June) of 1862. See Peter Cozzens, *Shenandoah 1862: Stonewall Jackson’s Valley Campaign* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2008) and Stephen W. Sears, *To the Gates of Richmond: The Peninsula Campaign* (Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1992).

Saturday, May 31st 1862

I have just finished reading “Beulah” [sic] and [next word inserted above line] think the heroine one of the most unnatural creatures I ever heard of. In short, don’t believe any such being ever existed.<sup>47</sup>

Most people consider it superior to Rutledge,<sup>48</sup> but in my opinion (which isn’t worth anything) “I” being more natural than Beulah, is consequently more attractive.

Friday June 6th 1862

During the last weeks I have concluded that “such a person as Beulah may have existed” and think “I” resembles [sic] her in some respects. One characteristic of “Rutledge” is that the heroine’s name is not mentioned a single time in the work. The Yankees had a great “jubilee” last night over “Hallek’s victory in the west,” but as they always rejoice over their own defeats it was very comforting to hear their hurrahs &c.<sup>49</sup> First General Patrick’s brigade was stationed here, and as he gave satisfaction to the citizens (as well as any Yankee could) the gentlemen, on hearing that Doubleday, or Doubledevil as some call him, it suiting his character better than his real name, was to take his place, wrote a letter to General McDowell requesting him to allow Gen. Patrick to remain in the town, as his conduct was as satisfactory as circumstances would allow.<sup>50</sup> Whereupon Old Gen. P— was so much elated that he requested a copy of the letter “to send his wife as she would be very much gratified to have it” and

---

<sup>47</sup> Published in 1859, *Beulah* was the second novel by Alabama author Augusta Jane Evans Wilson (1835 – 1909). As a domestic novel, the book focuses on the typically circumscribed life of a young southern woman, while addressing her internal struggle with skepticism and faith. Augusta Jane Evans, *Beulah*, ed. Elizabeth Fox-Genovese (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1992).

<sup>48</sup> Published in 1860, *Rutledge* was the first novel by New York author Miriam Coles Harris (1834 – 1925). Harris had written several chapters before realizing that she had not given a name to the heroine and realized it would be unique if she decided not to do so. Daniel Burt, *The Chronology of American Literature : America's Literary Achievements From the Colonial Era to Modern Times* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 2004), 212.

<sup>49</sup> Refers to Maj. Gen. Henry Wager Halleck (1815 – 1872) who, until July 1862, served as the senior Union commander in the Western Theater. The “victory” to which she refers is the successful capture of Corinth, Mississippi, on May 30, 1862. E. B. Long, *The Civil War Day By Day: An Almanac, 1861 – 1865* (New York: Doubleday & Company, Inc., 1971), 218.

<sup>50</sup> Union Brig. Gen. Abner Doubleday (1819 – 1893). Union Brig. Gen. Irvin McDowell (1818 – 1885) commanded nearly 30,000 soldiers of the Department of Rappahannock who occupied the region surrounding Fredericksburg. He established his headquarters at Chatham, the home of James Horace Lacy in Falmouth, Virginia. For more on Doubleday’s command at Fredericksburg see Thomas Barthel, *Abner Doubleday: A Civil War Biography* (Jefferson: McFarland & Company, Inc., 2010), 81-92.



although Gen. McDowell was obliged to refuse the citizen's request, he promised to give us a General equal acceptable with Gen. P—. So old Doubledevil did not stay in this charming Southern Town but two days, and then Gen. King came, but for some reason or other he was sent off & General Reynolds took his place more than a week ago and is still here.<sup>51</sup> The Irish, Dutch, Rogues &c which compose the Federal Army commit many depredations upon private property, but principally in the country. They shoot Father's hogs, &c, and try and make the servants stop their work. The other day two of our waggons coming home from our Army were loaded with slaves from Hillton, and the drivers were absolutely forced to drive them into town and over to the Yankee encampment.<sup>52</sup> When Father went to see something about recovering the waggons and mules a few days since, General Reynolds told he [sic] that by taking the "Oath" he could very easily get them again.<sup>53</sup> To whom Father replied that "he was a Virginian & Southern man and would not take an oath to support the Northern Government." Nine servants have gone from Sunny Side and as Mr. Weeden went home last Monday, there is no male upon the place except John (belonging to Mr. Samuel, who very kindly permits him to stay there).<sup>54</sup> Aunts Dorry and Eliza were in town yesterday.<sup>55</sup> The former told me that amongst the acquaintances formed while our Army was stationed near them, was Uncle Edward Barton's step son. He proved to be an exceedingly nice man. During the course of conversation he happened to speak of Rawlings who formerly belonged to his company. Aunt Eliza recognizing the name said that Ben Rawlings from her county had joined a company from South Carolina at the commencement of the

---

<sup>51</sup> Brig. Gen. Rufus King (1814 – 1876) commanded the Third Division, Department of the Rappahannock, and Brig. Gen. John F. Reynolds (1820 – 1863) commanded the First Brigade, Second Division, Department of the Rappahannock.

<sup>52</sup> Hillton (Hilton) was a 372.5 acre farm in Spotsylvania County purchased by Joseph Alsop on December 10, 1860. "General Index of Deeds, Deeds of Trust, Release Deeds and Wills, etc., Spottsylvania County, Virginia, Names of Properties," *A Domain of One's Own*, University of Mary Washington, accessed October 13, 2013, [http://resources.umwhisp.org/spots/spots\\_named\\_prop.htm](http://resources.umwhisp.org/spots/spots_named_prop.htm).

<sup>53</sup> Refers to the oath of fidelity and obedience to the United States.

<sup>54</sup> Sunny Side was the home of Lizzie's maternal grandmother, Elizabeth M. T. Barton, in Spotsylvania County, Virginia, approximately six miles from Fredericksburg. Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop Wynne, *Genealogies and Traditions: Brayne, Benger, Barton, French* (Indiana, PA: Park Printing House, 1931).

<sup>55</sup> Eliza Chew French (b. 1825) and Dorathea Buckner French (b. 1829) were Lizzie's maternal aunts. Wynne, *Genealogies and Traditions*.

war, and upon “comparing notes” found that they were both speaking of the same individual.<sup>56</sup> Mr. — pronounced Ben one of the bravest men in the world and the “noblest of Creation.” I am glad that he is winning for himself laurels in the opinions of his countrymen. Although he is only 17 or 18 and commenced fighting for his country as a private, he is now first Lieutenant in the Mount Pleasant Rifles. May he continue to advance slowly but surely through life, till he at last shall have reached the highest pinnacle of military fame in this our Country. General McCaul who superseded Gen. McDowell has decided to return Father’s waggons.<sup>57</sup> The servants who came in in them, were not ours.

We Confederates are, generally speaking, the most cheerful people imaginable, and treat the Yankees with silent contempt. They say “that the ladies of Fredericksburg now bend their necks to walk under the ‘Stars & Stripes’ and seem to be of humble and contrite spirits.” Ah! they little know the hatred in our hearts towards them, or the great scorn we entertain for “Yankees.” We are continually hearing such reports as the following, started by the rascals as if they expected us to believe anything they said. That Jeff Davis is in Ireland, Beauregard in chains, Johnson dead, & Jackson prisoner, or that Lincoln had resigned and gone to Europe, McDowell in Fort Warren, and Patrick arrested.<sup>58</sup> Some people really believe that Gen. McD— has been arrested for withdrawing Shields’ Division from Banks just before his (Banks’) defeat as the Yankees suspect him of favoring the “Rebel Cause” as they call it. They frequently have celebrations over their great victories, which are entirely imaginary; and we invariably rejoice with them, but not on the same account, but because we feel confident that our brave Soldiers

---

<sup>56</sup> Capt. Benjamin Cason Rawlings (1845 – 1908) traveled to South Carolina in 1861, and served in Maxcy Gregg’s 1st (Provisional Army) South Carolina Infantry. When his brigade moved Virginia, in May 1861, he returned home and enlisted in Company D, 30th Virginia Infantry (“Mount Pleasant Rifles”). He was elected First Lieutenant on April 18, 1862. Rawlings was captured on November 30, 1863, at Mine Run, Virginia, returned to duty at Petersburg, Virginia, on November 23, 1864, and was paroled in Richmond in May 1864. Written in the margins of this page, probably by Lizzie on a later reading is, “Ben Rawlings was my first lover when I was a school girl.”

<sup>57</sup> Brig. Gen. George Archibald McCall (1802 – 1868) commanded the Second Division, Department of Rappahannock from April 4, 1862, to June 12, 1862. Warner, *Generals in Blue*, 289-290.

<sup>58</sup> Fort Warren defended the harbor of Boston, Massachusetts, and served as a prison for Northern political prisoners as well as Confederate soldiers, sailors, and government officials. Spencer C. Tucker and William E. White, *The Civil War Naval Encyclopedia*, Vol. 1 (Santa Barbara: ABC-CLIO, LLC, 2011), 244.

are achieving great deeds and that we are approaching step by step to "Freedom & Independence."

Jackson (God bless him) so completely routed Banks' Army, that he was obliged to acknowledge himself defeated, how it must have wounded their pride, if they have any, which is very doubtful, to tell a little bit of the truth, for of-course they defended themselves against the indignation of the North by claiming that we had all the advantages.<sup>59</sup> Though the "United States" (Query - which are they?) has so many hundreds of thousands of men in the field it is strange, passing strange, that in battles we always have such vastly superior numbers. For instance, they pretend that Banks only had four thousand men in the engagement with Jackson, while their own lying papers say that Jackson had over four thousand, besides reinforcements, and a Baltimore paper of yesterday states "that more than six thousand were killed and wounded, the official reports not being allowed to be printed, as they would be too true for the Government's taste." Today they say "that Halleck has gained a glorious victory over Beauregard, taking ten thousand prisoners and 15 [next word represented by ditto marks] thousand stands of arms," which is of-course a Yankee fabrication.<sup>60</sup> I suppose they must have been forced to originate so great a lie (story won't do) by the heavy weight of an atom of truth upon their supposed consciences. Another paper very reluctantly admits that McClellan has met with a "reverse" (which means a complete defeat) in the neighborhood of Richmond and adds by way of comfort, "that the 31st of May and the 1st of June 1862 will ever be celebrated days in the annals of our Country."<sup>61</sup> I would give worlds, if I possessed them, to hear the truth about Beauregard Johnson and Jackson, though I know they have "crowned themselves with glory" in a few days recently. It is gratifying to think that our good old town has proved so faithful to the South & Virginia, and I pray God that She may never be disgraced by having any of her sons take the Oath of Allegiance to that infamous [sic] Lincoln Government. I wrote to Mary Santos and Miss Marion not many days ago. My letter to the latter was

---

<sup>59</sup> As part of Confederate Maj. Gen. Thomas Jonathan Jackson's efforts to clear the Shenandoah Valley of Federal troops, he attacked and defeated Union Maj. Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks's forces at Winchester, Virginia, on May 25, 1862. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 216.

<sup>60</sup> Siege of Corinth, Mississippi, April 29-May 30, 1862. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 206-218.

<sup>61</sup> Battle of Seven Pines (Fair Oaks), Virginia, May 31-June 1, 1862. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 218-219.

twelve pages and a half long. I don't envy her the reading it, although I should have been more merciful and have reserved my nonsense for some other time.

I wonder where dear Mr. Powell and all his loved family are this evening. He is certainly the dearest man living with only some few exceptions.<sup>62</sup> We did not have an idea of leaving Richmond until the first of July, till one morning some three weeks ago Mr. Powell went down street before hearing even our Virgil class; so "we know'd something wonderful was a'coming" and girl-like commenced making conjectures as to what would be the probable result of so wonderful an event. Brother G. came to see us in the mean time and said that Mr. D. Lee had requested him to call on us and say Good-bye as we would probably return home in the evening train, and shortly after his departure I was in Mrs. Powell's room seeing something about packing when Mr. Powell appeared, and his face more than told me my worst fears were realized.<sup>63</sup> When he came into the school room school was at once dismissed, and the boarders put to packing their trunks. In three hours and a half Mr. & Mrs. Powell, Ellen Artie & Willie the two servants, Mrs. Jones child & nurse, Miss Nett & seven of us girls with trunks, bonnet boxes &c &c innumerable were on the cars bound for, most of us didn't know where. After we had been on the train some time Mr. Powell told Nannie, Kate & me that he had concluded to keep us with him all night at Taylorsville as they had decided to stop there until they could find out whether or not Mr. Edmund Winston would board the unmarried ladies & Mr. Powell's Aunt the married ones & children for a month or two.<sup>64</sup>

---

<sup>62</sup> D. Lee Powell conducted a school for girls known as the Fredericksburg Institute in the Citizens' Hall on Princess Anne Street, Fredericksburg. Powell moved to Richmond and established the Southern Female Institute in 1850. D. Lee Powell lived with his wife Maria L. Powell and their two children, Edning and Arthur. Virginius Dabney, *Richmond: The Story of a City* (Charlottesville: University of Virginia Press, 1990), 147; Sylvanius Jackson Quinn, *The History of Fredericksburg, Virginia* (Richmond: The Hermitage Press, Inc., 1908), 183.

<sup>63</sup> George Edward Alsop (1839 – 1907) was the eldest of five surviving children of Joseph Alsop and Sarah Ann French of Fredericksburg, Virginia. Alsop, *Alsop's Tables*, 382.

<sup>64</sup> Nannie Clementine Alsop Braxton (1844 - 1907) was the third eldest of five surviving children of Joseph Alsop and Sarah Ann French of Fredericksburg, Virginia. Alsop, *Alsop's Tables*, 383-384. Kate Refers to Catherine Gordon a student at the Southern Female Institute. She was the daughter of Wellington (b. 1813) and Fannie P. Gordon (b. 1824) of Louisa County, Virginia. 1860 U.S. census, Louisa County, Virginia, population schedule, Southern District, p. 54 (handwritten), dwelling

Upon arriving at Taylorsville we went into the depot, but as the room was small and close most of us took refuge on the poarch, where a crazy man, who had attracted our attention before leaving Richmond, called out to Nannie "You are Joe Alsop's daughter, I know you are. You dodged me in Richmond." Then presently turning to Kate Montgomery said, "You are Dr. Somebody's daughter," but Kate insisted that she was'nt, so he made the very philosophical remark, "Well then if you ain't Dr. Somebody's daughter, you are Dr. Nobody's. I am going to marry you, indeed I'm going to marry you all if you did but know it, the Bible says so. You are all angels. I can prove it by the bible." He continued to run on in the same strain till the whistle blew, then he threw a 50 ct. note at Nannie and said "there that is for you, it is all the money I have in the world but I going right through to Washington and that's to pay my expenses over Dry buck." A man standing by picked it up and handed it back to him "but he rolled it up again and threw it at Nannie saying, "it's for you but it ain't worth a cent." After a while we got a man down there to weigh us all, as he called out the weights of the different girls, when Pauline descended he cried out a hundred & eleven and a soldier who had been listening very attentively said "Old nag's weight," and "slid." After waiting about three quarters of an hour at the depot Mr. Taylor came down with his buggy (Mr. Powell having accepted his invitation for us to remain at his house all night). Mrs. Powell, Aunt Sallie and the two babies got in that and the other fourteen of us into an old waggon and road up to the house. Upon arriving at our journey's end some went into the parlor and others remained on the poarch which was large and, as Mr. Taylor afterwards told us, his father had built for dancing. While we were waiting for our rooms to be fixed Kate Nannie and I opened our nuts and handed them around to the girls & gron [sic] people. When Mr. Taylor came up I handed them to him and, after a while, he found a philopena which he wished to eat with me so I did it and also ate one

---

388, family 388, Catherine Gordon; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1359. Taylorsville was a railroad depot on the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railroad in Hanover County, Virginia.

with Mr. Powell.<sup>65</sup> About ten O'clock Mrs. Powell sent for me to come in her room. I found that she wished me to sleep in my flannel skirt as our gowns were all at the depot in the trunks, and as I didn't have one on she told me to take her's, but I declined, saying that I would sleep in my undersleeves drawers and cotton skirt. She asked me to cover her up and as her head was rather low I went into our room and got a pillow and fixed her as comfortable as I could. On going to my room I was obliged to pass through the parlor and as Mr. Powell & Nannie were the occupants of the room stopped to have a little chat with Mr. Powell for the last time. He promised to give us both our Diplomas but laughed at the idea of my turning out, and stroked my hair all the time we were talking to him. The next morning at breakfast Mr. Taylor said "that he had been looking all the morning for the young lady with whom he ate philopena, but had yet seen her." I asked if he thought he would know her, he said "Oh yes." So I startled him by saying "here she is" and then without thinking about catching him, he exclaimed philopena. I protested that I thought we were to catch by handing things and then turning to Mr. Powell caught him, but he said that I shouldn't do it after first having told Mr. Taylor I didn't understand it in that way. I rode in the buggy with Mr. Powell down to the depot but he was as solemn as could be. Upon getting to Guilford and telling Kate good bye she came back, as the conductor said that the hotel was used as a hospital and she wouldn't be able to get accommodations until her friends sent for her so all three of us went up to the bottom of the garden in the cars. Kate on the following Sunday morning left us for Newtown.<sup>66</sup> The whole family was very much pleased with her she is a dear, noble hearted girl as ever lived, and gains the love and respect of all who know her.

Dr. Evins proved to be one of the nicest gentlemen I ever saw, and as he was an old bachelor and general favorite amongst us all we did not mind his presence in the least. He liked me right well I think,

---

<sup>65</sup> A game in which a person, who finds twin kernels in a nut may offer the second to another person and demand a playful forfeit from that person to be paid on their next meeting. The forfeit may simply be to exchange the greeting "Good-day, Philopena" or it may be more elaborate. Philopenas were often played as a form of flirtation. "Philopena," *The Oxford English Dictionary*, Third Edition, March 2006, accessed September 29, 2013.

<sup>66</sup> Newtown is located in King & Queen County, Virginia.

and I liked him mightly. We used to enjoy ourselves very much sometimes when the other gentlemen had gone to camp and only Dr. Evins was in the room. One night I remember perfectly I talked and carried on at such a rate that I must have left the not very pleasant impression on his mind that "talking I knew not why, and cared not what." I quite outdid myself. Dr. Evins thought he teased me a quantity about my appetite, but as I was accustomed to that from Mr. Powell, he didn't succeed very well. He said that Mr. Haeseler transferred his affections from Nannie to me. I myself don't think he cared particularly for either of us.

Friday evening he came up to tea and as ~~we~~ the girls had been teasing me a great deal about the doctor, who had gone to camp for the day. The conversation managed to turn on a piece of poetry we were reading in the morning on "Absence." Mr. Haeseler bet me three pounds of candy to a rose bud that he had the same piece in his pocket. So out he drew a piece of paper and as it was too late to read it without a light told me to read it in the morning. However after going in the house I commenced reading it. It was headed "A Mademoiselle de Fredericksburg." So I, thinking he intended it for Nannie, told him in the most innocent way imaginable I was going to finish it. He said he didn't compose it, but I think from the style that it was entirely original. He didn't look particularly bright when I returned it to him. I believe that as Nannie treated him so coldly (we having teased her a quantity about him) he thought to make her feel badly by being attentive to me, but if that was his intention I intended to pay him back in his 'own coin. In Caroline Sunday was spent as all other days to our shame be it said, but people would come in, and we were obliged to see them not being able to attend church anywhere.

We completely routed the Enemy on Saturday, and again on Sunday were victorious.<sup>67</sup> They know [sic] acknowledge themselves badly beaten, but in a few days of-course will claim the victory at Richmond.

---

<sup>67</sup> Battle of Seven Pines (Fair Oaks), Virginia. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 220-221.

Major Dick Maury was slightly wounded, as also was Mr. Buckner Randolph.<sup>68</sup> Mr. Monroe Kelly's son was killed. The 30th is in Richmond, and now I fear many of our loved ones are suffering from wounds or are "standing before the judgement seat of Christ."<sup>69</sup>

Sunday the 8th of June 1862

To-day I have not employed my time as I should have done, but I don't consider journal writing any more sinful than conversing on any subjects whatever. I am much oh so much! worse than I used to be with regard to Religion, still I can't do any better, I can't feel near or grateful to God for his numberless blessings as I should. I am afraid that my love for him is not the kind it should be. In short I know that I am sinful, but can't feel sorry for it, except in a very slight degree to save my life. When in trouble then I feel how much I would give to have "The grace of God which passeth all understanding." But as soon as the cloud disappears I am as worldly as ever. I am anxious to hear from Richmond. Those who as dear to me as my own life are there. For some reason I have a presentiment that something will happen to Compton, but may God watch over, and protect him with my dear brothers, Uncles & Cousins and friends from all dangers is my earnest prayer.<sup>70</sup>

Tuesday June 10th 1862

Tuesday evening. It rained all the morning and is still cloudy. I have accomplished very little to-day, didn't get but two new propositions in Geometry. Last Saturday morning I finished the fourth book in Geometry and hope to be able to learn the fifth & sixth this week. Then I intend commencing the 7th

---

<sup>68</sup> Richard Launcelot Maury (1840 – 1907) of Fredericksburg, Virginia, was the eldest son of Matthew Fontaine Maury. He was promoted to major of the 24th Virginia Infantry on September 6, 1861. Robert K. Krick, *Lee's Colonels: A Biographical Register of the Field Officers of the Army of Northern Virginia* (Dayton: Morningside House, Inc., 1992), 267.

<sup>69</sup> The 30th Virginia Infantry was organized at Fredericksburg, Virginia, in June, 1861. Most of the men were from Fredericksburg and the counties of Spotsylvania, Caroline, Stafford, and King George. Robert K. Krick, *30th Virginia Infantry*, Virginia Regimental History Series (Lynchburg: H.E. Howard, 1983).

<sup>70</sup> Probably Lizzie's first cousin John Compton French (fl. 1862), the eldest son of George Edward French. He served as a 2nd Lieutenant in the Stafford Light Artillery. Wynne, *Genealogies and Traditions*; Homer D. Musselman, *The Caroline Light, Parker and Stafford Light, Virginia Artillery*, Virginia Regimental History Series (Lynchburg: H.E. Howard, 1992), 135.



and go on until I get through the whole nine books though of-course the last three will be much more difficult to me than the others, never having studied them before. Mother made me a present of some nice writing paper & envelopes yesterday, besides a silver quarter. While Letty was out selling strawberries yesterday morning a Yankee took [illegible word] out of the plate. Whereupon Letty looked very angry and said "Take your fingers out of my strawberries. I don't 'low noboddy to put their hands in my strawberries much less Yankees." In the evening we went around to Mrs. Dunson's. Cousin Dorrywas at home, and of-course was very entertaining.<sup>71</sup> She told us that her servant who came into town to see her in the morning said, "Mistus The Yankees got a letter from the Queen of England." Cousin D— "How do you know they did"? "Cause one of 'em read it to me out of the paper."

"Dear Yankees—

Don't give up Richmond, stick fast to it. I & all my sons is a'coming over to help you. We's going to bring a great big ship full of Englishmen with us. Yours affectionately

The Queen"

Now whether cousin Dorry's brilliant imagination had anything to do with it or not I don't pretend to say. Last Saturday I read "The Black Dwarf" and to-day "Linda."<sup>72</sup> I don't think works of the latter class at all beneficial but still I read them. I have been looking over some of my old letters, among them were those from Daisy Nelson & [illegible word] Dickenson. Where is Daisy now? I trust in that "happy Land, but I fear . . . but [illegible word] was so pure & good that I feel confident she is now in Heaven. Dear girl she was one of my earliest and dearest friends. When I first heard of her death I ran

---

<sup>71</sup> Likely Dorothea Minor Bankhead (1817 – 1868), daughter of Elizabeth McWilliams (1776 – 1832) and Garret Minor (1776 – 1832), of Louisa County, Virginia. Elizabeth McWilliams was the daughter of Lizzie's mother's great aunt.

<sup>72</sup> Sir Walter Scott's novel *The Black Dwarf* was part of his *Tales of My Landlord* series and originally published in 1816. The novel was printed numerous times before 1862. Probably *Linda: The Young Pilot of the Belle Creole*, a novel written by Caroline Lee Hentz (1800-1856) and published in 1850. For more on *Linda*, see Elizabeth Moss, *Domestic Novelists in the Old South: Defenders of Southern Culture* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1992), 43.

up stairs and wept bitterly, but after those bitter tears no one ever saw me weep for her. Though I sometimes did so when all alone, and felt, oh how intensely. But, "it is the common lot," to liken our hearts to things that fly. Some of those whom I loved almost better than my own life have gone and now form part of that glorious land of Angels in the Heavenly Jerusalem.

I am sad, oh so sad this evening. It is the first time I have ever thought that we would be here more than a few weeks longer with the Yankees, but I feel desponding now, and just as if some terrible calamity was about to befall us.

I have just finished two very long letters one to Kate Gordon and the other to Hannah.<sup>73</sup> Major Lacy was taken prisoner to day, while at the house of a friend some fifteen miles distant.

Doubleday isn't coming here, but some Major or other is to be the commanding officer. It has been so cool & rainy all day that we have had a fire and now it looks almost like winter in this room, to see us dressed up in dark clothes and sitting by a wood fire.

Nannie lent me the "Southern Waggon" to read, and as, after the War, we may wish to have some of our old songs I copied here.

### The Southern Waggon.<sup>74</sup>

---

<sup>73</sup> Hannah Wertimer Graves was born in Albemarle County, Virginia on September 14, 1844, and was the eldest daughter of William (1818 – 1840) and Elizabeth Dawson (1816 – 1862). Hannah had eight siblings: Sarah Emmeline (Emma) (1842 – 1923), Joseph Armstrong (b. 1847), William Samuel Graves (b. 1850), Charles Alfred (b. 1852), Nellie (died in infancy), Hettie Dalia (b. 1854), and Daniel (died in infancy). Hannah died on August 13, 1863, in Bedford, Virginia. 1850 U.S. census, Albemarle County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 237 (stamped), dwelling 1188, family 1188, William Graves; NARA microfilm publication M432, roll 932.

<sup>74</sup> A parody of the popular 1850s parlor song "Wait for the Wagon." The version here was one of many that circulated throughout the South during the war. Verses were often added or dropped to reflect shifting political and military events. Robert B. Waltz and David G. Engle, "Southern Wagon, The," *The Traditional Ballad Index: An Annotated Bibliography of the Folk Songs of the English-Speaking World*, accessed on October 10, 2013, <http://www.fresnostate.edu/folklore/ballads/Br3374.html>.

Come, all ye sons of Freedom, and join our Southern Band.

We are going to fight the enemy and drive him from our land.

Justice is our Motto & Providence our guide,

So jump into the waggon and we'll all take a ride,

Chorus. Wait for the waggon, the dissolution waggon

And we'll all take a ride.

2d

"Secession" is our watch-word, our rights we all demand,

And to defend our firesides, we'll pledge our hearts & hand,

Jeff Davis is our president, with Stephens by his side,

Brave Beauregard our general, will all join us in the ride.

3rd

Our waggon's plenty "big enough, the running gear is good

'Tis stuffed with cotton round the sides, and made of Southern wood;

Carolina is our driver, with Georgia by her side,

Virginia'll hold the flag up, and we'll all take a ride.

4th

Tennessee & Texas are also in the ring,

They would'nt stay in a government, where cotton wasn't king,

Alabama too, and Florida heave long ago replied,

Mississippi is the waggon, and anxious for a ride. Chorus.

5th

"Missouri, North Carolina, and Arkansas are slow,

If they don't make haste we'll leave them, and then where will they go?

And Maryland and old Kentuck each can't make up her mind,

But, I reckon, after all, we'll have to take 'em up behind."

6th

"Our cause is just & holy, our men are brave & true,

To whip the Lincoln cut throats is all we have to do;

God bless our noble Army, in them we all confide,

So jump into the waggon and we'll all take a ride.

Sunday, Three O'clock, June 15th, 1862

Friday night June 20th 1862

It has been two days since I last wrote in my journal consequently I am very much behind the times. A few days ago (June 12-13-14th) eighteen hundred (1800) of our Cavalry did the enemy a vast amount of damage, even judging from their own papers.<sup>75</sup>

The Chickahominy was too high to ford, so Gen. Stuart, having first told them that it was a most hazardous undertaking but that he would set them the example, plunged into the stream and swam across followed by his cavalry together with part of the Mercer, Caroline & Stafford Cavalry in the very

---

<sup>75</sup> Refers to Confederate Gen. James Ewell Brown Stuart's (1833 – 1864) "Ride Around McClellan." Long, *Civil War Day By Day*, 226-227. See also Jeffrey D. Wert, *Cavalryman of the Lost Cause: A Biography of J. E. B. Stuart* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 2009).

face of the foe. They killed between 20 & 40 took between one & two hundred, (100-200) prisoners, destroyed 200 waggons & three ship loads of provisions pulled up enough railroad to cut off supplies for twenty four hours, took some four or five hundred miles, and got any quantity of medicines. The Quartermaster in his hurry to get out of danger left his valise containing a hundred & twenty thousand dollars in the cars which would have been secured by our people but for the engineer putting on steam and our men finding that they could not possible get the cars just riddled them with balls, and as the engineer was killed we don't know where or when the cars stopped.

Anna Chancelor was here to-day and told us that one of our Colonels ordered his men to charge on the enemy, but for some reason or other they remained perfectly still, so Tom Chancelor who was in the rear guard [sic] rushed forward and the others immediately followed his example.<sup>76</sup> The Northern papers now call Jackson the "Proprietor of the Mountains" and in their accounts about the Army over in western Va. say "Banks &c are will be in a certain place if the "Proprietor of the Mountains" will allow it. Jackson's Army has no tents, and the men are permitted to carry only one blanket with them and no knapsack. Cousin John Chew told us that Captain Braxton had been promoted to Major and Henry Thorburn elected Captain in his stead.<sup>77</sup> Numbers of servants are flocking into town daily. It is said that Capt. Mansfield tells all who apply to him for passes to go home & get permission from their masters and that he will then send them across the river, but not before seven of Captain Long's came

---

<sup>76</sup> Anastasia (Anna) Chancelor (1842 - 1912) of St. Georges Parish, Spotsylvania, County, Virginia, was the daughter of Melzi and Lucy Chancellor. Anna's brother, Thomas Frazer Chancellor (1845 - 1863) served in Company E, Ninth Virginia Cavalry. He was mortally wounded at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, on July 1, 1863, and died on July 15. Robert K. Krick, *9th Virginia Cavalry*, Virginia Regimental History Series (Lynchburg: H.E. Howard, 1982), 63; 1860 U.S. census, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, St. Georges Parish, p. 70 (handwritten), dwelling 554, family 549, Melzi S. Chancellor; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1380.

<sup>77</sup> John James Chew (1803 - 1870) was Lizzie's maternal first cousin, once removed. Carter Moore Braxton (1836 - 1898) was a civil engineer who, in 1861, oversaw the construction of the Fredericksburg and Gordonsville Railroad. He served as 2nd Lieutenant in Company C, 38th Battalion Virginia Heavy Artillery until May 1862 when he transferred to the Fredericksburg Light Artillery, rising to the rank of lieutenant colonel. Braxton married Fanny Page Hume on February 16, 1865, but she died in Richmond in June. After the war he continued to work as a civil engineer and on March 26, 1868, he married Lizzie's sister, Nannie Clementia Alsop. Wynne, *Genealogies and Traditions*; Martin S. Lane, "Braxton, Carter Moore," *Dictionary of Virginia Biography*, Vol. 2, edited by Sara Bearss, John T. Kneebone, J. Jefferson Looney, Brent Tarter, and Sandra Gioia Treadway, (Richmond: Library of Virginia, 2001), 201 - 202.

in a day or two ago bringing with them his ox-cart, carriage, & buggy.<sup>78</sup> I finished the sixth book of Geometry on Monday & ought to have finished the seventh to day but I was busy all the morning learning to make pastry & pickling cherries, entertaining company, writing &c and consequently didn't get but two new propositions fully intending to learn the rest of the book after dinner, but then I was tired and had to put away all my clothes so I did (not) carry out my intention. I am going right now and get my books & try to finish learning my appointed lesson (though it is now ten o'clock) for I am anxious to commence the eighth book on Monday.

Wednesday June 25th 1862

Of course I didn't do as I intended with regard to the Geometry, for although my "intention" and desire was to finish the eighth book" to day some fourteen or fifteen pages are not (yet) looked at. This morning I wasted time by reading Robert Graham, and I now here, in the presence of my journal say, that I will not read another novel till the first of next October unless it be either one of Sir Walter Scott's, Bulwer's or Dickens or by some other very celebrated writer, and moreover I will only two one or two by each of the latter authors.<sup>79</sup> On Monday next or at farthest the first day of June 1863, I intend to rise at four or half past, the first three quarters of an hour to be devoted to dressing, the next half to reading my bible and from then until breakfast to studying. After breakfast as soon as possible to go to studying and keep regular study hours as far as possible four [sic] four whole hours. Then sewing comes in from one till dinner. If my hour is not practised before dinner, it must be sometime during the evening, and the evening can be devoted to any amusement I wish if Mother is

---

<sup>78</sup> Inserted into the margin in Lizzie's hand is "Capt. Mansfield was not so good to the Fredericksburg people." Capt. John Mansfield (1822 – 1896), Company G, 2nd Wisconsin Infantry, was provost marshal of Fredericksburg.

<sup>79</sup> Caroline Lee Hentz's *Robert Graham: A Novel* (1855) was the sequel to *Linda or, The Young Pilot of the Belle Creole* (1850). For more on Hentz, see Iman Lababidi, "A Study in Domesticity: The Life and Literary Works of Caroline Lee Hentz, 1800-1856." (Ph.D. diss., University of Nottingham, 1989). "Bulwer" likely refers to English author Edward Bulwer-Lytton, 1st Baron Lytton (1803 – 1873). Muriel E. Chamberlain, "Bulwer, (William) Henry Lytton Earle, Baron Dalling and Bulwer (1801–1872)," *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), updated January 2008, accessed October 10, 2013.

willing. Saturday is to be a holiday from all studying except reading history unless some lesson has been neglected during the week, in which case it must be prepared on Saturday morning. No lesson is to be merely read over or imperfectly gotten, for then it also must be rectified on Saturday. Clothes to be looked over and mended, drawers &c cleaned out, and other little domestic duties on Saturday also.

Draw when I have time (every day).

It is reported that Jackson has gained another victory over Freemont & Banks.<sup>80</sup> How I do trust it may be true. Monday Aunt Eliza came into town early in the morning. She was very much excited and told us that Mr. John P. Herndon, who spent Sunday evening with them, said that Fredericksburg would be relieved in a week by "Old Stonewall."<sup>81</sup> Aunt Dorry thinks he is one of our spies for he questioned her very closely about affairs in and around Fredericksburg, Of course she told him all she knew about the strength of the Army across the river, their positions, and every thing else she could think of.

Instead of Col. Stuart's ["(now Gen S-)" inserted in top margin] commanding the Cavalry expedition in New Kent, the papers say that whole expedition [sic] was undoubtedly commanded by Col. Lee of the "ninth Virginia Cavalry."<sup>82</sup> The Northern papers moreover says that great injustice will be done him unless he is made Brigadier General for his gallantry. Monday Aunt Eliza came in with Capt. Jones, on their way out home ten cavalymen surrounded the buggy, and asked whether they had any letters. Aunt E- took a note from her bosom, and gave it to them. They then wished to know upon her honour if that was the only one she had. She told them that she could'nt tell a story, and that she had

---

<sup>80</sup> Battles of Cross Keys and Port Republic, June 8-9, 1862. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 224.

<sup>81</sup> Possibly John P. Herndon (b. 1829) of Eastern District, Spotsylvania County, Virginia. In 1850, the head of household was Mary Herndon (60). Mary E. Herndon (24), Mary M. Herndon (10), Fannie Gordon (6), Nannie Gordon (8), and Lucy S. Gordon (3) resided in the same household. 1850 U.S. census, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, Eastern District, p. 755 (handwritten, 378 stamped), dwelling 95, family 95, Mary Herndon; NARA microfilm publication M432, roll 977.

<sup>82</sup> Col. William Henry Fitzhugh (Rooney) Lee (1837 – 1891). Ezra J. Warner, *Generals in Gray: Lives of the Confederate Commanders* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1959), 184-185.

letters.<sup>83</sup> So she handed them over, and after making Captain Jones turn all his pockets wrongside out and declare upon his honour that he had no letters my aunt and her worthy escort were allowed to proceed on their way.

About ten O'clock after the house was all shut up a knock is heard at the front door. The Captain turns very plae [sic], Aunt Eliza rushes into the parlor thinking that the Yankees have certainly come for her, while Aunt Dorry meanwhile has sufficient presence of mind to ask "if Mr. Graves is at the door?" (Grandma having first called out who's there, and received no answer). A feeble yes is the only audible answer heard by the breathless household. And poor Mr. Graves dripping with rain is admitted. On his way home some Yankees arrested him and forced him to accompany them to "Head Quarters" at Major Lacy's.<sup>84</sup> Upon his arrival there Gen. King explains matters by saying that he had been informed that Confederate soldiers were seen at some free negro's house and that he supposed him to be a "Rebel Spy." After taking his letters from him he was released and without being escorted even over the bridge put spurs to his horse and literally flew to Sunny Side. Monday Mr. Sam Schooler came to see Mother on some business, and he said France & Belgium had certainly acknowledged our Independence, that the courier passed through the Bowling Green.<sup>85</sup> I for one think it a most improbable story, for I can't imagine where the courier started from.

---

<sup>83</sup> Inserted in the top margin of the page, "First they threatened to search her, if she did not give up the letters, & as they were hid about her person she had to go behind the buggy & take them out."

<sup>84</sup> Refers to the home of Maj. James Horace Lacy (1823 – 1906) in Stafford County, Virginia, known as "Chatham." Lacy acquired the home in 1857 and throughout the Civil War the plantation house was known as the Lacy House. In 1975, the house was donated to the National Park Service, and serves as headquarters for Fredericksburg and Spotsylvania National Military Park. Ronald W. Johnson, "Preliminary Historic Resource Study: Chatham, Fredericksburg and Spotsylvania County Battlefields Memorial National Military Park" (Denver: Denver Service Center, National Park Service, United States Department of the Interior, 1982), 111-177.

<sup>85</sup> The county seat of Caroline County, Virginia, since 1803, Bowling Green is located approximately twenty miles south of Fredericksburg.



To-day Mother, Fanny & Gray Doswell went out to Hilton.<sup>86</sup> While there both Mother & Fanny wrote letters to their near relations in the Army. They expected to have been stopped going out for they carried several letters & papers, and also brought letters home with them. I has'nt gotten a single new proposition to-day, but practised an hour and twenty minutes.

Sunday night June 29th 1862

Hurrah for the Southern Confederacy!!!! Joy! Joy! Joy!!!! Glorious news! Mr. Marye has just been over to tell us the joyful news— viz!<sup>87</sup> To night Mr. Green Howe Daniel came down from Mr. James Scott's, about 30 miles distant, and brought a true copy of telegraphic dispatches received by Col. Fontaine ~~by~~ from his son in Richmond. First ran as follows - McClellan's Army in pursuit retreat, our Army pursuing, already they have gotten so far that the guns cannot be heard in Richmond." Second: "McClellan's whole Army in full retreat, Our Army pursuing already they have gotten to far that the guns cannot be heard in Richmond. Second: "McClellan's whole Army in full retreat. Our Army in hot pursuit, we have taken many whole batteries." The Enemy are destroying their stores as they go." Oh! it is too good! Lettie & Joe seem to rejoice as much as any of us. They are saying "I'd rather be a Rebel, than a blue legged devil."<sup>88</sup> Mr. Marye gave my hand my hand [sic] a most powerful squeeze when I went downstairs to ~~day~~ night after hearing the news. I'd almost give my head to be in Richmond this night.<sup>89</sup>

---

<sup>86</sup> Fanny Doswell (1844 - 1894) and Gray Doswell (1847 - 1874) were the children of James Temple and Evelina S. Doswell. Both children were born in Texas, and in 1850, the Doswells resided in New Orleans, Louisiana. By 1860, the family had moved to Fredericksburg. In 1860, James Doswell's estate was valued at \$10,000 in real estate and \$40,000 in personal property. 1860 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 66 (handwritten), dwelling 495, family 489, J. T. Doswell; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1380.

<sup>87</sup> Most likely John Lawrence Marye, Sr. (1792 – 1868). The Marye house was located atop the ridge outside Fredericksburg known as Marye's Heights and overlooked fierce fighting during both the first and second battles of Fredericksburg.

<sup>88</sup> The 1860 census does not list the names of enslaved African Americans belonging to Joseph Alsop, but the context here suggests that Lettie and Joe are Alsop family slaves. 1860 U. S. census, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, slave schedule, St. Georges Parish, p. 67 (handwritten, 335 printed), Joseph Alsop; NARA microfilm publication M653.

<sup>89</sup> Lizzie is referring to the Seven Days Campaign that began on June 25, and ended on July 1, 1862. By Sunday, June 29, the battles of Mechanicsville (June 26), Gaines's Mill (June 27), and Savage's Station (June 29) had been fought. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 230 – 236.

Tuesday July 2d 1862.

Finished the "Ninth Book of Geometry" this morning. I was so glad to get through it, for I don't think that I ought to devote so much time as I have been doing recently to any one study, and although I do not intend studying Geometry but an hour each day hereafter, I expect to learn more about the three last books by reviewing them than I have done by getting them without a teacher in twelve days.

Captain Mansfield acknowledges that McClellan has had six thousand men taken prisoner besides one hundred "Commissioned Officers" and three "Generals"—and Mr. Knox ~~gave~~ told Em that Gen. Reynolds was amongst the number.<sup>90</sup> Uncle Tom's Battery gave a Yankee Gun Boat the "very devil" (to use Uncle Seth's expression) last Friday or Saturday week and now one of the Northern papers comes out and says that the boat was very slightly injured and not a man hurt, after the Maryland News Sheet having said that Captain French's Battery so much injured a Yankee boat that she had to be unloaded to prevent her sinking, & was then piloted off by the "Monitor."<sup>91</sup> The same paper says that only two of Captain F's men were wounded, & none killed, Lieut. Robinson slightly in the mouth and William Jackson severely in the arm. While the latter was having his arm amputated, he said "Thank God I have another arm with which to shoot the Yankees."

I guess the Yankees think Jackson too keen for them, for while they all along have been expecting an attack over the river from that individual he with the whole or a part of his army gets in McClellan's rear and takes possession of "York River Rail Road" thus cutting off supplies. The Northern Press is

---

<sup>90</sup> Emily Browne Alsop (b. 1851) was the youngest of five surviving children of Joseph Alsop and Sarah Ann French of Fredericksburg, Virginia. Alsop, *Alsop's Tables*, 384. Likely refers to Thomas F. Knox (b. 1807). The Knox family lived across the street from the Alsops at 1200 Princess Anne Street. 1860 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 333 (handwritten), dwelling 626, family 616, Thos. F. Knox; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1380.

<sup>91</sup> Thomas Barton French (1830 – 1899) was Lizzie's maternal uncle. He enlisted in August 1861, as 2nd lieutenant in the Stafford Light Artillery. He was promoted to captain in September 1862, and then to major in November. Wynne, *Genealogies and Traditions*.

complaining of the War Department for not keeping its promise with regard to giving them certain information as soon as received, whether good or bad.

Monday morning Madggie, Lizzie Nannie & I went down street.<sup>92</sup> On going by one store, where a Union flag was unfurled, we all went into the street preferring to get our dresses dusty to bending our heads beneath the "Stars & Stripes." After staying until half past twelve at Mr. Young's we came again up Main Street and as a Union flag was stretched over part of the side walk we separated & passed by one at a time as we again joined each other a Yankee sitting at a window called out to another, "Did you see them 'are gals would not go under a Union Flag!" Mollie Herndon told me a few days since that she and Eliza Maury were walking out and heard an Officer remark "Decidedly the most sensible women I've seen" and then asked "Ladies do you know that a union Flag is floating over your heads?"<sup>93</sup> Having on droop hats, it had escaped their notice, ~~but~~ and of course they passed on as if perfectly unconcious that any one had addressed them.

I [letter "s" in next word is overwritten with letter "c" at later date] practice an hour every day now, which, with studying, cleaning up, sewing & attending to other little household matters, keeps me busily engaged all day. I'd give almost anything to see some who are in Our Army, bye-the-bye. Yesterday we heard that Captain Braxton's Artillery fought on Friday, until horses & men were so perfectly exhausted that they were obliged to retire from the field. Several horses but no men belonging to that Company were killed or wounded. This is the third time they have escaped unharmed from the battlefield. I wonder where Mr. Powell and his party all are? I would be so happy if I was sure this horrid war would soon be ended, and all that are dear to me return safely home, and if I was sure

---

<sup>92</sup> Margaretta Herndon Chew (b. 1846) and Elizabeth French Chew (1843 - 1922) were the daughters of John James Chew and Eleanor Patton Long. They were Lizzie's second cousins. Wynne, *Genealogies and Traditions*.

<sup>93</sup> Probably Eliza Hull Maury (1846 - 1881), daughter of Matthew Fontaine Maury. Mollie Herndon (b. 1844) was the daughter of Dr. B. S. and Lucy E. Herndon of Fredericksburg, Virginia. 1860 U.S. census, Washington, District of Columbia, population schedule, Ward 1, p. 200 (handwritten), dwelling 1454, family 1450, M. F. Maury; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 102.

Father would let me go to school next session if Mr. Powell ~~had school~~ teaches. I sometimes wonder how I ever could have studied so indifferently and behaved so badly when under Mr. Powell's care. Sometimes he would look at me so sweetly & sadly when he saw me doing things that he knew I would afterwards regret. One day, for instance, he wished me to pronounce some French word in my Shaw lesson. I tried once or twice and then said I could'nt do it, he did'nt get the least out of patience with me the whole time, but for some ten or fifteen minutes we were debating about my advantages in studying French & my abilities to pronounce it correctly, during which I do not in the least doubt but that I gave him very much impudence. I know when he asked me one question I first answered it and then added "I told you that some time ago." After I went up stairs and had a little cry about my bad behavior I concluded to wash my eyes and go down & apologise for my conduct. So going down, I stood in the back poarch to the school house and waited for him to get through a class which was kept in. As he came out into the back I walked up to him & said "Mr. Powell I am very sorry that I spoke to you as I did." He gave me the sweetest smile and pinching my cheek & chin said "Don't disturb yourself about it, my dear, I had forgotten it long ago, but what made you talk so?" "Cause I didn't know what I was saying." (Almost crying) I know you did'nt but don't think of it again" and with the last glimpse of that sweet smile, he vanished.

I could'nt for the life of me determine whether Mr. Powell liked me most last session or this. Sometimes I think one & then again the other. I believe Rosalie accused him of showing partiality to me, anyhow he was just as good & kind to me as could be. The last Saturday night I was in Richmond, he gave Nannie & me permission to go down to Miss Charlotte Temple's. We did'nt get home till prayers were over, and then I hurried into the study to say my poetry. After all the girls left the room except Nannie I handed him my book saying "I knew it before I went out, but I believe I've forgotten it." After stammering through a great deal of it, and making a very bad out of it, I told him that I had ~~de~~ gotten more than he told me, for I ~~did'nt~~ walked but 27 squares. He asked why! I told him my reason,

and then told him I was'nt going to get any more poetry for it. He said "Well I'll excuse you this time, but you must'nt tell any of the girls." Of-course I promised to be silent. While putting my books away he commenced teasing me about taking small mouthfuls & short steps. (one of his favorite topics of conversation). Nannie interrupted us by asking me to go up stairs and not stay down ~~stairs~~ while she said her poetry. So I told him that I had visited without permission & left my books up stairs, both of which he excused me for doing.

The Northern Government is dissatisfied with McDowell, because he has been as they say too lenient towards the Rebels. In his defense he says that the country through which he has passed is now literally a desert, there being neither grass, fowls, or anything else in it, with the exception of a few houses with gardens attached. And, as Mr. Lacy says, "he succeeded in exonerating himself from all charge of Humanity."

Old Abe went to West Point not long since to see Gen. Scott, on his return he made a speech in Jersey City, as follows—<sup>94</sup>

"When birds and animals are looked at through a fog they are seen to disadvantage, and so it might be with you, if I attempted to tell you why I went to see General Scott. I can only say that my visit to West Point did not have the importance which has been attached to it, but it concerned matters that you understand quite as well as if I were to tell you all about them. Now I can only remark that it had nothing to do with making or unmaking any General in the Confederacy. (Laughter & applause). The Secretary of War, you know, holds a pretty tight rein on the press so that they shall not tell more than they ought to, and I am afraid that if I blab too much he might draw a tight rein on me." ("Roars of laughter & loud applause"). Surprised at the foolishness of the speech & the dignified President's

---

<sup>94</sup> Union Gen. Winfield Scott (1786 – 1866). Warner, *Generals in Blue*, 429-430.

language (during which the President retired within the car). Most certainly a very eloquent & dignified speech for a President to make.

Thursday July 3d, 1862.

Nenna came around this morning while she was out delivering letters, sent to Cousin John's for the Fredericksburg people.<sup>95</sup> None of us got one. It is very strange that "our boys" never have opportunities of sending letters home. Mr. Sandy Little who was engaged in the battle wrote his brother, "that Johnny Scott had been "buried the day" before, & that Col. William Greene was then lying dead in the city."<sup>96</sup> Charlie Greene was also wounded.<sup>97</sup> His sisters were in town last Monday and seemed so gay & happy. They said that Nelly Kelly was not the "Nelly" of former times, she now never says a word when in company. Dr. Scott told us this morning that Dr. Brooke Temple & Mr. Charles Goolrick were wounded, slightly the paper stated, in the fight.<sup>98</sup> How I dread to hear the result of that great battle, not that I fear in the least that our Army will be conquered, but because I know so many

---

<sup>95</sup> Lizzie's second cousin, Ellen Patton Chew (1838 - 1896), the daughter of John James Chew (1803 - 1870) and Eleanor Patton Long (b. 1809). John James Chew was Lizzie's maternal first cousin, once removed. In 1850, he was listed as a clerk of circuit court and his household included Ellen A. (b. 1809), Ann M. (b. 1830), Ellen P. (b. 1838), Hugh H. (b. 1842), Eliza (b. 1844), M.H. (b. 1847), his mother-in-law, Eliza French (b. 1785), his brother George F. (b. 1808), his brother-in-law George Minor (b. 1808), his sister Anne E. (b. 1811), and John C. (b. 1842). By 1860, the household included John, Ellen, Hugh, Eliza, Margaretta, George, Dr. Robert S. Chew (b. 1833), Eliza French, and an overseer. 1860 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 345 (handwritten), dwelling 721, family 711, John J. Chew; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1380. Wynne, *Genealogies and Traditions*.

<sup>96</sup> Probably John Scott, Jr., of the Fredericksburg Light Artillery who was killed at Mechanicsville, Virginia, on June 26, 1862. Robert K. Krick, *Fredericksburg Artillery* (Lynchburg: H.E. Howard, 1986), 108. Col. William James Greene (1825 - 1862) was a Stafford County, Virginia, farmer. He enlisted on May 5, 1861, as lieutenant colonel of the 47th Virginia Infantry. He was killed at Gaines's Mill, Virginia, on June 27, 1862, while serving on the staff of Gen. Dorsey Pender. Homer D. Musselman, *47th Virginia Infantry* (Lynchburg: H.E. Howard, 1991), 126. Archibald A. Little (1824 - 1877) served as editor of *The Fredericksburg News* from 1853 to 1877. He was born in Fredericksburg about 1824, attended local private schools, graduated from Princeton, studied law and practiced in Richmond and afterwards in Fredericksburg. Quinn, *History of Fredericksburg*, 226.

<sup>97</sup> Charles Jones Green (1839 - 1909) enlisted on April 23, 1861, as a captain of Company A, 47th Virginia Infantry. He was wounded on June 27, 1862, at Gaines's Mill, Virginia. Musselman, *47th Virginia Infantry*, 126.

<sup>98</sup> Possibly Dr. William S. Scott (b. 1805) of Fredericksburg, Virginia. 1860 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 85 (handwritten), dwelling 651, family 641, W. F. Scott; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1380. Dr. Benjamin Brooke Temple (1839 - 1905) of Fredericksburg, Virginia, enlisted on June 30, 1861, at Yorktown, Virginia, and served in the 2nd Company Richmond Howitzers. He transferred in April 1863 to Company B, 9th Virginia Cavalry. Krick, *9th Virginia Cavalry*, 102. Charles Goolrick of Fredericksburg, Virginia, was commissioned as 2nd Lieutenant, Fredericksburg Light Artillery on April, 23, 1861, and resigned June 14, 1861. On June 2, 1862 he joined Company M, 55th Virginia Infantry, and resigned for disability (hepatitis) on February 23, 1864. He was wounded at Mechanicsville, Virginia, on June 26, 1862. Richard O'Sullivan, *55th Virginia Infantry* (Lynchburg: H.E. Howard, 1989), 126.

lives must be lost & so many loved ones be left bleeding & dying on the field that we may pursue the wretches. Nothing has been heard of any of our relations as yet, but we think that most of them are in Gen. Holmes' Division, which was not engaged up to Monday, being between McClellan & James River. It is rather uncertain whether Uncle Seth was in the second day's fight or not.<sup>99</sup> Gen. Smith being at the springs, The "Thirtieth" commenced the attack, and at one time we heard, had been very much cut to pieces. Captain Braxton's Battery must have been engaged on either Saturday or Sunday, for on Thursday none in it were injured and Johnny Scott has been since buried proving that "somebody was hurt." Mr. Broaddus, Cousin John Chew & Mr. Preslie Thornton went to Richmond last Tuesday, we don't know when they will return, but suppose that Mr. Broaddus will fear to excite suspicion by remaining over Sunday.<sup>100</sup> A Mr. Harrison went to Capt. Mansfield some few days since and asked for a pass to go to Richmond, which was immediately given him. Mr. Williamson's son accompanied him the latter went for the purpose of joining the Southern Army. Gen. King did a very curious thing the other day, viz: sent for Major Slaughter and told him that he had just received a Richmond paper from Lynchburg ["improbable!" inserted above the line] which stated that six thousand prisoners had just passed through the City, on their way South. The Yankees are hurraing over the river at a great rate, over some imaginary success I suppose. The White house, where Gen. Washington courted & married (or first met) Mrs. Custis, & where he also spent a portion of his married life was burned last Saturday by the Yankees.<sup>101</sup> I should think Col. Lee would hate them all his life for this last act of barbarism. I

---

<sup>99</sup> Seth Barton French (1832 – 1910) was Lizzie's maternal uncle and the son of Dr. William French and Elizabeth Mercer Thornton Barton. Lizzie mentions that he moved to Richmond in during the war and served with the rank of major, but no other information is available. Wynne, *Genealogies and Traditions*.

<sup>100</sup> Rev. William F. Broaddus (1801 – 1876) of Fredericksburg was the pastor of the Baptist church and an old line Whig. He conducted a female school in addition to his pastoral work. Donald W. Gunter, "William F. Broaddus," *Dictionary of Virginia Biography*, Vol. 2, edited by Sara Bearss, John T. Kneebone, J. Jefferson Looney, Brent Tarter, and Sandra Gioia Treadway, (Richmond: Library of Virginia, 2001), 242-244.

<sup>101</sup> White House was an 18th-century plantation on the Pamunkey River in New Kent County, Virginia, and the home of Martha Dandridge Custis (1731–1802) and Daniel Parke Custis (1711–1757) after they were married in 1750. Union troops under Gen. George B. McClellan used White House Landing as a supply base during the 1862 Peninsula Campaign. The Federals abandoned White House during the Seven Days Battles and shifted their base to Harrison's Landing on the James River. The manor house of White House plantation was burned by retreating Union troops. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 213, 230 – 233.

commenced reading Ethics this morning, but really I don't feel like doing anything until we hear something definite from Richmond. McClellan sent a flag of truce asking for an armistice of two days to bury his dead. Gen. Lee replied that he would give him two hours to surrender unconditionally. The Army of the Rappahannock has lost two thousand by disease & desertion since the occupation of Fredericksburg. The Yankees say that they have Jackson & McGruder both prisoners, and I believe they really expect us to believe their "lies."<sup>102</sup> Mr. Herndon's cook left for Washington this morning. She says that she intends returning in a few days, but of-course no one believes it.

Friday July 8th

I have just finished getting . . .<sup>103</sup>

Monday July 14th, 1862

This morning we attended Mr. Bob Anderson's funeral from Mrs. Ficklen's house. His poor Father, Sister & Aunts are almost heart-broken. Yesterday His remains arrived here accompanied by Dr. Anderson, Mrs. White & two gentlemen from Washington. Mr. Lacy made a few remarks over his body, and read part of the funeral sermon preached by Dr. Pinkney before leaving Washington. Mr. Anderson ["Cousin Pyne's brother & Berta's uncle" inserted in the margin] was taken prisoner last April, handcuffed & carried to prison, but through the kindness of Dr. Hogue & others was released some time since, during his illness every attention was paid him by Dr. Millers family with whom he was staying, and all who knew him in the capitol of the so-called United States. He expressed himself perfectly willing to die, and said he hoped that he had put his trust in the Saviour. Such a crowd followed his remains to the boat that the Yankee Officer said the pass was not genuine & that he was

---

<sup>102</sup> Confederate Gen. John B. Magruder (1807 – 1871). Warner, *Generals in Gray*, 207-208.

<sup>103</sup> It appears that Lizzie intended to write an entry here, but did not complete it.



either a colonel or some high officer. And upon arriving at Aquia Creek a Yankee officer called "take that box with the body of that d--nd rebel in it & put it on the cars."

Mrs. Marye told us just now that it is reported "Ewell has gained two great victories in the Valley, and the Yankees are flying before him, having lost twenty (20) thousand."<sup>104</sup> No papers, except a few from Philadelphia, came on Friday. The reason assigned for it was that the cars & boat had not made the connection, but Gray Doswell says the Yankees threw the papers over board ["afraid of the news?" is inserted into the left margin] and I believe it, for if the papers of Friday had not been suppressed surely they would have come on Saturday. Some of Stuart's Cavalry are not very far from here, and only two or three days ago they sent a very intelligent lady into town to find out the strength of the Yankee Army across the river. Jackson & Beauregard are never mentioned in our papers, and almost every body (who consider the matter at all) thinks they are making for Maryland & Pennsylvania. Oh don't I trust that Jackson will soon free us of "the Northern wretches."

Mayor Slaughter & Mr. Marye both returned from Richmond last week. Before leaving Fredericksburg Mr. M- went to Gen. King and told him that he wished a pass to go Richmond, but that he "wished it particularly understood that he did not go to carry the paper drawn up by some of the citizens asking in return for Gen. Reynolds' kindness that he might be paroled."<sup>105</sup> He also said that he had three propositions to make.

First. To go to Richmond.

---

<sup>104</sup> It is unclear as to which "victories" Lizzie is referring in this sentence considering that Confederate Gen. Richard Stoddart Ewell's (1817 – 1872) troops moved from the Shenandoah Valley to Richmond with the rest of Jackson's army on June 17, 1862.

<sup>105</sup> Montgomery Slaughter (1818-1897) was the mayor of Fredericksburg, Virginia, from 1860 – 1868. Quinn, *History of Fredericksburg*, 78. Union Brig. Gen. John F. Reynolds (1820 – 1863) was captured following the Battle of Gaines's Mill on June 27, 1862. He was transported to Richmond, confined at Libby Prison, and exchanged on August 15, 1862. Warner, *Generals in Blue*, 396-397.

Secondly. He wished to go and see his friends and relatives, some of whom might be wounded, and to carry open letters to them.

Thirdly. He also wished to take wines, cordial, lint, tea & other things acceptable to our sick and wounded soldiers, and that if a pass was given him on the above conditions, he would take such a paper.

Since then the Yankee papers have come out with a long tale about Mayor S— & Mr. M—'s going for the express purpose of getting Mr. Gen. Reynolds paroled. Col. Morton Marye (taken prisoner in the battle before Richmond) sent his brother word he hoped he would also try & get him paroled.<sup>106</sup>

Genl. Winder was very angry when Mr. M- requested to see Genl. Reynolds, and positively refused saying that all Yankees were alike, one no better than the other.<sup>107</sup> I'm right sorry they took the paper, and particularly sorry that Father's name was on it, since I have considered the whole affair, and wouldn't be at-all surprised to see some piece in a paper (Southern) about Fredericksburg being Union, which would be an infamous falsehood. The Maryland News Sheet of Saturday contains a letter from a private (supposed) of McClellan's Army, in computing the loss in the different battles numbering some 25 or 26000, he says at Turkey Bend & . . .<sup>108</sup>

---

<sup>106</sup> Col. Morton Marye (1831 – 1910) enlisted on April 17, 1861 at Alexandria, Virginia, as a private in Company A, 17th Virginia Infantry and was promoted to lieutenant colonel on April 27, 1862, and to colonel on November 1, 1862. He was captured during the Seven Days Campaign and exchanged on August 27, 1862. Severely wounded and had left leg amputated on August 30, 1862, at Manassas, Virginia. Lee A. Wallace, Jr., *17th Virginia Infantry* (Lynchburg: H.E. Howard, 1990), 127.

<sup>107</sup> Confederate Gen. John H. Winder (1800 – 1865) served as provost marshal of Richmond from February 1862, to June 1864. Matthew Atkinson, "John H. Winder (1800–1865)," *Encyclopedia Virginia*, November 29, 2012, accessed October 10, 2013, [http://www.EncyclopediaVirginia.org/Winder\\_John\\_H\\_1800-1865](http://www.EncyclopediaVirginia.org/Winder_John_H_1800-1865).

<sup>108</sup> A major bend in the James River near Turkey Island, and approximately 20-miles southeast of Richmond.

Oh! how many!!!! So I firmly believe McClellan has lost between forty & fifty thousand of his men in the recent eight days fighting, though the "Committee of Military Affairs" says their loss does not exceed 11000. Shows they caught the "lying fever." We are going to send letters, papers &c by Aunt Mary this evening (without her knowledge) to Cousin Joe, who will put them in the post-office at the Bowling Green.

Mr. Jarvis succeeded in sending a hundred & fifty dollars worth of tea &c and six hundred and fifty dollars in notes to Richmond, for the benefit of our sick & wounded soldiers, particularly for those from Fredericksburg. As soon as we hear what articles of clothing would be most acceptable to the 30th Regiment, the ladies intend making up a box and sending it down to them. I do hope the Yankees will soon go away from here. Genl. Reynolds (so it is said) expressed himself surprised that F- had not been evacuated by the Federals long since, and said if they didn't take care Jackson would bag them all yet.

I never hear or see a Federal private or officer riding down street that I don't wish his neck may be broken before he crosses the bridge. Yesterday some Yankees standing under Dr. Wallace's windows were ducked, they were furious about it although the inmates of the house were unconscious at the time of doing anything to excite the anger of the "unsuspecting listeners."<sup>109</sup> Mrs. Lovely Brown (the ugliest woman in town) took dinner with us on yesterday. She says that one day last week she was out shopping with some acquaintances when they came to a union flag hung across the sidewalk. One of them preceded to go under it, and her little girl said "Ma you ain't going under that flag!" "Yes child I don't care for an old dirty rag." Some Yankees standing by heard all that was said, and called out three cheers for the "Red White & Blue." They were given, then pointing at them said "you can see they ain't

---

<sup>109</sup> Probably Dr. John Hooe Wallace (1793 – 1872) who was mayor of Fredericksburg, Virginia, from 1836 – 1838 and served as president of the Farmers' Bank of Virginia. Horace Edwin Hayden, *Virginia Genealogies: A Genealogy of the Glassell Family of Scotland and Virginia* (Wilkes-Barre: E. B. Yordy), 724.

much would'nt go under a union flag." Another time she went into one of their stores to get a pair of shoes for a little girl on going out she went around the flag hoisted over the door, some officers sitting near called out "you see she's a fool, a natural born fool. You can tell that she's a fool "by her not going under the union flag," but one of them said "Oh! don't let that Secesh flag touch me, don't you see? I'm afraid of it."

Becky Lewis went around one of their flags a few days since, and as soon as she past, some officers made a boy take a union flag, and run after her and shake it over her head. On Main Street there lives an Irish or Dutch woman who keeps boarding house. A lady passing by one day walked out in the street instead of going under the "stars & stripes" when, this woman commenced making remarks about her to an officer standing in the door, and among other things said there was no use going out in the dirty street. The lady quietly turned round and said "Southern dust preferable to Northern rags."

Tuesday the 15th of July 1862

Today I got a Bitter lesson practiced an hour, sewed between two & three hours and cleaned up, besides having company for more than an hour and taking a nap. I am going to try and finish the second part of Butler in five weeks which will be almost the 20th of August.<sup>110</sup> Em tried to make Joe come out of the parlor to day [next parenthetical inserted above line] (and said she would tell Mother if he did'nt) when he turned round and asked, And who is she? Really the servants are getting more impertinent every day. Jill Slaughter was up here yesterday evening and made herself very agreeable.

Thursday July 17th 1862

[No entry]

---

<sup>110</sup> Joseph Butler (1692 – 1752) was a well-known religious philosopher who published *Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed to the Constitution and Course of Nature* in 1736. Christopher Cunliffe, "Butler, Joseph (1692–1752)," *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), updated May 2008, accessed October 10, 2013.

Thursday July 24th

This evening 3 [next word inserted above line] infantry regiments and 1 company of Artillery went out into Spottsylvania County, it is supposed to meet some of Jackson's men. Fanny Doswell was here this evening and she told us that yesterday evening a skirmish occurring between some of our men and the Yankees not far from the Court House, we ~~killed~~ took a hundred of the enemy prisoner and it is also reported that 80 of them were taken on Tuesday evening.<sup>111</sup> Jackson "they say" is at Gordonsville, and if so I don't think our prospect of being released is so gloomy.

Yesterday morning soon after breakfast two Yankees came up to Mr. Knox's and carried off his trunk with him, and one of the servants told us the Yankees had arrested Uncle Thomas Barton, Mr. Knox, Mr. Wellford & a Mr. Gilman (turned out to be Mr. Gill).<sup>112</sup> So Mother Immediately went down to Uncle T's and found the family greatly distressed, and packing up some things to send him. The previous night at about two o'clock two Yankees came to the door and knocked furiously saying they wished Mr. B— to go with them immediately to Head Quarters to write some evidences for Capt. Mansfield who had been arrested. Uncle immediately rose and dressed, kissing all the family good-night and telling Aunt Susan not to be uneasy if he should not return 'till next morning before leaving.<sup>113</sup> Then the wretches took Uncle T— and carried him over the river in company with the other three gentlemen who had been sent for on the same pretext with regard to Capt. Mansfield. Wednesday morning before Aunt S- was up Celia ran into the Chamber and said "O mistus what are they going to do with master" and bursting in tears fell in the floor sobbing out "Mistress he's gone, he's gone &c" so then Aunt Harriet came running in and after repeating Celia's question, says Celia go up stairs and tell

---

<sup>111</sup> Possibly a reference to skirmishes between Union and Confederate cavalry at Carmel Church, Virginia, July 23, 1862. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 243.

<sup>112</sup> Beverly T. Gill (b. 1810) of Fredericksburg, Virginia, was a city councilman and retired merchant tailor; Charles C. Wellford (1802 – 1870) was a city councilman and dry goods merchant; and Thomas Bowerbank Barton (1792 - 1871) was the oldest lawyer at the Fredericksburg bar and Attorney for the Commonwealth. According to Quinn's *History of Fredericksburg*, Gill, Barton, and Wellford were all old line Whigs and elders in the Presbyterian Church. Quinn, *History of Fredericksburg*, 77-80.

<sup>113</sup> Susan Catherine Stone Barton (1796-1875) is Lizzie's maternal great-aunt.

Miss Carrie to come to her Ma.<sup>114</sup> Aunt Susan insisted that she didn't need Carrie, but Aunt Harriet says, but you will want her miss, and made Celia go after Cousin Carrie. Thus these faithful servants tried to break the news to their Mistress, but she didn't have an idea of what they meant. Very soon afterwards two letters arrived from Uncle T- saying he was arrested and asking for some things to be immediately packed up and sent to him. He begged his family not to grieve for him that he was in the hands of God, and was willing to give the remainder of his life for his country. He also said that "he left his faithful servant Thornton in charge of his family and property." Mother says his letters were beautiful, speaking of Aunt S- as his "sainted wife."

About 12 o'clock Wednesday they arrested Mr. Gibson & Mr. Sam Smith for "selling goods belonging to Mr. G. Shepherd." Some ladies were in the store when they went for them, and one told Mr. S- to make the ladies go out of his store, for he wouldn't wait a minute longer. To-day they arrested Mr. Bradley & Mr. McGuire, and wouldn't even let Mr. B lock his desk and put his money away, nor even go home to get clothes and tell his family good-bye. They say 60 ~~more~~ other persons are to be arrested, among the number Miss S- Gordon and Mrs. Chester White. The first four are to be held as hostages for Peter Conn, S. Morrison & Major Williams.

Morgan has taken some seven or eight [illegible word inserted above line] towns in the states of Kentucky, Indiana, Tennessee & Ohio, viz Cythiana, Harrodsburg, Newburg, Lebanon, & several

---

<sup>114</sup> Celia and "Aunt" Harriet are likely slaves of Thomas B. Barton. As only two enslaved females are listed in the 1860 Census, it is possible that Harriet was the 50-year-old female listed, and Celia the 25-year-old female. Susan Caroline "Carrie" Barton (1838-1876) is Lizzie's maternal first cousin once removed and the daughter of Thomas and Susan Barton.

others.<sup>115</sup> Night before last Mr. Randolph brought me two letters, one from Loulie & the other from Fanny Leigh & Mother one [next word represented by ditto mark] from Brother George.<sup>116</sup>

Miss Nannie Herndon is just as sick as she can be, and Aunt Ellen is again in bed.<sup>117</sup> Lizzie Chew was here this evening, she came for one of us to go down street with her. Report says old Pope is over the river.<sup>118</sup> Capt. Mansfield is to return to F— tomorrow I believe. Fanny D— says "it is strange that just as soon as one of their men behaves gentlemanly they say he is "disloyal." Grand Ma was in town yesterday.<sup>119</sup>

August 3d Sunday Evening, 1862

This morning we went to Prayer Meeting at the Baptist Church, No one preaches there since Dr. Broaddus has been arrested. Mr. Lacy very kindly offered to [illegible word] his place this evening, but as I have not heard the church bell I think possible the rains may have prevented. Yesterday evening we attended Ms. Nannie Herndon funeral. The poarches, passage and all three rooms were crowded, beside many sitting on the stair-steps. Aunt Ellen and Mr. Herndon both bore up wonderfully, but are dreadfully distressed.

Ever since Genl. Patrick came back we have been kept in town all the time. Father can't even get a pass to go to the farm. When he was last at Epsom several Yankee waggons were there being loaded with his corn & oates, but we have heard nothing since. Last Monday morning, 28th July, 1862, Evelina went

---

<sup>115</sup> Lizzie is referring to Confederate Brig. Gen. John Hunt Morgan's (First) Kentucky Raid, July 4-28, 1862. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 237.

<sup>116</sup> Louisa (Loulie) Minor Young (1838 – 1909) was the daughter of John J. and Sarah E. Young of Fredericksburg. She was the wife of Lizzie's eldest brother William S. Alsop.

<sup>117</sup> Probably Nannie Herndon (b. 1842) of Fredericksburg. She is listed in the household of B. S. (b. 1810) and Lucy Herndon (b. 1813). 1860 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 283 (handwritten), dwelling 231, family 227, B. S. Herndon; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1380.

<sup>118</sup> Union Maj. Gen. John Pope (1822–1892). Warner, *Generals in Blue*, 376-377.

<sup>119</sup> Elizabeth (Betsy) Maxwell Trippe Barton French (b. 1794), was Lizzie's maternal grandmother.

off and carried Lettie & Joe with her.<sup>120</sup> Strange to say we scarcely miss them at-all. Nannie Em & I wait on the table and do other little things which were formerly Letty's duty. We are very uncertain about Mammy & Aunt Lucy, not knowing whether they will remain faithful or not.<sup>121</sup> I am in the fifth chapter of the Second Part of Butler's Analogy and hope to finish it by the last of next week. Day before yesterday Mr. G. Burke's servants came up bringing carriage, horses, waggons and every thing up with them, and Uncle William told Nannie ~~this morning~~ that he saw a large number of contrabands, going off on the cars this morning.<sup>122</sup> Uncle Thomas Barton is now in Baltimore with Cousin Em, but is not allowed to come home. Mr. Broaddus is in Washington [illegible parenthetical inserted above line]. The Yankee encampments can be very plainly seen from my window, but I don't waste much time looking in that direction. Every night at nine the tattoo is heard, and all families are then to be at home, so says Pope, and any lady heard singing a Southern song is to be punished by having her nearest male relative arrested. Mr. Williamson brought me Mary Booth's hair cross the last time he came, but I had to pay about six & a half or seven dollars for having it made, which with the dollar & half of individual notes makes my loss at least four dollars by it.

August 12th, 1862

The thunder is now rumbling in the distance, and the sound sings a melancholy, yet sweet song, and the rain drops fall with such a busy spluttering sound while the trees throw up their tall arms and again come down in despair as if bewailing their lost limbs & foliage, then remaining motionless as if

---

<sup>120</sup> Epsom was a 354.75 acre farm in Spotsylvania County, Virginia, purchased from Francis W. Taliaferro by Joseph Alsop on April 18, 1843. "General Index of Deeds, Deeds of Trust, Release Deeds and Wills, etc., Spottsylvania County, Virginia, Names of Properties," *A Domain of One's Own*, University of Mary Washington, accessed October 13, 2013, [http://resources.umwhisp.org/spots/spots\\_named\\_prop.htm](http://resources.umwhisp.org/spots/spots_named_prop.htm). Based on the context of the entry, Evelina, Lettie, and Joe were enslaved African Americans who escaped to the Federal army.

<sup>121</sup> "Mammy" and Aunt Lucy are Alsop family slaves. In *Genealogies and Traditions*, Lizzie mentions "Mammy Sally" who "had been a retainer in Dr. French's family and went from his home to that of Dr. William French, his son. Part Indian, old and wrinkled, like a hickory-nut baby, a Puritan at heart but unswerving in her fidelity to the French family, she always showed great loyalty to Grandma, Mrs. French, as she formally called her, standing by, and supporting her during those long years at Cowlands . . . When the family moved to Sunnyside, she went with them, and lived to be a very old women."

<sup>122</sup> Probably William French, Lizzie's maternal uncle. Alsop, *Genealogies and Traditions*.



overwhelmed by the fury of the storm, that the picture suggest many a sad thought. In one week our little town may be changed, mothers may bewail their lost darlings and all may be one picture of despair, for possibly now, even while I sit & write, our beloved ones may be lying faint, weak and wounded on the battle field. ~~for~~ Oh! God spare them, my [next word inserted above line] heart's prayer, but teach me to say "not [next word inserted above line] my will, but thine will be done."

I have [next word inserted above line] been cross, snappish, sad &c all day, and yet nothing unusually has occurred to make me sick of this life, but I feel more & more dislike or rather hatred towards the Yankees every day ~~of my life~~. Two encampments are plainly visible from my window, ~~so~~ I don't like much to look at them unless they are moving off. Genl. Stevens gave Father a pass to Epsom to day.<sup>123</sup> The rascals have taken more turkeys, hens, butter &c since we heard from there besides seven mules, corn &c, but Genl. Stevens' Adjutant went down a day or two since to take an inventory of what was left, so possibly they may not steal any more while he is our Military Governor.

Mother went out to Hilton, Grand Ma A—'s & Sunny Side on Sunday, but didn't get home till Monday morning. She heard a good deal of news, amongst other things that Cousin Dorry Chancellor was dead, her body was brought as far as Beaver Dam, but our Soldiers knowing that it would be impossible for it to pass into the Federal lines turned the procession back.<sup>124</sup> Dr. Scott went to Grand Ma French's not long since and told them that it was important for Genl. Jackson to be informed ~~that~~ of Burnside's arrival in F—, so Thomas Barton got on a horse and carried the information to Mrs. Rawlings, who

---

<sup>123</sup> Union Brig. Gen. Isaac Ingalls Stevens (1818 – 1862) commanded the First Division, Ninth Corps, Army of the Potomac from July 22, 1862, until his death on September 1, 1862. Warner, *Generals in Blue*, 475-476.

<sup>124</sup> Dorothea Josephine Anderson Chancellor (1828 – 1862) was the wife of Dr. James Edgar Chancellor (1816 – 1896). She died at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville, and is buried at Berea Christ Church Cemetery, Spotsylvania County, Virginia. "Dorry J. Chancellor," *Find A Grave*, updated May 27, 2008, accessed October 10, 2013, <http://www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=gr&GRid=27124494>. Beaver Dam (Beaverdam) was located in Hanover County, Virginia, and served as a station on the Virginia Central Railroad.

wrote a note to Mr. Harris and sent it by a white girl ignorant of the art of reading.<sup>125</sup> Mr. Harris sent on to some one else &c till they reached our soldiers, one of whom was immediately sent dispatched to "Stonewall." Last Tuesday there was an engagement at "Massaponax Church" between some of Stuart's Cavalry & Gibbon's men we were ~~successful~~ victorious and succeeded in taking 150 servants, or Contrabands, 17 Ambulances, 30 waggons filled with provisions, five pieces of Artillery 120 horses, some sixty prisoners besides seven officers who were surrounded at Mr. Samuel's gate and sent to Richmond.<sup>126</sup> Brother Willie was there, and in sight of Hilton, but did not go the house, he saw one of Mr. Cross's men and told him "to give his best love to his Mother and tell her he was well and just where he wished to be." Two gentlemen shook hands with him & say "they never saw him look as well." Two Confederate Soldiers went to Hilton and got milk and bread, some of the servants asked them if they knew Mars. Willie & George, they said very well, and that George was in the hospital in Richmond, but they could'nt tell them where Willie was, but [next word inserted above line] both were very well. It is currently reported and generally believed, that the Yankees have destroyed most if not all of Uncle Tom Chandler's furniture.<sup>127</sup> They brag of going to some rich man's house in Caroline and breaking up what china &c they could'nt bring away with them. We infer that it was Uncle Tom's as they say it was not Dr. B-'s whom they have treated pretty much in the same manner. Their reason for behaving so is that those gentlemen entertained the Confederates last week. Mr. Williams I Dickenson & Mr. Wm. P. Taylor were arrested and kept in town a day or two on the same account, but since have been released. Harris' Light Horse Cavalry went to Grand Ma French's & took both mules & one of the horses, telling her when they carrying off the former that "if she did'nt hush her

---

<sup>125</sup> Union Maj. Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside (1824 – 1881) commanded the Ninth Corps, Army of the Potomac, from July 22 to September 3, 1862. Warner, *Generals in Blue*, 57-58.

<sup>126</sup> Massaponax Baptist Church is located in Spotsylvania County, Virginia. It is well-known due to the May 21, 1864, meeting of Lt. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant and many his commanders following the Battle of Spotsylvania Court House. The meeting was photographed from the second floor of the church by Timothy H. O'Sullivan. A skirmish occurred nearby on August 5, 1862. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 248. Union Lt. Col. John Gibbon (1827 – 1896) commanded the Fourth Brigade, First Division, Third Corps, Army of Virginia from June 26 through September 12, 1862. Warner, *Generals in Blue*, 171-172.

<sup>127</sup> See footnote on page 22 regarding Thomas Chandler and Fairfield.

mouth they would, take both horses," and some Zouaves made her give them a shoulder of meat.<sup>128</sup>

The same party went to Fairview, made Grand Ma Alsop give them two hams of bacon, took all of her mules. Georgiana clapped her hands and said "She was glad the Yankees had taken the mules & wished they would, take ole Miss off too."<sup>129</sup>

We heard the pickets were driven in this morning. Mammy went to see Evelina, on Sunday she said that she was getting plenty of work, more than she could do. Letty sent Em word "that she wanted her doll baby" which was left behind in the hurry.

Saturday I finished copying the receipts for mother & also finished composing the [illegible word] on Jackson. I will finish studying Butler this week as I have only the conclusion and two dissertations to get now. Maggie & Johnny were up here yesterday evening, also Fanny Doswell, Miss. Mary Greene & Gray last night they staid till long after the guard passed. Friday evening I wrote three letters, to Nannie Doswell, Harriet Scollay & Mary Santos & on Monday another to Mollie. I have had a letter written to Fanny Leigh for more than three weeks but cannot send it. Lizzie & Nenna were to see us yesterday morning, they were telling us about two letters in the New York Herald giving an account of how our men were drilled &c, and holding us up as models to the Yankees. Nenna said that President Davis had issued a proclamation, saying that if Pope or any of his officers were taking prisoner, they should be treated as murderers & robbers and not as prisoners of war, on account of Pope's behaviour towards the Secessionist here & elsewhere.<sup>130</sup> We have had peaches & milk for dinner several times, but the boys are so bad that Mother had all fruit, ripe & green gathered to keep them from taking it.

---

<sup>128</sup> Harris' Light Horse Cavalry was also known as the 2nd New York Cavalry. Frederick Phisterer, *New York in the War of the Rebellion*, 3rd ed. (Albany: J. B. Lyon Company, 1912).

<sup>129</sup> Likely a slave belonging to Lizzie's paternal grandmother, Dorothea (Dolley) Campbell Alsop.

<sup>130</sup> Union General John Pope's General Orders No. 5, issued on July 18, 1862, directed the Army of Virginia to "subsist upon the country," while his General Orders No. 7, issued the same month, held civilians who lived near the sites of guerrilla attacks responsible for damages. Confederates perceived these to be violations of the tradition of honorable warfare, and in response, Robert E. Lee labeled Pope a "miscreant." Peter Cozzens, "John Pope (1822–1892)," *Encyclopedia Virginia*, April 5, 2011, accessed October 10, 2013, [http://www.EncyclopediaVirginia.org/Pope\\_John\\_1822-1892](http://www.EncyclopediaVirginia.org/Pope_John_1822-1892).

Friday 22d August 1862

The last ten days have been spent rather differently from most of the time since I came home. First Miss Sallie left last Friday, on the same day Miss Henrietta Pritchard & Cousin Lou Dewit came into town with a good deal of difficulty, intending to return home that evening, but as they were late shopping they concluded to wait till next morning, when on applying for a pass they were refused on the plea that Cousin Lou had come in to collect all the information that was possible. She protested against such a proceeding but they said that a person a few hours previous had informed them that she was here for that purpose, and must be detained. She told them that they might search both her & her carriage to see if she had any letters &c, but Colonel Kingsbury replied that he didn't like to do so, and besides was perfectly convinced in his own mind that she was guilty, then asked if she was not at Mr. Barton's on Friday evening, her answer in the affirmative seemed to convince him still more, so they were informed that on Saturday the 23d inst. they would be permitted to return home.<sup>131</sup> Sunday Mr. Maryes & Father went down to Head Quarters, but only succeeded in getting a pass for Barton to return home with the carriage. Miss Ann Conn came in to try and do something for them but could not.

"Miss Rit" is so funny, she wears her dress above her shoe-tops, and is very old fashioned. When Colonel Kingsbury refused to give her permission to return home, she caught him by the arm saying, "but my dear sir you must let me return home. I'd rather you'd cut my head off right at once than keep me here a week longer. [close quote mark omitted] A few days since she sent him word "that as he had killed her, he must send her a shroud." He laughed very much & said "that he had promised to bear all expense of the funeral." Mother & Nannie on coming home Wednesday were obliged to let the carriage be searched. The Captain who did it made some remark about The Rebels and on Mother's

---

<sup>131</sup> Possibly Col. Henry Walter Kingsbury (1836 – 1862), 11th Connecticut Infantry. He was mortally wounded at the Battle of Antietam (Sharpsburg) on September 17, 1862. Ethan F. Bishop, "Henry Walter Kingsbury," Find A Grave, updated December 5, 2002, accessed October 10, 2013, <http://www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=gr&GRid=6989940>.

saying she wished very much she could hear from her friends, thundered forth, "Don't you repeat that, you wish to hear from your friends, my enemies & the enemies of my country." Mother immediately repeated her former remark, prudently by way of reconciling them to getting out said "if President Lincoln should come by, he would be searched." Mother drew herself up & answered "that she considered herself entitled to much more respect than ~~p~~re Mr. Lincoln, as every other lady should." He bit his lip. He proffered to assist N- in the carriage but she said "No! Thank you," before they got out he said that he considered himself greatly insulted by their wishing to see & hear from Confederates. He even searched Nannie's work-box, Mother's basket, unfolded & examined Mother's mantle & actually read a card from Nenna asking for a book which happened to be in "Reveries of a Bachelor."<sup>132</sup> If I had been there I would have torn it up in his face before he should have touched it. Aunts Dorry & Eliza were here yesterday as also was Grand Ma A-. Some of the Yankee officers have been very kind to them. Uncle Tom Anderson has gotten Fanny Fisher away at-last. Last night a great many waggons, Cavalry, pieces of Artillery &c went away somewhere. McClellan is really coming to this place. The gentlemen composing the Council have sent a petition to Genl. Burnside requesting him to send the contrabands from F- or invest them with authority to do so. Last week twelve other gentlemen were arrested & forwarded to Washington. Mr. Temple, Mayor Slaughter, Messrs Rowe, Roberts, Wrenn, Coakley, Berry, Dr. Cooke, Mr. Ames (I believe) &c, were among the number.<sup>133</sup> Nearly all the gentlemen in town are packed up ready to start off at a minute's warning. Barton brought in the carriage this evening, he says about 2000 Cavalry (Confederate) are out near the Court-House.

---

<sup>132</sup> *Reveries of a Bachelor or A Book of the Heart* is a book by American author Donald Grant Mitchell (1822 – 1908), published in 1850 under the pseudonym Ik Marvel. A reverie is an irregular train of thought or abstract musing. The first two reveries were originally published in 1849 in the magazine *Southern Literary Messenger* and in 1850 the four essays were published in book format. Leon Henry Vincent, *American Literary Masters* (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1906), 439-450.

<sup>133</sup> Benjamin Temple (1801 - 1872) was a wealthy Fredericksburg farmer, and old-line Whig. The 1860 Census lists him as owning \$25,000 in real estate and \$65,000 in personal property. Quinn, *History of the City of Fredericksburg*, 79; 1860 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 317 (handwritten), dwelling 488, family 482, Benjamin Temple; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1380.

Evelina was at Mr. Marye's night before last. I am making a chair bottom of patch-work, and like it exceedingly. Last Saturday I finished "Butler" having read & studied the 2d part by myself during the last month. Monday I commenced Irving's [quote mark omitted]Life of Washington", and finished the first volume to-day. N & I are reading "What Will He Do With It" aloud, but progress rather slowly.<sup>134</sup> Nannie being house-keeper this week & I chambermaid. For the last two weeks I have only practiced three or four times.

Father & Uncle William are now in the garden trying to catch some boys stealing the fruit. Seth French Jr. "came to town" this morning, he is a very fine little fellow, has dark eyes, & a mouth like his pa.<sup>135</sup> Cousin Liz Barton's little girl is almost a fortnight old, but I have never seen it.

23d August 1862

Grand Ma & Aunt Dorry came in this morning to see Genl. Burnside about their horses, mules &c, but he could do nothing for them except give a paper to each saying that no more property must be interrupted unless [next word inserted above line] by a written order from him. Dolie tried very much to induce "her servants" to return home, so says Dr. Scott, but don't know whether the effort was successful or not.<sup>136</sup> Mr. Lacy called to see us this morning, and made himself quite agreeable, although no one else could put in a word. He told Mother amongst other things that while Genl. King was stationed across the river he saw a good deal of him. Genl. King said to him, "Really Mr. Lacy I feel very badly being in your Brother's house, it seems as if I was excluding his family & you. I wish you would come over and see me [next word inserted above line] often as it would make me feel more at my

---

<sup>134</sup> Written by English novelist Edward Bulwer-Lytton (1803–1873) and published in 1858. He coined several phrases that would become clichés, especially "the great unwashed", "pursuit of the almighty dollar," "the pen is mightier than the sword," as well as the famous opening line "It was a dark and stormy night." Andrew Brown, "Lytton, Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer, first Baron Lytton (1803–1873)", *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), accessed October 10, 2013.

<sup>135</sup> Seth Barton French, Jr., was born on August 22, 1862, to Seth Barton French and Ellen Mercer Herndon. He died on September 1, 1862. John W. Herndon, "A Geneology of the Herndon Family," in *The Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, Vol. 11, No. 1 (Richmond: The Virginia Historical Society, 1903), 334.

<sup>136</sup> Dolie is a nickname referring to Lizzie's maternal aunt Dorothea Buckner French.

ease," and then a few days previous to his departure he packed up an marble topped wash-stand and sent it North, besides taking some seven or eight chairs off with him.

Miss Rit & Cousin Lou are now waiting at Head Quarters for the promised pass.

This morning we heard a great number of Cannon, they seemed to be quite distant. Mr. Young, Mr. Holmes, Mrs. Doswell, Fanny, Cousin Carrie & Miss Mary Greene were in our poarch listening to them. Fanny & I went down to the Baptist Church and joined Miss Hattie & Mollie up in the steple, from the window of which the view is extremely fine. We saw the movements in the Yankee Camps distinctly.

Little Fairley [Illegible name] is extremely ill. Has Typhoid Fever. Mother [sic] his recovery very doubtful.

Miss Lou F— has two letters for me, but can neither get or send them to me [illegible word] while they are so strict. Father has been to Epsom to-day, have not heard the result of his visit yet.

August 28th, 1862, Thursday

Yankees getting ready to evacuate Fredericksburg.

Sunday August 31st , 1862

Yankees still here but seem to be moving off somewhere or other. Nearly all of the tents gone from the large encampment and quite all from the others. A large train of waggons &c just passed through the field to the left of Mr. Lacy's House. This morning was so rainy that more of us went to church and

this evening only Nannie. Mr. Foulke has gone with a letter to Mary Santos down to the post-office.<sup>137</sup>

Friday evening every body believed that the Yankees would evacuate in a few hours. Union men packed up & left at the earliest moment, Contrabands tied up bundles, put them on their heads, took their little ones in their arms & by the hand and started for the depot "t'other side of de river" or any where, so as to get away before de town was shelled. Ladies, young & old, children of both sexes & old men collected on the streets to see the Yankees depart. Bob Beale saw powder put under the bridge pickets came in.<sup>138</sup> Col. Kingsbury read an order from Genl. Burnside for the troops on this side to cross over &c &c &c . . .

Alas for human hopes! We are all doomed to disappointment, for now two days later they are still here. I am resolved not to look at the time, the waggons & troops moving off or do anything that can make me hope & believe we are to be freed. As some more convincing proof is brought forth my heart beats galdly [sic] & I feel oh! so glad, but other past disappointments come to mind and I bury all hopes for the future deep in my bosom, and cover them over with the dead leaves of other hopes.

Tuesday, September 9th, 1862

The Yankees have been away a week & two days. Such a nice happy time I've had since they left too. It is so charming to be free once more. When the villians [sic] crossed over the river, & set the bridges on fire, we all collected at Mr. Knox corner to witness their distruction [sic] & when the keg of powder exploded most of the people ran away, but I saw it, it was very beautiful indeed. The ladies prepared ~~dinner~~ & supper & breakfast for the 13th Va. Cavalry the first day they came. They say they

---

<sup>137</sup> Possibly Andrew Foulke, (b. 1823) or Owen J. Foulke (b. 1805 ) who is listed as a painter. Both were born in Pennsylvania. 1860 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule p. 4 (handwritten), dwelling 25, family 25, Owen J. Foulke; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1380; 1860 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule p. 12 (handwritten), dwelling 92, family 92, Andrew Foulke; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1380.

<sup>138</sup> Possibly Robert C. Beale (b. 1844) of Fredericksburg, Virginia. Jane Briggs Howison Beale (1815 - 1882) was listed as head of a household in 1860 that included Helen G. (b. 1837), John H. (b. 1840), Marion (b. 1848), Julian (b. 1850), and Samuel H. (b. 1850). 1860 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule p. 92 (handwritten), dwelling 709, family 699, Jane B. Beale; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1380.



have never been treated as hospitably anywhere as in Fredericksburg. We are actually in Maryland pushing on towards Frederick City. A good many persons think Washington will certainly fall without a blow.

Day before yesterday I received a letter from Ellen Gresham being the fourth letter I've gotten out of the Confederacy in the last week.<sup>139</sup> Uncle Seth came on Thursday but returned yesterday. Uncle George had gone home before the news of our deliverance reached Richmond.

Marshall Hall came to see us this morning. I was rather surprised to see him, as his Father has not been dead more than a week. Uncle Seth's little baby was buried last Tuesday.

Our townsmen who are now confined in Washington will be exchanged in a few days.

Thursday, September 11th 1862, Fredericksburg

This evening Liz & Madge came for us to go walking. Liz and Nannie started off first leaving Madge & me to follow and join them at Mr. Herndon's. M & I were scarcely a square from home before it commenced to rain, whereupon instead of coming home we kept on. By the time we reached Uncle Thomas' we were quite wet, so I ran up-stairs to ask Cousin Liz to lend us an umbrella. Having obtained which we went down Main Street & walked about sometime looking for the others to suggest the expediency of this (borrowing an umbrella and walking the streets till the rain was over. Not finding them, we went to Mr. Herndon's to enquire if they had gone there, but as they had not & we were so wet we concluded to return home at once. But on arriving here they were not found, so we proceeded to change our clothes. [Illegible word] they came saying they saw us on Main Street when at

---

<sup>139</sup> Ellen Gresham (b. 1845) was the oldest daughter of William D. (b. 1822) and Harriett M. Gresham (b. 1826) of King and Queen County, Virginia. 1860 U.S. census, King and Queen County, Virginia, population schedule p. 447 (handwritten), dwelling 185, family 185, William D. Gresham; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1357.

Mr. Roberts' but they were in almost as muddy a plight as we. After supper Mr. Forbes came & took them home.

Lizzie told me that Nenna read Mr. Powell's advertisement in a paper to-day. Oh if I could but go back to the "S.F.I."!! Mother is anxious for me to return & I would do & give anything within my power to go to school just "one more session." I am afraid there is no possibility of it however & will try not to set my heart on it. If God permits me to go tho', by his help I'll try and study more consciencously and perform my duties better than I have ever done heretofore. I'll try God helping me.

Not to omit giving in the slightest offence. Not spread or behave or feel improperly towards any one."  
Go up stairs directly after prayers unless there is some good reason for my not doing so. Study faithfully all my studies. Be as little [illegible word] to father as possible. Be kind to all, & act sincerely in all things. In short try and do my duty to my God, myself, & my fellowmen.

Oh God if it is not wrong open some way for me to do as I wish.

Sunday September 14th 1862

A calm lovely day.

Friday September 19th

Got a letter from Kate & another from Hannah. The latter's little baby brother died sometime in August I believe. She ~~is~~ has had a slight attack of Typhoid fever, but is well now. Hannah is very anxious to return to school & hopes to do so. How much I should like to go. I can't help hoping that I may, but try to discourage all such vain thoughts & inclinations. Oh if I could only go!

Mammy had a paralytic stroke last week, she is now able to hobble about a little, but I am afraid she never will entirely recover.

My dear brother George, came home day before yesterday. He has a furlough for two days. Berta is alive & well, on the strength of hearing which, I wrote to her. Kate thinks of making us a visit in October.

It is reported that Fanny's Uncle Lacy took the "Oath" to Lincoln & has been lodged in jail ever since. She did not say anything about it in her letter however, but I fear it is true.

Yesterday was appointed for thanksgiving & praise to Almighty God for his numerous victories & blessings & more especially for the victories of Manassa & Richmond, Ky. f gained on the same day.<sup>140</sup> We attended the Presbetyrian church in the morning. Mr. Lacy took as his text the third verse of the 26th Psalm. "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." First he sepoke of the appropriateness of the bible pñrofphecies, being as applicable in our own times, as to those of which they were now particularly written, and that those very words were spoken for a singular occasion to the present. Then he discoursed on Jackson, Davis & Lee, &c but warned us against vain boasting and [next word inserted above line] against neglecting to overcome the enemies of the soul as well as those of the flesh.

Madgie is here.

Friday 26th September, 1862

To night I got a letter from Mr. Powell in reply to one written some ten days ago. He says that I must return to school if possible. I am very anxious to do so, but to-night on saying something about it to Father he said there was no chance of it.

Saturday 27th September, 1862

---

<sup>140</sup> Battle of Manassas, Virginia (August 28 – August 30, 1862) and the Battle of Richmond, Kentucky (August 30, 1862). Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 256-257.

Mr. Spivy no better, tho' rather quiet, poor fellow! I fear there is little hope of his recovery.<sup>141</sup>

In the battle of Sharpsburg 200 of the 30th were killed & wounded out of 300 engaged, others being detailed & sick. Since heard that only 236 went into the engagement and 152 were killed & wounded.<sup>142</sup>

Sunday September 28th, 1862.

Mr. Spivy continues extremely ill. Dr. Scott thinks he may die before morning or [next two words represented by ditto marks] he may live several days. He talks a great deal sometimes about his regiment. Calls for "Captain [illegible word]" & a "Lieutenant" frequently. Sometimes he speaks of his mother. Susan, Millie, & Sis. Yesterday he said "poor Moody" is sick too, I've spent most all of my money for Moody." Then last night Mrs. Foulke heard him say, "Dora! Dora! I have loved you too well." For the last two or three days he has been living almost entirely on Milk-Toddy. None of us went to church this morning except Em, & this evening only Mother. Mr. [illegible word] called by for a few minutes to-night and while we were talking to him at the gate Mr. Knox came over and entertained us for about half an hour.

George is better to-night Dr. Scott thinks.

Sou. Fem. Ins. Saturday before Dinner Oct. 25th, 1862

Have been quite busy all day. After writing home and confession was over I took a little walk with Mollie Maury up to see Fanny Doswell, at Miss Charlotte's, then wrote my french for Monday, after which I went up stairs and fixed for dinner, besides bathing Miss Goodrich's head.<sup>143</sup>

---

<sup>141</sup> Attempts to identify "Mr. Spivy" were unsuccessful although the context of this entry suggests that he was most likely a soldier recuperating in Fredericksburg.

<sup>142</sup> Lizzie's statistics are surprisingly correct given that the battle occurred only ten days earlier. The Thirtieth Virginia Infantry lost 160 of the 235 men engaged (68%) near the Dunker Church at Antietam. Krick, *30th Virginia Infantry*, 30.

<sup>143</sup> Mary Herndon (Mollie) Maury (1844 – 1928) was the fifth child of Matthew Fontaine Maury (1806 – 1873) and Ann Hull Herndon (1811 – 1901) of Fredericksburg, Virginia. Virginia Military Institute, "Notes on Family Members Mentioned in the

We have twenty one (21) boarders, and amongst them Hannah Graves. She, Georgie Hudgins, Maria Wormeley and I have our old room. Maria is a cousin of Carrie Hall's. Mary & Ellen Roy are in Miss Marian's little room.

In "our room"

Lizzie Alsop

Hannah Graves

Maria Wormeley

Georgie Hudgins

In Juliette's

Kate Montgomery

[Illegible word]

Mary Cocke

Fanny Dew

In the "Little Passage"

Margaret Booth

Ann Goodrich

In the "Big Passage"

Vergie Yancey

Mattie Taliferro

Martha Catlett, & ~~Madie Taliaferro~~

In Kate Gray's Room

Bettie Aikans

Maria Aikans

Effie Moore

Miss Burkes

In Carrie Dillard's room

Rosalie Rives

Cornelia Rives

Mattie Chaffin is coming in a few days, then the house will be full.

This morning I confessed although it was my first week Mr. Powell excused all of us except Rosalie and he gave her the "Riches" to copy 11 times. He told her that she should not break his rules as heretofore or if she persisted in doing it home she should go, besides saying a great deal more.

Ann Goodrich says Berta is now well enough to ride on horseback every day. Berta is in Ridgeway N. Carolina.

The Assistant is coming next week, we think it is Mr. Joynes, but are not certain as Mr. Powell will not say. Poor Mr. Spivy died on the 29th of September 1862. He was buried in the Semitary. George was a great deal better when I left home. Willie came from Western Va. a few days before I came down. He has had Typhoid Fever. Loulie & he have been staying at our home. Mollie, Kate & I had quite a

pleasant trip down, and Uncle Seth took most excellent care of us. Bye the bye I forgot to thank him for his kindness. I have thirty dollars. I intend to try & keep the rules this coming week.

November 14 17th 1862, Sou. Fem. Institute

I should be drawing but as Mr. Powell looked very sweet when I asked him “please not to make me draw” I think he would have consented if Julia Hill had’nt interrupted him, so I am going to tell him so Saturday and see whether he’ll excuse me or not.

Yesterday morning we went to St. James and enjoyed a sermon from Mr. Deshields, but last night was so cloudy that Mr. Powell thought it best for us to stay at home.<sup>144</sup> Hanna Kate & I are in the same room, & Georgie Hudgins with us.

Nov. 19th 1862

Between dinner & school, 5 mins to 4, in the front study. Sitting by Hannah, who is reading a letter from home. Martha & Madge at the other window pasting name on hour glass. I saw a piece in to-day's paper saying that our troops had fallen back from Fredericksburg. Oh how much I will regret & am commencing to now, that I followed my own inclinations instead of taking George's advice. I got a letter from ~~George~~ home last night. Nannie wrote more affectionately than usual, I suppose, because the Yankees were in sight. This morning I did’nt know my singing lesson well at-all, one exercise I had not practiced since Miss Brooke gave it to me, then I am afraid Mr. Deshields thought I did’nt know anything about my latin, for the last sentence was the hardest & I merely managed to stumble through it. I did not have a proposition to day & said my chemistry well, but only had a few questions in it. French translation was right good, but tried twice on the verb before I succeeded in saying it.

---

<sup>144</sup> Probably the Rev. T. Grayson Dashiell. His name first appears in the diocesan journal of 1856, and was most likely assigned as assistant minister of St. James Church, Richmond, Virginia. Worth E. Norman, Jr., “T. Grayson Dashiell: Secretary and Envoy,” *The Living Church*, updated January 13, 2012, accessed September 3, 2013, <http://livingchurch.org/t-grayson-dashiell-secretary-and-envoy>.

1862

December 7th 1862, Richmond

Sitting on the floor, in my room, before the fire, very sleepy but waiting for Mr. P & the girls to come back from church, Saint James' & Mr. Powell excused me from going on account of a very bad cold which I have, & indeed the night was so cold that none of the girls went unless they chose to. It has been almost three weeks since I last wrote in my journal. How many changes have taken place in the intervening time. Two weeks and two days ago I attended the funeral of Chapman Gordon, just fifteen years & six months old, of the brightest promise, engaging, bright & noble, he died in the sweet assurance of Peace with God, Nov 20th

Hilton Dec 29th 1862

Oh the changes, the changes, to which we are subjected, some for better some for worse, but all of which are the workings of a "Mysterious Providence." I am spending Xmas, with Father Mother Nannie & Em, yet not at home. How strangely "all things work together for good" if it is for our true good, that we should be driven from our loved home, so many cast on the cold charities of the world, and yet this war develops people's characters. Some we formerly believed, unselfish gentlemen of refinement & polish, show that they too can act as rudely as the merest mechanic. Others whom we consider, close, cowards, selfish &c have now come out & manifested their real selves.

Five weeks ago Father Mother Nannie, Mr. & Mrs. Allen fled from Fredericksburg, thought to be in imminent danger; & took refuge in this house, and here they have been ever since & are likely to remain for some time.<sup>145</sup> Mr. & Mrs. Allen are such pleasant people, and so kind just as if they were old friends

---

<sup>145</sup> Based on the context Mr. and Mrs. Allen may not be residents of Fredericksburg, but refugees temporarily residing in the city. That there is only one reference to Mrs. Allen after 1864 suggests that they may not be local residents.



& not new acquaintances. Indeed we treat them just as if they were of us, & they express themselves highly gratified & pleasant.

During the shelling of Fredericksburg, November [sic] 11th 1862, very few citizens remained in town, not more a hundred & fifty if so many.<sup>146</sup> Uncle William & Mrs. Foulke were at our house, but after the Yankees crossed over they left.<sup>147</sup> The house was very much injured, every room rendered [next word inserted above line] not inhabitable except two. The garden & yard turned [illegible word struck out] into the common, the furniture nearly all cut up or very much injured, &c &c &c . . .

Those villains seem to have turned loose in the town from the present aspect of things. They took between 30 & 40 gals. of pickle, 14 jars of lard, almost 200 pds butter, two large safes of preserves &c, 3 barrels 2 kits & a 1/2 barrel of fish, of flour 3 barrels of vinegar & one of cider, from 75 to 100 pieces of meat, all the vegetables, apples &c &c, 4 straw beds & 6 mattresses, & put their wounded on the feather beds, which are consequently all stained up, tore up the carpets & put them in the garret, cut up the sewing machine, & threw the wooden part into the garden, but carried off the machinery. Destroyed six gallons of cider in bottles, besides some two or three boxes of mineral water, ruined spieces of all kinds with rice, hominy, saltpetre &c, and poured oil over the mixture.

Tore up curtains for bandages, shivered mirrors, great & small, strew books about the garden & removed or destroyed one volume of almost every work. Broke up china & glass in the greatest abundance, & managed to it impossible for us ever to get things as they once were.

---

<sup>146</sup> Federal artillery located on Stafford Heights opened fire on the town to drive away Confederate sharpshooters who opposed the construction of pontoon bridges. The Battle of Fredericksburg was fought in December 1862, not November as Lizzie mistakenly wrote. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 294.

<sup>147</sup> Possibly Susan J. Foulke (b. 1823), wife of Andrew Foulke or Elizabeth Foulke (b. 1805), wife of Owen J. Foulke. See footnote on page 65.

When any one asks Father how much they injured him he says I can tell you much better what they left, than what they destroyed. However we shared [sic] better than some. Compton has resigned his commission & gone home, he expects to be Adjutant for Uncle Tom in Arkansas. Miss Lizzie Parnel died a short time since. Uncle Tom, poor fellow, is terribly distressed. So many people are sinking into that long last sleep, which shall last till all are commanded “to appear before the judgement seat of Christ.”

Miss Mary Allen Goodwin is dead. Aunt French, Captain Browne, Mr. Presley Thornton, & others, many others of my acquaintances are now “mould’ring beneath the tomb.” Truly here have we no adding [sic] city, but do we seek one to come. Ah too few of us do!!

For several days before I left Richmond I was kept in a constant state of anxiety, not knowing what to do do [sic] about coming home, no message or letter came from home telling me to come, still I felt that they wished & expected me to spend Xmas with them all. George however came on Tuesday & he advised me to go home if I wished, provided Mr. Powell would consent. He came first while I was at the board, so I asked Mr. Powell whether I must write my lesson or go into the parlor, he “smiled sweetly” & told me to go on with my proposition, and for a wonder I said the lesson beautifully.

He consented to my coming & promised to get me a passport, but forgot it, so He Kate & I went by the Provost Marshal's office next morning.

Jim Gillis sent Kate & I a nice breakfast up, of cold turkey & toast at about six o'clock. Kate was met by little Sam Gresham at Pinola.<sup>148</sup> Wednesday night Captain Green & Capt. Allensworth gave a little

---

<sup>148</sup> A station on the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railroad.

candy stew at Uncle Tom's & Miss Livy furnished "the cake." I had a merry evening. Capt. Green & I carried on quite extensively. While pulling the candy, he observed "what a nice rope." I asked "if he would not like to "be hung with it," he said "Oh no, I never expect to be at-all, unless by somebody's apron string." I then observed that "I was afraid it would be too weak to hold him," he said "well, I've never tried anybody's but my mother's yet, but he thought some day another's would be able to." I answered "that her's were like every body's, I reckoned." He replied "he had thought that some little silk apron strings might be stronger, glancing slyly at mine. I told him "No, for I always thought other clothes stronger than silk." [illegible word struck out] Before the pulling he & I monopolized the conversation & quarreled most vigorously about Va. & Tennessee. He almost teased me to death. I was invited to dine on Friday in camp, but of-course declined.

Dr. Evins is in the neighborhood, Aunt Mary says he inquired very particularly after N & I me, & said he was going to see us, but looked considerably disappointed on learning that I was from home. Dr. — a friend of his asked Jane, "with whom Dr. E- was in love up here!" Ben is anxious to see me so says Aunt E—, I have been expecting to see him ever since I came home, but alas for [illegible word] hopes!!!<sup>149</sup>

Col. Grant called on us this morning, & Dr. Temple on Nannie. Major Terrell Col. Tyler, Lieut. Cooke, & Compton dined with us Xmas day.<sup>150</sup> Comp came on Friday again, & again on Saturday evening from the "Review." Sunday we went to Aunt [illegible word]'s funeral at Grand Ma's & had a very pleasant time. Major Hays, & Capt. Butler spent the evening and Mr. Lacy was there when we came home Monday morning. I believe Capt. B's visit was more especially to me. I like Genl. Cooke so much he &

---

<sup>149</sup> Refers to Capt. Benjamin Rawlings. See footnote on page 27.

<sup>150</sup> Probably Lt. John Esten Cooke (1830 – 1886). From March 1862, Cooke served on the staff of Confederate general James Ewell Brown Stuart and, after Stuart's death in 1864, on the staff of Brig. Gen. William N. Pendleton. Although Cooke would carry on a flirtation with Nannie, he ultimately married Mary Frances Page on September 18, 1867, and lived near Boyce, Virginia, where he became a marginally prosperous farmer and author.

Nannie look as happy as possible.<sup>151</sup> Major Terrell sent word that he was coming over this evening. Yesterday, Mrs. Samuel & Mr. Hiegel came to see us.

Last Saturday I wrote to Mr. Powell begging him to pay us a visit if he came to Fredericksburg, but never expect to get an answer to my letter. This morning I sang "Bird of Beauty" for Mrs. Allen & also played a duet with Nannie.<sup>152</sup>

## 1863

1863, Fredericksburg Jan 1st

In Father's sitting room by a wood fire.

Well, I have been over the house and find destruction less than I had anticipated, true, almost every room has a ball through it & the garden is very much torn to pieces, but the little furniture which remains is better than has been represented. Mr. Powell & Major Terrell are in town, they are coming up at lunch.

Jan. 2d, 1863

I had resolved to commence such a different life on yesterday, but alas the weakness of humans, and their inability to do anything without seeking aid from a higher power. Tis strange, & yet 'tis not, that though I know such is the case, that I cannot or do not profit by it. To-day I commenced [illegible word struck out] reading my "Bible" George gave me, tho' most probably when I finish, I will have no more knowledge concerning its holy precepts than I ~~did~~ had before commencing. I read, & read but my

---

<sup>151</sup> Probably Confederate Brig. Gen. John Rogers Cooke (1833 – 1891). Cooke was the brother-in-law of Maj. Gen. James Ewell Brown Stuart. Cooke was severely wounded during the Battle of Fredericksburg when a bullet entered over his left eye and fractured his skull. He returned to duty in April 1863. Wallace, *Generals in Gray*, 61.

<sup>152</sup> A popular song composed by Miss M. B. Scott. It was first published in 1850 and was republished many times, including a "Southern Version" by New Orleans, Louisiana, publisher Blackmar & Bro. around 1861. Historic American Sheet Music, "Bird of Beauty", Conf. Music 111, Duke University Rare Book, Manuscript, and Special Collections Library.

heart only & becomes more hardened each time I read of our Saviour's "crucifixion death & burial." I do not [illegible word] because of my iniquity, but if any sorrow at all penetrates my breast it is to know "that I cannot feel." I tried to remember a verse of a hymn I once said, but it had escaped my memory. I never do remember hymns. The last one I recited to Mr. Powell on the 21st Dec. was "The spirit in our hearts, is his whispering sinner come." As none of the girls except myself, had larn'd theirs, Mr. Powell put them off till Monday night, but permitted me to say mine at once, but I was obliged to get him to find it for me, having entirely forgotten the first line. Tho' I was 26 mins too late he excused me 7 stanzas, & was very sweet all the time to me, indeed he looked at me so quistically [sic] that I could scarcely repeat the hymn, and once laughed right out. Mr. Powell is so good to me. A week or two before Xmas he excused me from my poetry because I was sick, so the Monday night after I remained behind the other girls to recite it, but he merely pinched my arm, smiled sweetly & said "You know it I reckon, don't you?" On my telling him that I had not learned the lines for want of time said "never mind, I'll let you off, but don't say anything about it."

Day before yesterday Col. Grant called on us, then Mr. Scott came to see Father & Miss Riley [illegible word] Mrs. Allen. Soon after the Colonel took his departure I saw some one coming up the road, but paid no further attention to him till one of the servants called me to the door, where to my astonishment, stood Mr. Powell, of course I was delighted to see him.

The same evening Major Terrell came over, & the next morning again to accompany Mr. Powell on his trip to F & the battle field. After they had started Mother concluded to send word to Grand Ma's family to put off their visit till Friday, so Nannie & I went with Mother & Mrs. Allen to F—. Major Terrell & Mr. Powell joined us at "home" during the day. Last night Mr. Powell wished to know whether I was not to return with him." I said, "No sir." Then after a little [illegible word] he said "I shall not feel as if school had commenced till you get back." He returned to Richmond this morning.

Major Terrell was here again to-day. He brought glorious news viz: Our troops victorious at Murfreesboro, taken 4000 prisoners, & 30 pieces of cannon. The Yankees repulsed at Vicksburg. Genl. Stuart returned, captured 300 Yankees, 300 horses, a great many waggons (brought about 100 with him) destroyed valuable stores, & ~~learned~~ gained important information, whipped the Federal Cavalry.<sup>153</sup> Left Lieut. Turner at-home. And to cap the climax Capt. Cooke has returned.

Tomorrow Genl. Cooke Nannie Dalton, Aunts Eliza & Dolie, Capt. Butler, &c are coming to dine with us if nothing prevents. Mrs. Allen, Nannie Hetty & I a little, made some cake to day. I had one [illegible word] full of plumbs to carry Mr. LaBombardie.

Hilton, January 3d 1863

To-day Aunts Dory & Eliza, Nannie Patton Capt. Cooper & Major Terrell dined with us. Maj. Gen. Cooke & Mr. Herndon went to Richmond yesterday, the former said that he could not delay his intended task another day and Capt. Butler was obliged to go to Hanover Junction with his Brigade.<sup>154</sup> Lieut. [illegible word] came over to-night but being very tired did not stay long. He is so handsome & nice.

I sang "Bird of Beauty" for them all this evening, but hated to most amazingly. Major Terrell was standing by the piano & twice said in an undertone "sing louder," but I could not sing before all those people. I think it is so strange that George should wish me to be a Christian. I had no idea of such a thing before to-night. I wish I could prevent myself from thinking on such a serious subject, for thinking only makes me worse.

Hilton January 5th 1863

---

<sup>153</sup> Battle of Murfreesboro (December 31, 1862 – January 1, 1863), Chickasaw Bayou (December 26-29, 1862), and Confederate Lt. Gen. James Ewell Brown Stuart's Christmas Raid (December 1862). Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 301-302.

<sup>154</sup> Most likely Brig. Gen. John Rogers Cooke (1833 – 1891). Cooke served as colonel of the 27th North Carolina Infantry until he was promoted to brigadier general on November 1, 1862. He was severely wounded leading his brigade at the battle of Fredericksburg, and returned to duty in April 1863. Warner, *Generals in Gray*, 61.

The day is so mild that I am sitting in my room without a fire. What beautiful weather there has been during the past fall & so far during the winter. Xmas day was absolutely almost springy.

Capt. Cooper & Lieut. Cooke breakfasted here this morning on their way to Hanover. They remained 2 or 3 hours. Lieut. Cooke says "he intends meeting me on Franklin very often if he goes to Richmond & as he has great faith in "knock & it shall be opened unto you" thinks he shall make an attempt to see me.<sup>155</sup>

Yesterday I saw Col. Grant at church, he escorted me to the carriage. Ben was there but did not speak to me, tho' I [next word inserted above line] am almost sure he saw me. Major Terrell told me to send over & see how he was this morning, so N & I made him a custard & intend sending it to him presently. He says he wishes to accompany me to the Depot when I leave. Major Hairston, Lieut. Cooke & an Englishman, Mr. Frank Lacy Buxton, spent yesterday evening with us. I had the pleasure or trouble of entertaining the latter for some two hours. This morning he sent me his card & regrets æ for not being able to come & say goodbye.

I must really study my Geometry some to-day; just now I read over three propositions, but my head felt so badly that I stopped for a while.

Dr. Scott was here to breakfast. I shall miss all my home comforts, when I am back at school. How I do dread next Saturday, for I know I shall never be able to write a composition on "Human Happiness." I hope the girls will not get much before me, before I can be back at school.

Hilton, After 11 o'clock Monday night Jan. 6th

This morning we received a note from Col. Grant saying that with our permission he would bring two of his friends to see us tomorrow. After hearing that Mrs. Broadbush was not coming, I dressed up tho'

---

<sup>155</sup> Refers to Franklin Street in Richmond, Virginia.

no one was expected, and was writing in the chambers when Mr. Buxton & Capt. Cooke came. They staid some three hours. Mr. Buxton sang for us, his voice is very fine & I enjoyed the singing very much. Oh me I know that I ought to be at school now but cannot go before the day after tomorrow. This evening mother sent a custard to Major Terrell, he is confined to his room. I hope he will soon be well, for all of us shall miss him sadly.

I wrote Harriet a long letter, 5½ pages foolscap, this evening.<sup>156</sup>

I wore my hair tucked up & plaited the single Madonna, to-day & yesterday perfectly plain with a black lace veil arranged as a head-dress.<sup>157</sup>

Hilton Jan. 6th 1863

Not at school yet.

Col. Grant, Adjutant Allen, & Capt. Taylor came about five & left at 8. The Colonel says he is very sorry I am going to school so soon.

Tomorrow N & I expect to dine with Mrs. Samuel. All the young ladies from Grand Ma's are going. N got a note from Lizzie Chew to-day & I one from Aunt E. offering to call by for us on tomorrow; & saying Dr. Eliason wished me to defer my departure till after Wednesday.

Hilton Jan. 7th 1863

It is late and Nannie is waiting for me to go to bed, but if I do not write now when can I? We dined at Mrs. S—'s to-day, four Cols. I Major ([illegible word]) Dr. Eliason Mr. Kugel & Mr. S—composed half the company.

---

<sup>156</sup> "Foolscap" refers to a sheet of writing paper measuring approximately 13-inches by 16-inches. "Foolscap," *Oxford English Dictionary*, 1897, accessed October 10, 2013.

<sup>157</sup> A popular hairstyle consisting of a large coil or hump of hair at the back of the neck and held in place with a coarse net. Ruth Turner Wilcox, *Five Centuries of American Costume* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1963), 141.



Aunt D— told me that Ben looked all about for me on Sunday, but could not find me; so to [illegible word] make up for my hard thoughts I am going to send him a little flag. I expect to return tomorrow to Richmond, my trunk is all packed & I am ready to go back to my duties. It is very hard to leave home now, but I am resolved to study more faithfully & endeavour to keep those rules better & improve myself as much as possible, be more accommodating, amiable, less selfish & better in every respect with God's help. But one thing I will not do & that is give Cornelia my seat by Mr. Powell. Dr. E—says I have one admirer in the Cavalry & he is Major [illegible word]. He says that the other night he heard him making a tremendous noise "& (evelike) went out to see what it was about." I was the subject.

I expect to go by Genl. Stuart's Head Quarters to get my passport tomorrow if I go to Richmond. Will be a long time before I write again f'ai peur. Cooke's Brigade gone to N. Carolina.

S. F. I. Richmond Jan. 10th 1863

At school once more. Mr. P did not say anything about my staying so much over my time, but was very sweet & kind. The girls are now reciting their poetry. Rosalie has 300 lines, & Georgie fifteen fore leaving her keys out. She has never had any before. The girls were so dreadfully bad this week, that Mr. Powell gave us a long lecture after confession & made those who had violated the rules, keep regular study hours until they knew their tasks.

Miss Parke Miller came from Kansas to-day. She is to sleep with [illegible word] to-night. Misses N. Rives & Sallie Winston are visiting Mrs. Powell. Miss L— Price is to marry Dr. Fontaine the 17th January 1863.<sup>158</sup>

---

<sup>158</sup> Elizabeth W. Price (1843 – 1919) was the daughter of Dr. Lucien B. Price (1810 – 1890) of Hanover, Virginia. She married John Boursiquot Fontaine, who enlisted as a private in Company G, 4th Virginia Cavalry. He was promoted to surgeon on February 14, 1862, and killed at Petersburg on October 1, 1864. Kenneth L. Stiles, 4th Virginia Cavalry (Lynchburg: H.E. Howard, 1985), 110.

Hannah Graves has promised to tell me a very curious remark she heard Mr. Powell make [next two words inserted above line] about me, when my twentieth birth-day shall arrive, which will be March 17th 1866. She saved a piece of cake for me, at the risk of getting poetry for it.

Maria Wormeley, & Ellen & Mary Bog are spending the evening at Governor Letcher's. All of them looked very well indeed. I do not know a lesson for Monday & have done nothing in the way of preparation for the day's duties except write my first composition. The subject is "Human Happiness." In what it consists & "How it may be promoted." I am really ashamed of it [following parenthetical inserted above line] (my own production) & translate my english into french. A bright prospect for the New Year, in school. Artie says I am his sweetheart now. I wonder how long it will be so.

I found three letters for me here, from Nannie, Ellen Gresham, & Mary Booth. The latter thinks she has at last obtained that "Peace of God which passeth all understanding." I feel so sorry for poor Margaret B—, she has studied that poetry faithfully but cannot say it to save her life. She has 75 lines. Mr. P— thinks she is so completely under Rosalie's influence, but upon my honour, Martha is much more so. Margaret is much the finer girl of the two.

The Bible Lesson for the 11th, Jan. 1863 is the 9th Chapter of Job. I do not know a word of it.

Father gave me 27 dollars yesterday, 6½ of which are already gone, 1.00 to servants, 4.00 fare & 1½ for hack here. I came down under Aunt Ellen's care. Mag was a good deal of company. This has been a gloomy, rainy day. I did not regret the rain except on account of the poor soldiers. George has been here every day save this since school commenced. I hope he will come tomorrow. I am anxious to give him his cakes, ham &c. ~~I gave every girl in the house something, however small it was.~~ Martha is just trying to be like Rosalie. Why will she not say the poetry at once. Mr. Powell does have more to try his patience than any man in the whole world.

Old Hannah is sitting by me, deciphering a letter from her blind music teacher. She is the best girl in the school. I wish I was more like her. How scratchy my writing looks.

Jan 17th 1863

I have been studying a good deal to-day & walked, maid two visits, besides practicing & taking a singing lesson & learning 30 lines of poetry from Goldsmith commencing with "Near yonder copse where once the garden smiled" & ending with

And as the bird each fond endearment tries,  
To tempt its new fledged offspring to the skies.  
He tried each art, each dull delay reprov'd  
Allured to brighter worlds & led the way!<sup>159</sup>

In Miss Nett's room. Jan 31st 1863, "S. F. I."

To night I have only fifteen lines for leaving my trunk open, & Mr. Haeseler gave me that. Mr. P. is so very good to me. He grants me so many favours & is so kind that I cannot account for it. He walked home with Hannah & me from church last Sunday night.

Front Study. Jan 11th February 1863

Kate, Fanny, & I.

I have "scorned delights & spent laborious hours," since last I wrote in this my dear journal. The Geometry Examination is over at-last, at least with regard to me.

---

<sup>159</sup> Oliver Goldsmith (1730 – 1774) was an Anglo-Irish novelist best known for his novel *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1766). John A. Dussinger, "Goldsmith, Oliver (1728?–1774)," *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), accessed October 13, 2013. The words "each," "dull," "delay," and "reproved" have the numbers 2, 3, 4, and 1 written above them respectively.

On Monday we wrote till three o'clock, then Mr. Powell gave out some other propositions in the three last books, but Mag commenced crying and was sure she could not do them so he said the girls might have two days longer to study those three books, however that arrangement did not suit me, so as I had my poetry for last week to say I staid down after the other girls and got Mr. Powell to give me the other propositions he had intended for us. I did not say the poetry, for Mr. Powell was kind enough to excuse me. While I was going up stairs to study for my examination last Saturday night, Georgie met me with a letter from Ben Rawlings. He wrote thanking me for a little flag & used very affectionate language, so much so indeed that George to whom I showed the letter says I must answer it and tell him the language was too familiar for any gentleman to use towards any lady, especially upon such a short acquaintance as that existing between himself & me. I think Capt. Rawlings has read many novels, and merely employs such language as the heros of romances uses towards their lady loves; and really meant no disrespect.

George is ordered from [illegible word struck out] Richmond, but I do not know to what place.

Fanny & Hannah got boxes to-day. H is not going to open hers till [next word inserted above line] after she has finished her papers. I answered every question, but am afraid one of them was not right. We had 18 propositions to demonstrate.

I received two letters from Nannie yesterday & Major Hairston brings me another soon. Major Terrell came to see Miss Nett & begged her to give him permission to see me, but she would not, so he then begged her to call me down so that he might see me.

I took my first painting lesson Feb. 6th 1863

I really believe I become more wiked [sic] every day. Last Sunday night we heard a beautiful sermon from Mr. Pratt of Petersburg.

Mr. Gill is dead. Most of us attended his funeral from St. Pauls two days since. Feb 1st

Hilton, Our room. March 18th 1863

17 Yesterday. Can it be that I am now in my 18th year. I can scarcely believe that I am almost grown.

~~Me~~ Saturday evening I learned that my dear Grand Mother was dead, and Sunday came up to her funeral.

Nannie & I are still undecided about putting on black, for tho' we should, like to, mourning is so high that I do not know whether it would be right for us to ~~go~~ wear it or not.

Captain Cooke came over after dinner & staid some three hours. He says "he is coming again before I leave."

I have just finished reading a little piece of French poetry by Major Terril to Nannie.<sup>160</sup> Mr. Haiseler was here this morning. He says "that Dr. Evins is in love with Jane."

To-day I received a letter from Nannie Powell. She is in Leesburg.

March 28th 1863

Once more it is Saturday night and I am in the study surrounded by my school-mates. To-night I have no poetry. Hannah has 60 lines & Maggie T— 20. Rosalie to copy the rules 12 times, Kate 9, Martha 10, Mary Roy 12, Ellen 8, Maria 8, & Mag Davis 50 [next word inserted above line] lines for walking with cousin.

I have been studying a good deal [next three words inserted above line] yesterday & some to-day. Our composition for Monday is the "Force of Example." I hate to write on that subject because I know that

---

<sup>160</sup> Lizzie wrote "mistake" in the right margin underneath the word "poetry."

I set such a bad one to those around me. This evening I sat in Brooke's room more than an hour, and read some to her.

I have studied all my lessons for Monday except Trigonometry, but I hope that I will be able to learn that one in study hour.

Father sent me \$250 to get our mourning with by George.

Saturday night. April 10th 1863.

Hannah & I are the only girls in the study to-night, and both of us are busily engaged writing, she a letter & I in my journal. ~~Apr~~ March 30th, Mr. Powell in attempting to jump over the iron rail between the two yards, fell on one of the spikes, which entered his leg just below the knee, making a serious wound; and has been confined to his bed ever since. We do miss him so much. The house for the first few days was very gloomy, but we are now more accustomed to his absence and get along better than at-first. He feels very badly to-day, worse than he has during his sickness. Thursday night I had such a nice little talk with him. He is just as sweet & good as he can be.

Monday night last some of the girls, spent the evening with their friends, others the night and Rosalie did not return till the next evening.

Kate, Cornelia, [illegible word] & Rosalie obtained permission to go to the Bluff to-day, and not content with that, they are spending the evening at Dr. Hancock's. Fannie came this evening.

I see Mr. Burton right often in church.

I wrote or attempted to write my composition, but so ineffectually that I composed a short note for Mr. Dachielle to-night begging him to excuse me this once. I am afraid that he will think me very silly. He gave me Dr. Alexander's hymn the other day, called the "Doomed Man."<sup>161</sup>

Kate &c have rung the bell, but I could not open the door [next word inserted above line] for Mrs. Powell would not permit Georgie to keep the key.

George brought me a dear little charm for my watch to-day. He is the sweetest, best brother that ever lived.

Miss Evelyn Gresham sent Kate a cake by Fanny.

I called on Mrs. Dr. Scott this evening, also on Aunt Ellen, the latter was ~~up~~ out, but she came to Mrs. Scott's when I was there.

Uncle Thomas & Aunt Susan are both sick.

Saturday Night, April 18th, 1863

Only Hannah & I in the study again to-night, she writing a letter & I in my journal.

Mr. Powell is down stairs, but still is obliged to use crutches. We recited our lessons in his room three days before he left it. Mrs. Powell is at Mrs. Winston. Miss Sallie is to be married next Wednesday. I received a nice long letter of 11 ½ pages from Nannie to-night. Genl. S— & staff are in Culpepper. My composition was miserable for this week; and the first time I wrote it I kicked up quite a fuss about it.

---

<sup>161</sup> "The Doomed Man" is a poem by American biblical scholar Dr. Joseph Addison Alexander (1800 – 1860). It was first published in the *Sunday School Journal* in 1837. John Julian, *A Dictionary of Hymnology* (London: John Murray, 1892), 39.

Father and George came to see me yester-evening, and after they left H & I took a long walk with M. Sutton. I received last night a most impertinent note from some man wishing to correspond with me. I grow angry at the very thought of the insolent creature.

May 4th 1863, Richmond, In Mr. Bombarie's room.<sup>162</sup>

Hannah is reading a Harper.

There is great excitement in the City to-day, rumor says that 6000 Yankees are 2 ½ miles from here. Some three thousand troops and most of the Citizens are prepared for the defense of the place. Kate says one company just formed has its Captain, Lieuts, & Or. Sar. a# Generals for, and some five or six Senators as privates.<sup>163</sup>

Mr. Powell has closed school for the day; as the girls are a# very much excited, and, I expect, partly on Georgie's account. She poor child is extremely ill. Four physicians were to see her last night, and two again this morning. Mr. & Mrs. Hudgins came Saturday night, they are so distressed; indeed he, poor man, scarcely looks like the same creature. Mrs. Powell is sick also. Loulie & Nellie Roberts came to Richmond yesterday, expecting to return to ~~Richmond~~ Ashland to-day.

I spent Saturday evening at Uncle Seth's on 5th St. They [next parenthetical inserted above the line] (his family) are quite nicely fined. Lizzie Chew, Mary Smith, Cousin Mercer, Sallie, Cousin Frank, Mr. Herndon, Libby, & I were all there. Nannie Patton came around to ask Mr. Powell to permit me to take tea with her. He did not object in the least, and shook hands with me very sweetly when I went back. I have not yet recited the 50 lines of poetry, but intend doing 20 tonight.

---

<sup>162</sup> The word "Richmond" is added in Lizzie's hand, but in pencil. The rest of the page is written in ink, suggesting that this is likely a later note.

<sup>163</sup> Lizzie made numerical annotations above some of the words of this sentence. "its" (4), "Captain" (5), "Lieut." (6), "Or." (7), "Sar." (8), "Generals" (2), and "for" (13).



I hear a drum beating now. Gov. Letcher told some of the girls that Lee has gained a glorious victory.<sup>164</sup>

I feel so anxious to hear from home, but all communication is cut off for the present. Father endeavoured to move away at the 11th hour, but failed in the attempt. It will be wonderful if no more of the servants go over to the Yankees. Brooke & Miss Robinson are going home in the morning. We shall all miss them very much. Miss R— has improved so much upon acquaintance. At first I thought her not very agreeable, but now am really attached to her.

I suppose I must study my lessons for tomorrow, however much I feel disinclined to do so.

“May I have nothing more dreadful to record when next I have an opportunity of writing in you, poorely impressed journal.

Mr. LaBombarie's room, Sunday Evening, May 24th 1863<sup>165</sup>

It is Sunday evening, but I shall not write anything wicked in my journal; and hope it is not breaking the Command "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Maggie is to be confirmed this evening. She while young has taken Christ for her guide thro' this "wilderness of woe." This life is not to me such a wretched state. O I love to live! Though it may seem strange I should be so happy while he is such a living disgrace. But it may be God's way of constantly reminding us of the frailty of human nature. Poor boy, now he never tries to overcome his weakness. I was at Miss Charlotte's the other evening and while his wife and I were talking about him, he came in, his face all bloted and looking as if he had been on a frolic.<sup>166</sup> He said that a visit to Hanover was the cause of his long absence. How much I pity her, poor, miserable woman, a drunkard's wife. O God have mercy on them both.

---

<sup>164</sup> Virginia Governor John Letcher (1813 – 1884). C. M. Wright, "John Letcher (1813–1884)," *Encyclopedia Virginia*, May 26, 2011, accessed October 10, 2013, [http://www.EncyclopediaVirginia.org/Letcher\\_John\\_1813-1884](http://www.EncyclopediaVirginia.org/Letcher_John_1813-1884). Lizzie is referring to the Battle of Chancellorsville (April 30 – May 6, 1863). Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 344-348.

<sup>165</sup> A Professor A. La Bombarie is listed as a teacher of French at the Richmond Female Seminary, Richmond, Virginia, in 1860. D. Redmond and C. W. Howard, *Southern Cultivator*, Vol. XVIII, January 1860 (Augusta: William S. Jones, 1860).

<sup>166</sup> "Bloted" was later corrected in pencil to "bloated."

Uncle George has heard of his Mother's death. It has been exactly a month since Nannie last wrote. Em it is true while at Mr. Winston's sent me a short note by Loulie. Both of the girls are now at home. It almost breaks my heart to think of parting with so many dear friends in five weeks. "It may be for years, or it may be forever." I cannot believe that I shall never again enjoy the privilege of being a member of Mr. Powell's family, but I know it is my duty to be at home, and to endeavor to repay in a slight degree my parents solicitude for me. Would that I could only be a comfort to them the rest of their lives. In a few years I must see them mingle with Mother earth, and hear the cold clay fall upon their coffins, and the solemn words, dust to dust, spoken and be left upon the cold charity of the world, without a Father's or Mother. Oh if I was ready would to God that I might die first. Much as I love the world I care not for it when the loved ones are gone. May I be spared the agony of seeing the "silver chord loosed," or the "golden bowl broken" of those I love, but "Away sad thoughts."

1863—Stonewall Jackson killed<sup>167</sup>

Genl. Jackson was wounded in the battle of Chancellorsville and after seeming to improve for several days suddenly began to sink and died half past three, Sunday Evening May 10th. That was a dearly bought victory. Tuesday evening Mr. Powell took us all down to take a last, long look at the people's idol. I regret so much not having taken a flower from his coffin to keep in remembrance of that day.

I did not go to church this morning. H & I sat up with Georgie last night. She is improving so rapidly now. Brooke, Fanny Dew, Maria Wormeley, Mattie Chaffin, Vergie, Mary Cooke & [illegible word] have all left. We are only 19 in number. Kate has moved into the room with Rosalie and Maggie Davis fills her place. I think Kate is very different from what she was before her trip to the Bluff.

---

<sup>167</sup> This sentence is written in pencil while the remainder of the page is written in ink and is most likely a later notation.

May 30th, 1863

I have just finished saying my poetry, and received any ~~qu~~ number of sweet smiles.

This morning Hannah & I studied the Introduction & 1st Chapter of Butler. Hannah has been exciting my curiosity about something, concerning which she wished my advice.!!!!

June 13th 1863

Saturday night. Rosalie is saying her poetry, 300 lines, she has just repeated La Marsellaise's Hymn en francais, and is now reciting the Song of the Shirt.<sup>168</sup> Maggie D— & Martha are listening, the other girls are up stairs, except those who are away. Margaret, Bettie, Maria, & Ellen Burks are at Mr. Aikin's, & Bettie Rat Mrs. Grant's.

Cornelia left school yesterday. I have not accomplished much to-day. Only 3 hrs practicing, 1 chapter of Butler, 60 lines of poetry, my squares, received a visit from George &c &c.

Annie called on Mr. Dashiell this evening. From all accounts she must have enjoyed herself very much. Martha will be confirmed tomorrow night. Capt. Golding came to see me the first of the week. I can only record facts & not feelings now.

July 1st 1863<sup>169</sup>

Between 1 & 2 O'clock, Wednesday night.

Ellen Burkes, & Anna Goodrich asleep. Madge lying on the bed. Ellen Roy & I writing. School has closed, friends have gone, and I am about to enter into the world as a grown lady. The reflection is by

---

<sup>168</sup> *La Marsellaise's Hymn* was written and composed by Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle (1736 – 1836) in 1792. The French National Convention adopted it as the Republic's anthem in 1795. *Song of the Shirt* is a poem written by Thomas Hood, first published in *Punch, or the London Charivari*, December 16, 1843. R. B. Inglis, et al., *Adventures in English Literature* (Toronto: W. J. Gage, 1952), 436-37.

<sup>169</sup> "17 yrs & 3½ months of age" is written in pencil beside the dateline.

no means pleasant, for my school life has been too happy to suppose for a moment that it will last much longer. What anguish I have suffered in the last week, no mortal can ever know; but every body has been so kind that I ought to feel in some manner repaid for my trouble. I can never forget the last few days of my school life, so long as I live. For two days & a half I have worked on my Butler papers, almost incessantly, but finally wearied in both body & mind I resolved to hand them in, without answering all the questions. Hannah passed a “first-rate” examination, but I know that mine are very defective.

Mother came this evening, and I shall return to Hilton on Saturday. It is more than half past one, so I must prepare for bed. To night I went by the library to carry Mr. Powell apples & gooseberries, & he told me to sit down so I obeyed & had a little chat with him.

Richmond, July 7th 1863

Breakfast is not quite ready, so I will, for the last time at the S. F. I., write a little in my journal. School closed a week since yesterday, but I am still here; the cars went up this morning for the first time since Thursday last; but Uncle Seth &c thought that we had better wait for the second train, as it would be safer then.

Mr. Powell has been out almost constantly for the past week. I trust that he will be permitted to return home now, as the Yankees have embarked.

I am staying with Mrs. Powell. She & Miss Nette both say that they are very glad to have me.

Hilton July 12th 1863. Sunday evening in the chamber.<sup>170</sup>

---

<sup>170</sup> Penciled in at a later date beside this dateline is, “After that Butler exam, I was for weeks & weeks on the verge of brain fever.”

Change, change, change all must change. How different this evening from last Sunday, from the one before and all of the last 9 months. I arrived at Hilton on Thursday. Mrs. Powell & Miss Nett said that they were very sorry I was coming away. They were so sweet, as was Mr. Powell, the last week of my sojourn in Richmond. I am now really glad that I was detained so long over my time. Mr. Powell kissed me so sweetly & said “good-bye my darling,” when I ~~told~~ bade him adieu Tuesday night, and then he kissed me again and told me to kiss N— for him. I thanked him for his kindness to me, but he said something about it’s being the greatest pleasure, &c. Aunt Polly told me “she was sorry to tell us good-bye for we had all been very good to her.”<sup>171</sup> I feel more closely drawn to every body & thing connected with the “Institute,” from Mr. Powell to Pickle & from Pickle to the flowers & [next word inserted above line] very grass, than ever before. I never witnessed such kindness in my whole life, as was show [sic] me by the girls & teachers during the last week of my stay. And if ever in life I shall feel “alone,” “friendless” and remember the last few days of June, & the first few of July 1863, I will be encouraged and feel comforted by the thought of what has been.

Several of the girls asked me to write to them, Ellen B—, Maggie Davis, Madge F, Martha, & Margaret Booth amongst the number, some others also made the request. Mr. Powell asked me to write to him. Of course I shall be glad to avail myself of the privilege.<sup>172</sup>

I went all alone to pay Mr. Dashiell my farewell visit, not without some hesitation I confess. He seemed glad to see me, but much to my delight did not discourse of religion, and yet I may have felt a little disappointment, although he once or twice seemed getting on the subject, whereupon I changed the conversation. Two or three times he asked me to write to him, but I did not promise, for it is still

---

<sup>171</sup> As there is no “Polly” listed in the Powell home in 1860, it is possible “Aunt” Polly was a Powell family slave. D. Lee Powell owned fourteen slaves. Three of these were adult females, the oldest was 45-years-old. 1860 U. S. census, Henrico County, Virginia, slave schedule, City of Richmond, Ward 3, p. 10 (handwritten), D. L. Powell; NARA microfilm publication M653.

<sup>172</sup> Inserted in pencil on the top margin of this page is “Hannah died of brain fever & I have barely escaped. Five pages of questions on Butler (152 I think) was too much for our strength I wrote 2½ days when I could think.”

doubtful, whether I shall comply with his request or not. He praised Hannah & Kate very highly during my visit, and said that the former's papers were ~~very~~ splendid. He told Anna that mine were very fine, & told me that Kate's were very good, though not so clearly expressed as either of the others. I thanked the good man for his kindness and told him that I was sorry for having done so much to provoke him. He actually asked what it was, and said that he never was provoked with me in his life.

I wrote Hannah a right long letter yesterday, and added more to day. We have made an agreement to see which of us will lead the more useful life ~~of the two~~. She will I know, for Hanna is a very superior girl. I am going to read my Bible now, and perhaps teach the little darkies something about God. (Did not do it.)

July 17th, 1863

In the chamber at Hilton

Father has gone to town to-day. I do hope that he will bring me a letter. Madggie promised to write on Monday, and it is now Friday. Mr. & Mrs. Allen returned to F— day before yesterday after spending eight months with us. While here they were of no trouble & Mrs. Allen was a most agreeable person.

Col. Gant was wounded in the battle of Gettysburg.<sup>173</sup> I hope not severely. He came to see me in Richmond. I never saw as much cloudy & rainy weather before (I was about to say) in my whole life, or at any rate in a few weeks.

Hilton, 25th July 1863, "Mrs. Allen's Room."

---

<sup>173</sup> Battle of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania (July 1-3, 1863). Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 374-378.

Nannie preparing for bed. It has been very warm all day, but there is a good breeze stirring to-night. Capt. Cooper, Mr. Jones, Cousin John & Mr. Edgar Crutchfield have been here to-day.<sup>174</sup> The Capt. told me that Lieut. Cooke went to see me in R—, but admittance was refused him. Mr. H— intends spending tomorrow night with us. I am going to send Mrs. Powell some fruit by him. She has another son. Last night I found a letter from Mollie S— & one from Hannah, here for me. I enjoyed the latter too much I fear for my own good. H Nannie & I spent Tuesday, Wednes, Thurs, & Friday at Sunny Side. N— with the assistance of Dolie & Miss M— nearly finished her berge; and although my dress there had not been a stitch put in before Friday morning it was almost ~~finished~~ completed by the evening, when I left. Aunts E & D insisted upon keeping it until ready to be worn. The Yankees are expected in a short time. We intend removing to town on Monday if nothing prevents.

Hilton, 29th July, All alone in “Mrs. Allen’s Room.”

Mother & N are in town. Yesterday all of us, (except father, who was at Mr. Crutchfield’s) dined at Mrs. Samuel’s. The Sunny Siders & Misses Spindle were also there.

Some from [sic] cause or other I feel blue this evening. I have spent to-day so unprofitably. I do not feel like doing anything, and yet after working or doing something useful I always am happier than after being idle. I do wish we could know whether it is better to move to town or to stay in the country, for all so undecided that nobody knows what to be about. I got a letter from Maggie D— day before yesterday. She says I must try to persuade my parents that I need mountain air & come to see her this

---

<sup>174</sup> Edgar Mantlebert Crutchfield (1840 – 1896) of Spotsylvania County served as second lieutenant in Company I, 9th Virginia Cavalry from July 22, 1861, until September 12, 1861, when he became adjutant in the 30th Virginia Infantry. He resigned on October 2, 1862, as a result of the “twenty negro clause.” He reenlisted in the 43rd Battalion Virginia Cavalry in late 1864. Krick, *30th Virginia Infantry*, 92. Mr. Jones, who becomes one of Lizzie’s suitors, was unable to be positively identified.

summer. I have, however, no idea of accepting any of the kind invitations of my school mates. Kitty is waiting for the tea, so I must go.<sup>175</sup>

Friday night, 31st July 1863

Our last night at Hilton. Happy for the most part, has been our sojourn here, and with a sad heart I contemplate the woods, fields, and the little white house for the last time. Yet I most assuredly expect to see them again, but not in the same position as now. Farewell, a sad farewell to all thy charms, dear old Refuge. May I pass many more happy hours [the next word inserted above line] with in thy walls.

Adieu! Adieu!!

Fredericksburg, 10th August 1863

I have been fining my room this evening. Mr. H— took tea with us, he is going to “S. S” tomorrow. “Last night said Capt. Cooper, that all the ladies had been dressing up for “Miss D's beau,” and of-course there was a general laugh, while Mr. H— tried to discover the name of the honoured individual, Miss Margaret has found out the joke; & teased Dolie yesterday.

Lieut. Cooke spent Sunday evening at Sunny Side.

13th August

Our room. Nannie reading "Step Sister," a miserable little novel, purporting to be by “a Southern Gentleman.” Very trashy, & light. I glanced over it yesterday, but am sorry I wasted time on the thing.<sup>176</sup>

---

<sup>175</sup> Written in pencil in the right margin, “Father took his family of Mother, H & Em with the Allens to Hilton when Lee evacuated Fredsg.”

<sup>176</sup> A Southern Gentlemen, *The Step Sister, A Novelette* (Richmond: Ayres & Wade, 1863). See Michael T. Bernath, *Confederate Minds: The Struggle for Intellectual Independence in the Civil War South* (Chapel Hill: North Carolina University Press, 2010), 184.



Lieut. Cooke & Corp. Dashields spent yesterday evening here. The former is going to ride with Nannie this evening. He brought Mother some nice peaches yesterday, which he got from Stafford. Aunt Susan and Uncle Thomas are staying here at present.

Father wrote to Mr. Powell yesterday, he is still in Richmond.

Cousin Frank Forbes was here this morning. He said that he saw Mr. P— on the street the other day.

Our Room in Fredericksburg. Nannie writing to Uncle George, Em & Bettie in bed.

Sept 3d, 1863

Nearly a month has elapsed since I last wrote in my journal. Sad events have transpired during that period, making it seem longer than it really ~~is~~ has been.

Hannah is dead, and I write those dreadful words without shedding a tear. Not a sigh escapes me, but I do mourn for my loss! since I heard, that my noble, true friend was lying in the cold, dark, grave. Time has passed but slowly. Everything speaks of the Dead. She is constantly before me. I long to tell her my thoughts & feelings, [next word inserted above line] as I used to do, but. . .

To-day Margaret died. Her afflicted Mother will accompany her remains to their last resting place tomorrow. Little Leah seemed very much troubled about her fellow servant.<sup>177</sup> Uncle Tom left us to-day, for the "Trans. Miss. Dept."<sup>178</sup>

Sunday Evening, Sept 6th, 1863

---

<sup>177</sup> Lizzie added the words "a little" in pencil above "Margaret." Context suggests that Leah and Margaret may have been Alsop family slaves.

<sup>178</sup> See footnote on page 43. Thomas Barton French transferred from the Stafford Light Artillery to Mississippi and served as Chief of Artillery for Walker's Texas Division. He was promoted to lieutenant colonel on August 15, 1864.

I feel gloomy this evening. However this is nothing unusual now, for I do not feel light-hearted as I used to. Oh, if I could see Hannah, if only for one minute I could “look into the eyes of her whom I love.” I can scarcely bear the thought of never seeing her again.

I can see the dear old study. The dim twilight slowly enveloping the forms of my schoolmates in shadowy gray, some have recited well, others badly. Mr. Powell is reading aloud from some good book. She is sitting by my side, Madge, & Ellen Burks near her, Brooke in front of me, and close to Maggie & Anna. Martha & Mary are on the back bench in our corner. Margaret [next two words inserted above line] & Phemie too ~~are~~ is near us. Ellen, Maria, Sherrid by window no. 1. Rosalie, & Fanny at no. 2. Kate & Georgie on the seat by the fire-place, [next four words inserted above line] with “Little Akin” in front. Mattie, Virgie, Lizzie (with her honest, hearty voice) and sometimes Bettie complete the picture. Now the gas is lighted, some are drowsy, others are whispering, but Mr. Powell speaks, and for a time there is silence. A little later, “This will do for this evening.” Talking, laughing, general desertion of seats, & pushing back of chairs, announces the Bible Class to be over. The girls collect in little groups about on the stairway, in the passage, poarch & even yard, or perhaps some ascend to their rooms. The tea bell sounds. Pattering of feet, prattling of tongues and we are at supper. What hurry & confusion, every body in a flurry to be ready ~~for church~~ in time. The passage & steps are full. The front door opens, and we start for church. Now all are winding slowly up the aisle to the “Charity Bench” at St. Paul’s or to the front pews in Dr. Duncan’s, or more probably still, are scattering themselves into the various pews of dear old St. James. Church is over, the people are gone, and we again fall into rank and “homeward turn our ~~heads~~ faces.” We are last, our loved teacher is walking with us. Again we are at-home. A slight pause in the yard & the door flies open. Lingered in the hall. “I’ll be with you in a minute girls,” and we descend to the dining room. What a noise. All talking together, ‘tis almost deafening & few [next word inserted above line] are straggling about in quest of bread, others, water, one or two, a light. “Why will they ring the bell, Mr. Powell won’t come till he’s ready?” Ten mins more

pass by. The minute hand points  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 10. Steps approach. Mr. Powell comes in, the girls become more quiet. He opens the prayer book, now the bible, and commences. Prayers over, the greater part disperse to their rooms, but a few linger to say their hymns. Now the light's out. In the third story the gas burns brightly. Now a barefooted, white robed damsæl peers into the passage, another ventures out, and so they collect into quite a large number. What is that. A knock to be sure, and "Go to your rooms girls" plainly tells whence it comes. Now these forms are hidden away beneath, blankets, shawls, dressing gowns, clothes & newspapers. One alone remains up. She is putting her clothes on the chair ready for Monday. Now she goes to the bed, then back to the wardrobe, and next knells before the fire to say her prayers & warm her feet. She rises goes to the bureau, takes her watch in hand, extinguishes the gas & is again before the fire, warming a flannel slowly, she gets into bed, wraps the flannel around her feet, tucks the cover down, & gets close to her sleepy bed fellow. A shrug shows her to be sensible of the addition. "It's very late, isn't it?" Another shrug and she is again in the land of dreams. The other commences castle-building. Through the "dim vista of futurity" she looks. Figures pass in "quick succession." They become more & more indistinct till finally they mingle with & melt into the misty, shadowy, ghost-like atmosphere, & "she is asleep." The clock strikes 11. I have seen something like the last few lines in a book, but it cannot be wrong to imitate for my own amusement, can it?

Such is a picture of Sunday Evening, past. I shall never spend another such Now. I am placed in a different "sphere" for action. Henceforth, I am thrown into society. Pitiab! condition! Such an ignoramus as I, to be looked upon as a finished member of society!! My education completed indeed!!! Fine state of affairs!!!! But my education is just commenced. I should like to go to school for a long time yet, if it were right, but it is my duty to stay at-home. If nothing happens to prevent, I am to commence my studies, & teach Emmilly [sic]. Nearly a week of Sept. gone and nothing accomplished.

Tomorrow I expect to commence cleaning my own room. I do hope the servants will wake me early.  
My health is improving under Dr. Wallaces practice. I have been walking right regularly recently.

Col. Rosser says he's going to send in some ponies, for us to ride to Sunny Side.<sup>179</sup>

Sept 22d, 1863

Tuesday night

Browne asleep, Leah & Bettie by the fire, Nannie writing, I likewise employed.<sup>180</sup>

Since I last wrote in my journal, we, Lizzie Chew, N, & I, have been to Sunny Side. Cl. R— sent ponies for us as he said, & brought in nice escorts. Lt. Wigface for L, Dr. Fitzhugh for N, & Dr. Nunn for me.<sup>181</sup> There were eight other gentlemen, & my aunts & Mrs. R—. We had ice-cream about half past ten, & 20 mins past 11 o'clock, the gentlemen returned to camp. After we went up stairs I told the girls that “I had always promised father to be a nun, & now I intended fulfilling my vow.” They considered it such a capital joke that they told Dr. F, Cl. R, & Lt. Bohanan, & of-course these latter personages teased me before Dr. “Nunn.”

Capt. Gregory accepted my Invitation, & came to see us the following Sunday, and we planed a nice excursion to the battle field at Chancelorsville, which was to have been put into execution last week, but the “5th” was ordered away.<sup>182</sup>

---

<sup>179</sup> Col. Thomas Lafayette Rosser (1836 – 1910). At this time he commanded the 5th Virginia Cavalry, but would be promoted to brigadier general on September 28, 1863. See Major Thomas L. Rosser and S. Roger Keller, ed., *Riding with Rosser: Memoirs of Gen. Thomas L. Rosser, C.S.A.* (Shippensburg: Burd Street Press, 1997).

<sup>180</sup> Refers to Emily Browne Alsop, Lizzie's sister. The only other Leah mentioned in the journal is apparently an Alsop family slave, and context suggests the Bettie is an Alsop family slave as well.

<sup>181</sup> Thaddeus Fitzhugh (1835 – 1914) enlisted on July 23, 1861 at Mathews Court House, Virginia, as a second lieutenant in Company F, 5th Virginia Cavalry. He was promoted to captain on July 23, 1862. Robert J. Driver, Jr., *5th Virginia Cavalry* (Lynchburg, H. E. Howard, 1997), 207.

<sup>182</sup> Possibly Capt. Fendall Gregory, Jr. (1835 – 1877), Company E, 5th Virginia Cavalry. Gregory represented King William County, Virginia, during the Secession Conventions in 1861. See "Journal of the Acts and Proceedings of a General Convention of the State of Virginia: Assembled at Richmond, on Wednesday, the Thirteenth Day of February, Eighteen

Now there are only a few pickets stationed here. Capt Cooper & Mr. D'Shields spent Friday night with us. They went over to Stafford next morning, but I am afraid if not already captured, they will be.

Dolie spent to-day with us. When Mr. H— reached the Crossing he gave Uncle Hill \$5, to pay for some peaches she preserved for his family, and said “he must tell her to buy fruit with what was over & think of him.” Sentimental in his old age! Saturday I received a letter from Emma, containing the obituary & some hair. I could scarcely refrain from weeping at the sight of all that now remains of my darling. O how I do miss her. Two or three times when I ~~would rememb~~ have been very happy & much troubled, my first impulse was to see Hannah, but in a moment I remembered. For the first few days after I heard of her death, I know I tried to be better, to be a [illegible word], but since then my heart has become more stony & hardened than ever, and now I am afraid that I am worse than before. “The last state of that man is worse than the first” can be nightly said of me. Tonight I copied a few lines from one of her letters to send Emma. The hand that ~~now~~ traced those lines, is now stiff & powerless. The heart that animated that young girl is now in an Angel's form. The being who was with me then, on earth, is away from me now in heaven. “Shall we ever meet again?”

Emma says her father is a changed man. I know there was “joy in heaven” when he repented, for it rejoiced her, & those “kindred spirits” must have participated. Emma in her letter copies the two following sentences from her journal,

Extract from E's letter

“Jan 10th 1863

---

Hundred and Sixty-One" (Richmond: Wyatt M. Elliott, 1861). Written in pencil in the top margin is “It was not Cpt. Gregory's last visit—he was nice!” Driver, *5th Virginia Cavalry*, 212.

I heard Mrs. Powell make a remark about L & her cousin during the holidays, which I promised to tell Lizzie on her 20th birthday, which will be the 17th March, 1866. I wonder if both of us will be alive then!" How many changes must take place in that time?"

Under date of June 27th 1863, she says

"I suppose this is the last time I'll ever write in my journal in the dear old back study. No one knows how hard it is for me to bid a final farewell to all these dear surroundings as well as to teachers & schoolmates.

In a few short days my school life will have closed. I do not allow myself to dwell on such thoughts. I feel as if my heart would break."

"There are frequent references to you, all through it."

How well I remember that Saturday night, the 10th of January, 1863. I only returned to school the day before. When I put my head out of the window, how her face brightened because I had come. How eagerly she met me. And there too was the piece of cake she kept for me, (that makes my heart ache!) Yes that Saturday night she and I were all alone in the front study. We were writing, she in her journal & I copying my first composition, on "Human Happiness." I could write something of it now. I know how shadowy, now vanish, how unreal, it is now. "There is no perfect happiness here below."

Ah, "Memory's Bells" are chiming now. How sweet, how sad their music. 'Tis soft & low, and only reaches one heart. Hark! listen! now they sound like "a gush of wild, sweet melody," now, like a "funeral dirge.

"I'll lay me down & sleep, rocked in the cradle of the" past.

Before dinner, 23d Sept. 1863

I have just been reading several pages of my journal. How silly some of it is afterwards. Mr. Foulke is dead, his wife & sister are going to live at Mr. Marye's.

Sunday evening. Oct. ~~Sept~~ 4th 1863.

All alone in my room.

Tomorrow I will commence teaching Emm. How different will this winter be from the last. Then, I was at school. She was with entering into all of my joys & sorrows, both of us were studying for our diploma. Now, I am at home, she is in Heaven, we graduated, but it cost the life of one, and almost that of the other.

Shall I like teaching? Time only can solve the question. I know that I shall be closely confined. That often I shall be provoked, but if I can only improve my sister, and learn to control my too hasty temper, how thankful it must make me.

Barton is in Richmond. Cousin S. B. is to take command of Genl. Armstead's brigade, which is now in Petersburg. I trust we shall see B. sometimes.

Last Thursday evening while I was making Emma a birthday cake ~~wh~~ Dr. Fitzhugh came. He spent the night with us.

Browne went to the office first before dinner, but it was closed, and Mr. Thomas said that there was a letter for N & one for me in it. How can I wait until tomorrow!

Tomorrow, Nannie, Lizzie, Madggie, & I begin our reading class. We expect to commence with Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico."<sup>183</sup>

---

<sup>183</sup> American historian William Hickling Prescott (1796 – 1859) completed *History of the Conquest of Mexico, with a Preliminary View of the Ancient Mexican Civilization, and the Life of the Conqueror, Hernando Cortéz* in 1843. It was published by Harper &

Tuesday night

Oct. 27th 1863

After a long interval I am again writing in my journal.

Miss Mary has been in town for the last week. She spent most of the time with us.

Dr. Fitzhugh was wounded on the 24th inst. He wrote to Nannie & me from Richmond; and sent us several pieces of music with some Yankee papers. On Thursday he came up to F—. While our “Reading Class” was in session at Cousin John’s he was announced, so of-course “Conquest of Mexico” was ~~bid adieu~~ abandoned for the “conquest of beaux.” Soon after N & I reached home, he came round & staid some 2 or 3 hours, and then went around to Cousin J’s [illegible insertion above the line] to spend the evening. The next morning he called & spent several hours with us, and then went to “Hayfield,” where he remained till Sunday.<sup>184</sup> [Illegible word struck out] He dined with us on Sunday, and in the evening all of us went to the church. There we had quite a nice time talking, singing & listening to the music. He asked me to give him my daguerreotype, of course I refused. Then he proposed taking the one belonging to Father down to R— & having it improved, but I did not consent to that arrangement.

Father would not approve for me to visit R—, so Dolie & Aunt Eliza went down with the Dr. The latter said he thought that his disappointment was greater than mine. Mrs. Powell, wrote telling me that I must certainly stay with her; & she should be too angry if I went to any other home than theirs.”

---

Brothers, New York, in December 1843. Gertrude M. Yeager "William Hickling Prescott," *American Historians, 1607-1865*, edited by Clyde Norman Wilson (Detroit: Gale Research, 1984).

<sup>184</sup> Hayfield was the home of former United States Representative William Penn Taylor (1791 – 1863). He inherited the property in 1824. “Taylor, William Penn (Birth and death dates unknown),” *Biographical Directory of the United States Congress: 1774 – Present*, accessed October 11, 2013, <http://bioguide.congress.gov/scripts/biodisplay.pl?index=T000105>



Dr. F. sent me a bundle of candy by Aunt E—. He called to attend church with her, the night for which I was engaged to him. Friday evening, Lizzie, Madge, Emma, Nannie, George Dueson & I, all walked to Sunny Side, six miles distant, in 3 hours, included the  $\frac{3}{4}$  we stopped to dine & rest. We spread our table beneath the friendly shade of a pine tree, and ate heartily. Col. Wright, Mr. Jones, Cpts. Williams & Church<sup>185</sup> spent the evening with us.<sup>186</sup> We intended walking back Saturday Evening, but George came & we were obliged to return in the carryall upon account of the rain, next morning. Mr. H. came up yesterday & Uncle Thomas to-day. George returned to Richmond this morning. We are in hopes that he will be able to spend the month of December with us.

N & I expect to stay at Mr. Loring's tomorrow night. I received a letter from Mary Booth on Friday, and one from Ellen G. & another from [illegible word] to-day. Ell. wishes me to join her in R. this month, but I cannot conveniently. Much as I love to get letters from my friends, and highly as I appreciate their kindness in writing, I do long for communion with my Angel-friend. No body knows how I miss her sweet comments & wholesome advice. How desolate I sometimes feel. How can I live on and on, perhaps for years, without seeing her. Oh! I did love you, Hannah, if ever one heart loved another. My friendship for you was deep & lasting as eternity. Can you have been taken from me, for any wise purpose? I know not, but this I feel, that [illegible word struck out] had you lived, your influence must have been more & more beneficial as we grew older. Now I appreciate your kindness, your forbearance & patience with my faults. She was the truest one I ever had. I am growing old in sin, my imperfections & faults daily become more visible. I am sadly in want of a "change of heart."

---

<sup>185</sup> Capt. William M. Williams (1823 – 1896) was elected captain of Company G, 9th Georgia Cavalry on May 26, 1862, and was detailed as acting brigade commissary beginning on April 1, 1864. Capt. William Lee Church (b. 1843) was the assistant adjutant general for Brig. Gen. Pierce M. B. Young of the Cobb Legion. Charles Edgeworth Jones, *Georgia in the War, 1861-1865* (1909), 105; Harriet Bey Mesic, *Cobb's Legion Cavalry: A History and Roster of the Ninth Georgia Volunteers in the Civil War* (Jefferson: McFarland & Company, Inc., 2009), 318.

<sup>186</sup> Col. Gilbert Jefferson Wright (1825 – 1895) was promoted to colonel of the Cobb Legion Cavalry on October 9, 1863, and assumed command of his brigade when Brig. Gen. Pierce M. B. Young was transferred to command the North Carolina cavalry brigade. Bruce S. Allardice, *Confederate Colonels: A Biographical Register* (Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 2008), 409.

Sunday night, Nov. 8th, 1863

This morning Cobb's Legion, or rather the portion which has been here for the last 8 days, left.<sup>187</sup> It arrived the 29th of Oct, just before Nannie, Emm, Lizzie, Madggie, George Dueson & I started for Sunny Side. We walked the whole distance, six miles, carried our dinners [next ten words inserted above line] consisting of biscuit, bread & butter, sweet potatoes & pickle in baskets & dined on the site of Genl. Cooke's H. Quarters. We ate the pickle first, that we might have the mug, out of which to drink. Altogether enjoyed ourselves finely, & arrived at S. S. just three hours after leaving Fredericksburg, including  $\frac{3}{4}$  we stopped to rest &c &c.

Col Wright, Capts. Williams & Church, & Adj. Jones spent the evening with us. M & I enjoyed the society of Captn. Church, principally, although we conversed with Col. W & Adj. J some.<sup>188</sup> We told them of our walk, but promised to call upon the "Legion of Honor" before undertaking such another trip. The next morning we were obliged to ride back in consequence of the rain. George left Sunday morning, but hopes to return shortly.

Tuesday morning Cl. Wright, Adj. Jones & Capt Church called on us. The former being very sleepy, did'nt stay long. The two ~~last~~ other however sat with us 1 ½ or 2 hours. Aunt Dory & Eliza came while they were here; they [illegible word] dined at Cousin John's, and N & I joined them in the evening. After tea all of us were listening to some boys singing in front of the house, when we heard spurs ratling & saw some gentlemen approaching, we of-course thought they were the visitors of the

---

<sup>187</sup> Organized in Georgia by Thomas R. Cobb during the summer of 1861, Cobb's Legion consisted of a single command containing infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Originally the Legion consisted of seven infantry companies, four cavalry companies, and a single artillery battery. Not considered a practical organization the individual elements were assigned to other organizations. The cavalry battalion was redesignated as the 9th Georgia Cavalry, but continued to be called Cobb's Legion. See Mesic, *Cobb's Legion Cavalry*.

<sup>188</sup> Capt. John M. Jones of Georgia was aide-de-camp to Brig. Gen. Pierce Manning Butler Young from September 28, 1863 to 1864. U.S. Government, *List of Staff Officers of the Confederate States Army, 1861-1865* (Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1891), 88.

morning so ran into the parlor & seated ourselves. Soon they followed us & were accompanied by Maj. King.

Madge & I talked to Mr. Jones for a long time, until Cousin J came over & sat by him, when we tried fortunes. While seeing to whom Capt. Church had been engaged, he joined our group, and added much to the enjoyment of two of the party. On Wednesday the Yankees advanced, in sight, & our troops fell back to this side of the river. Mother sent a supper of four or five gals. buttermilk, and a dish of bread & butter to them. Those who ate it, enjoyed it highly.

Next day, I proposed sending our acquaintances some breakfast, so Mrs. Foulke was again called up, and dispatched to the Falls. Unfortunately they were absent, but Capt. Williams & some others, enjoyed it for them. Well! the enemy [illegible word struck out] retired again in a few hours, however we saw none of the Cavalry, except some, of whose names we were in ignorance, till this morning, when Madge met Capt. Williams, in coming by for me, and as passing Knox corner we saw Cl. W— & Capt. Church. We merely intended bowing, but they [illegible word struck out] said they must ~~say~~ tell us good-bye. So we stopped & had a nice little chat. The Captain & Mr. Jones made arrangements to take us riding yesterday, but concluded it might be better to wait until the firing ceased, and kept the horses in town until ½ past four o'clock. They also intended coming to see Nannie & me, [next word inserted] but were prevented from doing so. Both the gentlemen seemed distressed at the idea of leaving F—. I invited them to call on us if they ever returned.

Capt. C— has the most beautiful eyes I ever saw, and is altogether a very handsome & agreeable gentleman. Mary Dignam, Fitz, Levinia, & Becky & Mollie H— form my Sunday School class. The two first joined this morning. F— has been debating which of us, (N or I) he should like to teach him, saying “he wanted to go to the prettier of the two,” but being unable to decide.

We went to see Miss [illegible word], Mrs. K. Hall, & [illegible word] Conway on Saturday; consequently did not finish the 1st vol. of "Conquest Mexico;" but hope to do so on tomorrow. Mistrs Thorburn & Beale called on us while, we were visiting. We were sorry to miss them.

N had a letter from Mr. Powell the other day, he sent me a mighty sweet message in it. Told her "pinch my lady solemn for cheating us out of that promised visit. I had ~~promised myself~~ looked forward with great pleasure to having her with us, when her note came disappointing us."

I wrote to Mr. Dashill, last week.

Lt. Llewellyn Powell is dead.<sup>189</sup>

Nov 27th 1863

Saturday evening

The day has been cloudy, & most of the time the rain has poured down! I have done little or nothing, amounting to, darning one pair stockings, mending flannel, keeping house, a little reading, &c &c, and yet It does not seem that I have been idle much of the time.

Some how or other these rainy days always bring my Hannah before me, more distinctly than any others. Last session we would have been at dinner, at this hour. We. Now I am alone, but not alone, for I am sure she is near me. How can I be ~~reconciled~~ resigned! Resigned to the loss of my darling. Sometimes I feel very rebellious. I know it is very wicked to yield thus to my feelings, or even to have them; but she was my best friend. The only one who seeing my faults, could forgive them & love me still. But should I not endeavour to live so on earth, that I may be counted worthy to enter into that rest which remaineth for God's people? The Lord helping me, from this hour I will endeavour to follow

---

<sup>189</sup> Lt. Llewellyn Powell could not be identified among those listed in *The Roster of Confederate Soldiers: 1861 – 1865*.

the dictates of conscience, rather than my own inclinations, to live as I would, were she with me. ~~Not~~ I do not say to try to lead the life of a [illegible word]. No, but to endeavour to conquer my temper & bad habits. I am very faulty, more so than Hannah ever thought. Now she sees them & Christ knows them. What a terrible thought "That all my wicked feelings, thoughts & actions are know [sic], are recorded against me. Will nothing turn me from my career of selfish indifference? Can I so [illegible word] contemplate the future, knowing as I do that God's grace alone can save me?"

Sunday Night

Dec. 13th 1863

In George's room. Mother in bed. Nannie writing a business letter to "Cousin Thaddeus."

Genl. Rosser's brigade is stationed near here. He with Capts. Emmet, McDonald, & Turner called on us shortly after their arrival. The three Captains have repeated their visit, [next three words inserted above line] 2 of them more than once. Capts Conrad & McGuire, Lt. Winston [next three words inserted above line] & Capt. Gregory, also have been to see us.

Yesterday N & I escorted by Lt. W. & Capt. Gregory rode, on horseback, to see Mrs. Rosser at "Chestnut Valley," and returned in the evening.<sup>190</sup> Had a very pleasant visit.

Friday night, Dec 18th, 1863

"Time." ½ past 10 o'clock, "Scene." My room. Nannie writing to Cpt. Cooke, Emm asleep, Frisk also.<sup>191</sup>

---

<sup>190</sup> Chestnut Valley was the estate of the Dickinson family and located approximately 8-miles from Fredericksburg in Caroline County, Virginia.

<sup>191</sup> "Frisk" could not be identified, although context suggests that he/she may have been an Alsop family pet.

Tuesday evening. The family from Cousin John's & Lt. Winston, besides Dolie & Aunt E, took tea with us, after which Mr. W., Miss Mollie, N, M & I acted several charades. Words!! Inner-man, Con-sis-tent, Can-dle & In-fan-cy. (see). They remained until late, indeed Mr. W. did not leave till after 12.

Lt. W, Capt. Emmett & Genl. Rosser breakfasted, dined & supped with us. Cpts. McGuire & Hatcher, Genl. Young & Cl. Williams also took dinner.<sup>192</sup> I do like Messrs Winston & Emmett exceedingly. They are perfect gentlemen & have fine feelings. Cpt. McG. sang for us. His voice is very melodious.

Cpt. H. is very nice & handsome. Gl. Rosser mentioned him for bravery, in his report of their late raid. I feel anxious about them, now that they are in the enemy's country.

I attended a "Starvation Party" at Mrs. Neil's, last week.<sup>193</sup> Had a charming time, although did not dance. Was introduced to only one gentleman, but met several old acquaintances. Cpts. Gregory, McG, Emmett, & Turner. The two last intended coming for us, but one could not find the house & the other arrived in town too late. I returned with Cpts T. & Madge with J. H. Capt. G. & T spent next evening with us, & Mr. Beale, Capt. Emmett & Mr. Winston Friday [illegible word] N, Mrs. Allen & I have been icing cake for Xmas. Pretty extravagant when sugar is \$4 or 5 per lb.<sup>194</sup>

---

<sup>192</sup> Brig. Gen. Pierce Manning Butler Young (1836 – 1896) was appointed adjutant of Cobb's Legion in July 1861, promoted to major in September, and then to lieutenant colonel in November. He commanded the cavalry portion of the legion and was attached to J.E.B. Stuart's cavalry division in the Army of Northern Virginia in 1862. Promoted to colonel, he participated in the cavalry operations of the Gettysburg Campaign, and in early August 1863, he was wounded near Brandy Station, Virginia. In October, he was promoted to brigadier general and assigned command of a brigade consisting of the 1st and 2nd South Carolina cavalry regiments, the Cobb Legion, Jeff Davis Legion and Phillips' Legion. Warner, *Generals in Gray*, 348.

<sup>193</sup> Social event at which young men and women danced, made merry, and did everything they would have done before the war except eat. Andrew F. Smith, *Starving The South: How the North Won the Civil War* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 2011), 190-191.

<sup>194</sup> Possibly John Howison Beale (1840 – 1868) of Fredericksburg, Virginia. He was the son of Jane Howison Beale. He served in Company B, 1st Virginia Infantry before enlisting in the Fredericksburg Light Artillery on November 28, 1864. He died of consumption in 1878 and was never married.

We are going to have two Candy Stews soon.<sup>195</sup> One at Cousin John's, the 24th, & the other at our house 29th. Mr. W— says he is coming. I believe Mr. Crutchfield intends presenting the “Reading Club,” with some “Sorghum.” I am too sleepy to write more.

Wednesday

Dec. 23d, 1863

Madge F + came yesterday. She is going to spend the holidays with me. I wrote for Brooke to come too.

Last night Madgie, Madge & I attended a "Starvation Party." Capt Church came home with the M. C. Capt. Williams with M. T. & Lt. Warren [next word represented by ditto mark] with me. I had a delightful time, was introduced to several persons, but talked mostly with Capt. Church, Genl. Young, & Col. King. The former came up & talked to me a good deal in the early part of the evening, and asked me to dance with him, but not succeeding in the attempt invited me to promenade. After walking around several times the dancing recommenced, & he led me to a seat in a corner, ~~w~~where I staid all the time. I told him that I thought he was a flirt, but promised to believe his assurance to the contrary. He said some one told him, my only fault was a disposition to coquet.

He engaged me to pull candy with him, said he intended getting a private corner for us, and would tell me the name the gentleman in Rosser's brigade, also some thing else. In the course of conversation he said that Virginia & Georgia were the greatest states in the Confederacy; but he thought Va. would be still dearer if he could make a personal investment. Said “I should like to transfer the portion of Va. in which I am so deeply interested to Ga.” Again “I should like to transplant Va's brightest, most beautiful

---

<sup>195</sup> A Candy Stew is “a party of both sexes at which molasses or sugar is boiled and pulled by two persons (whose hands are buttered) to give it proper consistency, and then mixed and pulled again, till it becomes true candy.” Albert Barrere and Charles G. Leland, *A Dictionary of Slang, Jargon & Cant, Volume I* (London: George Bell & Sons, 1897), 212.

flower to my own state, & there under my care & nursing it would expand its beauty. I would prize it as a rare exotic, &c &c. Told me he should be tempted to fall in love with Madge, but for one thing. I inquired if the obstacle was her affections being previously engaged. He said no, but implied his own were [next word inserted above line] placed on some other object. Of-course I answered in the same strain, & we carried on extensively. I am inclined to think he wishes to have a little flirtation, and I am very willing.

Genl Young & I had a long talk he has been disappointed in [next word inserted above line] his friends.

In bed, Friday night.

Jan 15th, 1864

Madgie left us last Monday week, she seemed to enjoy her visit very much, and I was truly happy to have her with me. The sight of her sweet face revived many painful thoughts of my past life. We have finished reading "Conquest of Mexico," except a portion of one appendix.

George Smith & Mr. Beale came a little after seven, & sat [next two words inserted above line] with us until half past 11, by my watch, this evening. We sent Mr. Beale some of our cake, made in celebration of our completing the "Conquest."

We attended the Candy Stew at Cousin John's Xmas Eve. Kept it up till half past two o'clock, from some cause or other I did not enjoy myself very much. Cpts. Edling, Jones, Church, & Lipscomb talked to me principally. The two former escorted me to supper, but Capt C. & I pulled candy together, & he came home with me. Genl. Young with N. & Cpt Williams with Dolie. Ours came off the following Wednesday.



Lt. Cooke & Mr. Da'Shields came up from Hanover. I conversed with Mr. J. Hart, Mr. Beale, Col. & Mr. Crutchfield, Lt. Cooke, Mr. D'Shields, Col. Wright, Cpt. Lipscomb, & Cpt. Church, and while acting charades, a little with Dr. Bradley & Cpt. Thomas.<sup>196</sup> (Afterwards Madge & I discovered to be married). Col. Crutchfield went in to supper with me & Cpt Church staid with me during the pulling, although several others were talking to me, until Cpt. C. proposed that we should take seats, & led me to a corner. He & I pulled after every one else had finished, & I enjoyed myself highly.

Col. Lipscomb, Cpt L— & Genl Young have been to see us since. The latter twice, he dined with us Sunday. I believe Cpt C. intended coming the same evening, but we met him at Cousin J's. While bidding him good-bye, I wished that he might be very happy in his married life. He said that he could not possibly make the same wish for me; for he was too selfish. The next day he started for Georgia. I do hope he will bring me the flowers & oranges he promised. While we were pulling the candy, he told me that he intended to plant a rose tree, & name it for me, and that some day when I went South, would give me a bud from it. I laughingly made some reply, & added, "but I am really going South some of these days." He replied "I hope so indeed," &c &c.

He & Cpt. Thomas suspect M & I have "been comparing notes." It is true; & the Cpt. plays a double game of flirting.

Col. & Mr. Crutchfield, & Mr. Beale have been to see us since the [illegible word]. The two last, more than once, indeed Mr. Beale has paid four or five visits since. Cpts Gregory & Mr. Donald wrote us

---

<sup>196</sup> "Col. Crutchfield "Slain in battle"—Appomattox Apr 1865," is written in pencil at the top of the page. Col. Stapleton Crutchfield (1835 – 1865) was born in Spotsylvania County and later attended the Virginia Military Institute. He graduated in 1855 and stayed on as an instructor of mathematics and tactics. As a lieutenant colonel, Crutchfield served as Lt. Gen. Thomas Jonathan Jackson's chief of artillery in Valley Campaign and in the Seven Days Battles. Crutchfield was promoted to the rank of colonel on May 5, 1862, and served under Jackson at the Battle of Cedar Mountain, Second Manassas, Antietam, and Fredericksburg. He was wounded at the Battle of Chancellorsville on May 2, 1863, losing a leg as a result. After recovering from his wound, Col. Crutchfield served as an artillery inspector for coastal defenses beginning on March 16, 1864. He was then assigned to command artillery units in the defenses of Richmond, Virginia. When the city was abandoned, his gunners served as an infantry brigade. Crutchfield was killed at the Battle of Sailor's Creek on April 6, 1865. Krick, *Lee's Colonels*, 107.

mighty nice notes, expressing their regret at not being able to attend. I received a letter from Ellen, giving me the hope of seeing herself & Kate M— soon.

Monday night, 18th Jan. 1864

After 11 o'clock

Father just returned from an egg-nog party. Nannie & I sitting by the fire in our room. Em, Betty & Frisk asleep.

It has been raining all day, but nevertheless Mr. Little (S), & Mr. Beale have been to see us. The latter comes very often, and never stays less than three or four hours.<sup>197</sup>

Saturday evening, Genl. Young & Cpt. Edling came to see us. They invited us to a dance given by the officers at Mr. Hart's, and I agreed to attend.<sup>198</sup> So dressed I went with them. Enjoyed the evening very much. Talked and promenaded with Lt Moore, next with Col. Lipscomb. Then with Cpt Thomas, & Cpt Edling. Just as I commenced promenading with Capt F, Gen Young came to me and said, "always the way, just as I was going to ask you to prom with me, you are so surrounded that I don't have any chance to talk to you." However he walked by my other side a little while, and then left me but returned not very long afterwards while I was sitting in the back room, and we had a nice talk. When conversing with him, I always feel as if he doubts my word. For instance, he said "that he wished to ask me some questions, which might be considered impertinent, &c &c." I told him to proceed, and I would answer them all truthfully. They were—

---

<sup>197</sup> "Good company" is inserted in the right margin in reference to Mr. Beale.

<sup>198</sup> Possibly Robert W. Hart (b. 1811) of Fredericksburg, Virginia. In 1860, Robert was listed as a clerk, and the Hart household included his wife Elizabeth W. (b. 1812), Leila R. (b. 1836), Roberta L. (b. 1838), Mary E. (b. 1840), Selina C. (b. 1842), Isabella L. (b. 1845), George C. (b. 1848), Robert H. (b. 1853), and Edgar E. (b. 1854). The Harts lived at 1407 Caroline Street in Fredericksburg. The house was torn down in 2011. 1860 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 265 (handwritten), dwelling 95, family 95, Robt. W. Hart; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1380.

"Have you ever been engaged to any one? Have you ever been in love." Of-course I answered both negatively. Then he asked, "but did you never fancy yourself in love for a little while, did you never see any whom you thought you could love!" I do not think that he believed what I said, although he promised to. Genl. Young is a strange, but exceedingly interesting man; he has been disappointed in his friends, and should therefore be dealt only the more kindly with.

I also talked with Adj. Jones, Cpt Chesnut, Cpt Williams (2-) besides being introduced to some others. Genl. Young introduced Lt. Darant to me. I found him exceedingly nice & agreeable. We promenaded & had a long conversation. He has recently been promoted for bravery, and seems to be a perfect gentleman.

I wonder how some body liked an illusion I made to Dr. — this evening. Not much I fancy.

Saturday Nannie & I received a long letter from Genl. Rosser & two others from Berta & Mollie.

Strange! that Madge does not write me.

Thursday. Between three & four o'clock

Jan. 21st, 1864

All alone in the parlor.

I have accomplished nothing to-day. First Lizzie & Madge were with us until twelve. Then Adj. Jones & Cpt. Archer came to see us, & Mrs. Conway to see Mother; consequently Em has holiday.

The gentlemen invited us to a dance at Mr. Young's for tomorrow eve. It is doubtful whether I [next word inserted above line] shall go or not. Nannie intends going to S. S. tomorrow. Madgie F— says

she ~~thinks~~ had the “blues” dreadfully the first night of her return. She has gotten the “Captain and his whiskers” for me.

Mrs. Beals & Cousin J Chew’s family spent yesterday evening here. We acted some charades. Pil-grim-age, Mary-land, Phan-tom. Adj. Jones came about 7 for us to go to a dance at Mrs. Neil’s. Of-course we declined.

Mr. Cooper & daughter, & Mr. Ashby spent last night with us, so the house was full. N & L. C slept in the chamber. Madge with me. Father came from Richmond this morning.

I have such a dissatisfied feeling to-day. It must be because I have accomplished nothing.

Sunday night

February, 14th, 1864

In the chamber. Mother, Nannie, Em & I around the fire. Martha kneading dough, Willentina in N’s lap. Tomatia on Mother's shoulder.<sup>199</sup>

No preaching to-day, so all of us went to prayer meeting. Aunt Eliza came in & carried Nenna out. Mr. Beale walked home with Lizzie Chew [illegible word struck out]. Miss Mollie, Mother, L & M Chew, Cousin George & Mr. Crutchfield, perhaps, are all going to Sunny Side tomorrow evening. Nannie & I are to be accompanied by Adj. Jones & Capt. Williams. Mr. Beale seems very anxious to discover the

---

<sup>199</sup> Willentina and Tomatia are likely Alsop family pets, presumably cats.

name of my escort; but I will not tell him. He visits us frequently now; on an average of three times a week. Told me he went to Green Branch just to see me, & was quite exclusive in his attentions.<sup>200</sup>

17 Ladies from this place went to Mr. Crutchfield's last Tuesday week & returned the following Friday. Every one seemed to enjoy themselves. The party Wednesday night especially. I should have enjoyed the visit more, but went not thinking it quite right to do so, as father was away & Mrs. Casey died a few days previous. I attended the "Brigade Ball" also the Friday night before. Mr. Reynolds was my escort. Genl Young asked me to permit him to go to supper with ~~him~~ me, but I went with Mr. R—. I had a pleasant evening, after the first hour or two. The objection to my going was the same, as to the "Green Branch" party.

Lizzie & Mr. C— are evidently much in love. It is reported they are to be married this month, but is not so. He is going into the Army very soon.

We have a great deal of company now. Thursday, Col. Wright, Cpt. Williams & Adj. Jones came to see us before dinner, & after, Lizzie & Mr. C. Crutchfield. In the evening, Cpt. Jones, shortly after Mr. Beale, & then Cpts. Edling & Thomas. The first & last named gentlemen insisted so upon my going to the party, & indeed Mr. T. led me into the passage, that I consented. While they went to see if Madge was going, & I, up stairs to dress, Genl. Young came. They soon returned & we had cake & pickles before starting. The [next word inserted above line] attended party was a failure, so I returned home at ten.

Capt. Jones was my escort. Next day, he sent me word that he would give his horse to see me.<sup>201</sup> I like Capt. Jones very much. Genl. Young talked to me most of the time, while I was at the dance & Mr.

---

<sup>200</sup> "Green Branch" was the home of Oscar Minor Crutchfield (1800 – 1861) and located in southeastern Spotsylvania County. Crutchfield was the Speaker of the Virginia House of Delegates from 1852 – 1861. The estate included 1,100 acres. In 1863, the estate transferred to W. A. Stuart. Ruth Coder Fitzgerald, "Speaker of the House: Spotsylvania County Man Held Most Powerful Post More than a Century Ago," *Free-Lance Star*, August 3, 2002; "General Index of Deeds, Deeds of Trust, Release Deeds and Wills, etc., Spotsylvania County, Virginia, Names of Properties," *A Domain of One's Own*, University of Mary Washington, accessed October 13, 2013, [http://resources.umwhisp.org/spots/spots\\_named\\_prop.htm](http://resources.umwhisp.org/spots/spots_named_prop.htm).

Slaughter a good deal. It is almost impossible to say what is my opinion of the Genl. I like him, although I believe him to be misanthropical, & very worldly. I fear he is a wicked man. He, Capt. Lipscomb & Lt. Butler called to thank us for the things Mother sent them yesterday.<sup>202</sup> The latter is exceedingly handsome.

Nannie has not attended a party this winter. I admire the consistency displayed by Lizzie Chew & herself.

How much we four girls enjoy each other's society. I do hope nothing will ever diminish our affection for each other. It would be a sad day that breaks our "quartette." Liz & Madge sometimes stay all night with us. Each week our two families meet at one of the houses, & act charades or play games. Miss Mollie is principal actress, & Cousin George very humorous.

Years after, all of us will remember this winter with pleasure. The pleasures of memory are great; but she has her pains too. This evening I have been thinking of my "Angel friend," & the happy days of "Auld lang syne." Her spirit, I am sure, hovers over me; but I have grived her I fear. How differently I am living from what she would wish. In the whirl of gayety, I forget my good resolutions; & indeed scarcely think of the Future. "So dread" "so fathomless," and "so surely mine." I cannot prevent myself from thinking, that had she lived, it would have been more beneficial to me, than as it is.

In the bottom of my heart, I believe, there is a longing, for something nobler, more worthy of my thoughts; than so much gayety; still I do enjoy society very much.

Within the last eighteen months my love for the family, has been much increased, or at least [next word inserted above line] greatly developed. Around my Mother, there clings my warmest affection. I

---

<sup>201</sup> The phrase "Auld Robin Grey came a'courting me" is written above the line in pencil. It is clear from the journal that "Capt. Jones" is different from the Capt. John M. Jones who served as aide-de-camp to Confederate general Pierce Manning Butler Young, who Lizzie refers to as "Adj. Jones."

<sup>202</sup> The phrase "Lt. Butler of S.C— brother of Genl. Butler" is written in the top margin of the page.

love her more than any other person, or thing in the world, and she deserves it all, [illegible word] much more. How I feel for her in the trying situation in which she has been placed. Indeed I fear my love for her, has caused me to err greatly.

Feb. 27th

In the parlor, all alone. The weather is certainly most charming, I do enjoy being out in the fresh air so much, it causes me to feel so hopeful & happy.

We have a great deal of company now. Almost every day some acquaintances from "The Brigade" come to see us. All of them are nice gentlemen. Capt. Church has returned from Florida. He is looking quite as handsome as of old, & seems fully as much inclined to carry on the flirtation. To-day he said some mighty sweet things, (if they could be trusted), & told me that he would not have gone to Cousin John's, but for my being there, the day before he started for home. I like, him despite his tendencies, & hope he likes me; but as for either entertaining a more serious feeling for the other; why, that is a different matter.

Capt. Brown has been to see us twice recently, says Lt. Darant talked of nothing, but me, after spending that day with us, & that he must write & tell him about his rival, the Adjutant. Lt. D— is one of the most agreeable persons I have seen during the war. His face when animated is exceedingly expressive, & seems to be full of life, & his eyes too, they are dark brown; & very fine. It is hard to determine which I like best, in proportion to my acquaintance with them, the "Captain" or the "Lieutenant." I had four oranges sent me: two from Capt. C. one from Capt. Thomas, & the other from Capt. Jones. I get the credit of having captivated the latter. He is rather old, but has pleasant manners, & seems to be good. Adj. Jones improves more upon acquaintance, than any one I ever saw. I like him so much, & he seems to have formed a considerable liking for Nannie. I took a long walk with Mr. Beale last evening. He is most assuredly jealous of some of my friends. I believe he likes me, in fact.

Poor Dr. Fitz. I wonder where he is. Mother & the others insist that I said something, which destroyed all hope, but I did not. I know he thinks I avoided him in every way his last visit, but I could scarcely [illegible word struck out] help [illegible word struck out] it. How distinct I remember some two or three conversations with him. I believe he is my friend.

In you, my journal I must confide my thoughts and feelings. But what are they? Really I cannot tell. I wish my life was [next word inserted above line] of a more devoted character; I am dissatisfied with my present course, & still never make an effort to alter my conduct. Why am I so careless of my true happiness?

I sincerely sympathise with Mr. Powell in the recent trouble with his boarder. How badly he must feel, to be bound to expel a girl for stealing. Poor creature. The disgrace which must ever be connected with her name, is sufficient to render her life unhappy. Would it not have been better to have kept her on trial, if she was penitent. I cannot be a just judge however, for I do not know all the circumstances connected with the affair.

Late Tuesday night

March 8th, 1864

Since I last wrote there has been much excitement about the late Yankee raid; however it ended gloriously for us, and disgracefully to the Yankees. Col. Dalgreen dead.<sup>203</sup> By to-day's paper we heard of a brilliant exploit [next word inserted above line] accomplished by Dr. Fitzhugh & 14 or 15 of the Matthews' Cavalry. Mrs. Knox sent me the paper to look at, & Genl. Young wished to know whether I had seen the news or not; & attempted a little teasing.

---

<sup>203</sup> Union Col. Ulric Dahlgren (1842 – 1864) commanded an unsuccessful raid on Richmond, Virginia, in March 1864, and was killed during the raid. See Elizabeth Varon, *Southern Lady, Yankee Spy: The True Story of Elizabeth Van Lew, a Union Agent in the Heart of the Confederacy* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2005), and Eric J. Whittenberg, *Like a Meteor Blazing Brightly: The Short but Controversial Life of Colonel Ulric Dahlgren* (Roseville: Edinborough Press, 2009).



Capt. Eglis pretends to, or really does, believe that I am engaged to Dr. F—, & nothing I can say to dissuade him. Last night Cousin John's family & some of the officers spent the evening, we acted the words, Bal-ti-more, & Cof-fee. I did not enjoy myself as much as I should otherwise have done, for Capt. Eglis quarreled with me most of the time. I talked to him almost altogether. He gave me to understand that but for something he had heard, he was going to tell me that something. Says I have deceived him, & the greatest amount of things. He made Madge come back & kiss me a second time for him. Told me he intended showing me the picture of the lady whom he desired to make Mrs. [illegible word] but that there was no hope for him now. I am disposed to think, [next word inserted above line] all this is merely a nice way of winding up the flirtation he has been carrying on with me, although he did look right much in earnest while talking; but it must have been put on for the occasion.

Saturday I received such a very sweet letter from Emma asking me to come and see her, while Emmy is in Liberty.

Richmond, April 9th 1864

Time half past seven P.M. Place, Marion's old room. Scene, Trunk open. Nannie writing. Moi aussi.

Having gotten only through with scene & time, when the supper bell rang, two days later I will again essay to write a few lines, therefore

April 11th, 1864

More than a month has rolled past since you and I, journal, have had a talk; but I have not forgotten you. No in deed old friend, so prepare yourself to hear "lots & chords" now that we are together once more.

During the past month I have scarcely had time to do anything, even teach Browne.

Genl. Young's brigade left Fredericksburg three (3) weeks ago last Sunday, & for two or three weeks previous to their departure, they were expecting to leave at any time; so we saw some of them every day, & generally a good many. I enjoyed their company very much & was truly sorry they were ordered off. During that time we formed some new acquaintances, amongst whom were Genl. Stuart & Genl. Gordon.<sup>204</sup> The latter ~~Hiked~~ [illegible word struck out] I thought very pleasant but did not see enough of him to like or dislike him.

Dr. Fitzhugh & Capt. Cooke ea made us a visit of some days, both seemed to enjoy themselves very much, except Dr. F— would get blue. Why? I know, maybe. “The Captain [next word inserted above line] with his whiskers” continued to be very attentive to the last. The day before he left he wished me “to promise me to write to him.” I refused positively in the morning, but at night told him “I would certainly answer his first letter & tell him whether I would continue the correspondence or not.” Since I have determined not to write to him. Genl. Young & Capt. Jones came up the Wednesday before we left home, as they said for us; but we postponed coming down until Friday. So the Genl. went back to Chesterfield & left Capt. Jones to be our escort.<sup>205</sup> We had a right pleasant time in Chesterfield, where Genl. Young, Capts. Williams, Eve, Church & Edling, Adj. Jones came to see us. Capt. Jones then consigned us into the hands of the Adj. & Capt. Church who obtained permission to accompany us some or all the way. Willie joined our party at [illegible word struck out] Millford, but left us at Taylorsville. Capt. C & Adj. J— went as far as Hungary Station, & Capt. Hall all the way to Richmond.

Mr. & Mrs. Jones, Miss Nellie, the girls & children all seemed very glad to see us.

---

<sup>204</sup> Brig. Gen. James Byron Gordon (1822 - 1864) of North Carolina. Warner, *Generals in Gray*, 110.

<sup>205</sup> Based on the context of this passage, Lizzie is probably referring to Chesterfield (Ruther Glen) in Caroline County as opposed to the more familiar Chesterfield County, Virginia. The Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad established five freight and passenger stations in Caroline County at Ruther Glen, Penola, Milford, Woodford, and Guinea. County of Caroline, Virginia, *Caroline County Comprehensive Plan 2030*, Chapter 5: Cultural and Historic Resources (County of Caroline, Virginia, 2010), 6-7.

We dined at Uncle Thomas the Wednesday after our arrival. Mr. P— came up stairs just before we started, & asked where I was going. I told him. Whereupon he said, “I wonder [illegible word], but I want my dessert before you go, & gave me the sweetest kiss.” I told, him "that he was welcome to it, if that was all he wanted.”

At Uncle Seth's, April 23d, 1864

We left Mr. Powell's, Friday the 15th inst. & came here. Mrs. Powell, Miss Nellie all said they would miss us very much, & asked me to come & stay some more with them after getting through with our other visits. One evening while there we had some lunch & a nice walk through Hollywood, to the water works, & above the falls, then by the Iron Works & home.<sup>206</sup> Dr. Temple went with me.

[Illegible name] is in the city. She is such a lovely character and has my highest admiration.

Mr. Reynolds (1), Capt. Jones (5) Genl. Young (2) Capt. Eve (1) & Adj. Jones (1) have been to see us. They say it is impossible for them to come to Richmond, for Genl. Stewart refuses them leaves of absence now.

Adj. Jones is coming this morning again, I believe. Capt. John Estes Cooke is in R—. We have even seen him every day since he came, some days as often as three times. Genl. Kushaw called on us or rather N—, at Mr. Powell's. Genl. Longstreet has returned to Virginia.<sup>207</sup>

We have had a most charming visit so far. Everyone is kind & polite to us, & a great many persons have been to see us. Some of my friends give me the credit of having borne two or three new strings to my

---

<sup>206</sup> Lizzie refers to Hollywood Cemetery and Tredegar Iron Works in Richmond, Virginia. See Charles B. Dew, *Ironmaker to the Confederacy: Joseph R. Anderson and the Tredegar Iron Works* (Richmond: Library of Virginia, 1999), and Mary H. Mitchell, *Hollywood Cemetery: The History of a Southern Shrine* (Richmond: Library of Virginia, 1999).

<sup>207</sup> Confederate Lt. Gen. James Longstreet (1821 – 1904) commanded the First Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, from August 1862, to the end of the war. In September 1863, Longstreet's Corps was transferred to the Western Theater. The First Corps returned to Virginia in April 1864. Warner, *Generals in Gray*, 192-193.

bow. On Wednesday last a party of us went to the Bluffs & enjoyed the trip excessively. Mr. Powell gave me some excellent advice one night, when he & I were talking together, & I intend to follow it.

Capt. Fitzhugh has been down three or four times since we came to this place. I do hate that report to be out, for I care nothing in the world about him. Capt. Cooke says he does not tell me "that he loves me, because he knows it would be useless."

Mother writes to me very often & has sent me beautiful flowers three different times. She is so very kind & considerate, but I fully repay all her care, by my thoughtlessness.

April 27th, 1864

Nannie Cooke 's room, all alone, morning. Since breakfast I have been reading to Miss Hetty, & from commenting upon the chapters, she got to talking of death & Miss Nannie's. Never should we judge a person by appearances & their disagreeable traits. I had no very pleasant opinion of Miss Hetty from the experience of those at Sunny Side winter before last, but I have formed a real liking for her in my visit this time, although I occasionally [sic] feel annoyed at her asking me to do so many things, when I want to be writing or reading. It is very wrong for me to have such feelings, for Miss Hetty is old & cannot see much, and I ought to be thankful that I can add to her comfort; she has to suffer so many privations, that I do not. She became really [next word inserted above line] touchingly eloquent, while talking about the death of Miss Nannie Herndon, and I felt softened by her words & emotions. Then too, she is so grateful for my little attentions, that it is a real pleasure to do anything for her, when I am not so selfish, as to prefer my own enjoyment.

Journal, entre nous, I am very vain & egotistical I fear. I know; while with Emmy & listening to her intelligent conversation, I sometimes felt really ashamed of my self, for being so ignorant & silly. Judging from my conversations, no one would think I had any sins. After I go home I am going to read

something unselfish each day, for one hour at least; & whenever it is in my power, before breakfast. I am ashamed to lead the useless life I do. Of no use to any one, or benefit to my self.

How differently would Hannah have lived, had she been suffered to remain on earth. That reflection should be sufficient to urge me to mend my ways, but my heart is much harder than it once was. It seems very strange that I should be here, in Richmond, at the Institute, and Hannah not with us, my old room seems changed, since she has gone.

“Bear Island,” Hanover County, Virginia

May 16th, 1864

Nearly a month has past since I last wrote in my journal. I ought to be ashamed of myself for neglecting so trustworthy a friend all this time, but since we came to this place the country has been in such an unsettled state, that I have accomplished nothing except the making of 5 linen collars.

Friday morning

May 20th, 1864

As usual only wrote a few lines in my journal, before doing something else that required more immediate attention. Two weeks ago last Tuesday we came to this place. Genls. Gordon & Johnston entertained us very agreeably the whole way up to Taylorsville, & Genl. Johnston & Col. Garret came over to see us & the other ladies the same night.

The first fortnight of our stay here, Mr. Eddy Gwathmey was at home; so we spent almost each entire day down stairs, either lounging about the hall & parlor, doing nothing but making fun for each other;

or sewing, playing & singing, and occasionally entertaining company.<sup>208</sup> He left last Wednesday, the 18th inst. Since which time all of us have been staying up stairs a greater part of the time.

Capt. Crane, Busey, Lts. Hodges & Wilson, from the Maryland Line have been over several times. Lt. H— was here day before yesterday evening, and as Nannie was sick, Louie complaining, Mrs. Moseley & Kelly gone visiting, I had to talk to him most of the time. He told Capt. C— (who came over the same night) “that he found everything just as he wanted it.” Both of them are nice gentlemen.

Mr. Gwathmey's family have all been so kind to us since we came here. Nelly is a very fine girl I think, & I like Mrs. Moseley very much indeed. Lewis is a nice, smart boy, & Mr. & Mrs. Gwathmey hospitable, & considerate of our happiness as if we were old friends. I like Mr. Eddy too, exceedingly. He has a fine mind is obliging & gentle, besides being innocent, that is, is free from that impudence & vanity “so often the attribute of the soldier.” We miss him! especially at night when his sweet music beguiled many a weary moment.

Grant has been in possession of Fredericksburg for nearly two weeks, ever since the 8th, during all which time we have not heard from Mother & Em. Father left town [next word inserted above line] that Sunday morning, came to this place ~~Sun~~ Monday & staid until the following Saturday, when he started to Cumberland. I do feel so much for him, so far away from all his family, & unable to hear from home. Perhaps if there were accommodations for us, N & I might stay there until we could go to F—.

Report says the ladies are made to wait upon the wounded Yankees, who are in every house & even lying upon the side walks; & the Northern papers state that 18000 of their wounded are in the town;

---

<sup>208</sup> Edward Garlick Gwathmey (1839 - 1931) was the son of Richard and Lucy Ann Gwathmey of Hanover County, Virginia. He mustered into the Fredericksburg Light Artillery on March 14, 1862. Krick, *The Fredericksburg Artillery*, 102; 1860 U.S. census, Hanover County, Virginia, population schedule, Upper Revenue District, p. 46 (handwritten), dwelling 436, family 341, Richard Gwathmey; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1350.

which is garrisoned by negro troops. We have heard that all the male citizens, except Mr. Young & Dr. Wallace, & perhaps Mr. Knox were arrested; & that the Yankees were treating the country people dreadfully. I am constantly unhappy about Mother & Em, Cousin John's family besides Mr. & Mrs. Allen & all our other friends. To think of their being ordered about by negro soldiers!<sup>209</sup> How my blood boils at the idea! Capt. Cooke spent two nights with Mr. Gwalthmey the first week we came. He was kinder to me than ever, one reason was, "he saw how disappointed I was at being unable to go home. The last evening he was here he commenced talking to me about his friend Fitz," & almost scolded me because I did not give the Dr. any encouragement; "said he certainly would have adressed me in F— if I had not been so cold," & added "he advised him to do it, but he should not do so again." Capt. C— says "Capt. Fitz is worthy of me, & I of him." Heigh-ho! if the former had seen me when the latter spent a day & night of last week at this place, he would have talked to me more than ever; but all of us were more dispondent about Grant's leaving F— than we had been at-all before.

I believe Capt. C— is one of my best friends, he likes me in a friendly brotherly sort of a way, & I certainly am very much attached to him. Capt. Eglis occupies very few of my thoughts now. When I see him I think I will treat him differently, from my usual way. If I could only get home to Mother & Emily. I would be satisfied with almost anything. I feel reproached, for being at liberty to think & act as I please, and they are surrounded by negros, & those who are almost their equals in station, & surpass them in barbarity. Dolie & Aunt Eliza too are so unprotected, but I cannot feel the same anxiety about them, as some others; for I believe their sainted Mother hovers over them; & exerts an invisible influence upon those who would harm them. Grand Ma Alsop is reported dead! How differently she breathed her last, from her neighbor, my "Grand Mother" in truth & feeling. I cannot feel sorrow at her death, except that Father will be distressed to hear of his step-Mother dying in such a manner. They say searching

---

<sup>209</sup> The Nineteenth, Twenty-Third, Twenty-Seventh, Thirtieth, Thirty-First, Thirty-Ninth, and Forty-Third United States Colored Troops guarded the trains of the Army of the Potomac in May and June 1864. It is possible that Lizzie is referring to elements of these units that may have moved through Fredericksburg. Frederick H. Dyer, *A Compendium of the War of the Rebellion*, Vol. 3 (Des Moines: The Dyer Publishing Co., 1908).

her house, & robbing it of everything was the immediate cause of her decease. Perhaps had she been kinder, more liberal, towards our soldiers, the enemy might have treated her better, or at least, God would have restrained them from committing such excesses! "A man's deeds shall follow him!" "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you."

Yesterday I read "The Golden Legacy," a book in which the golden rule is the actuating principle of the principal characters.<sup>210</sup> Would that it would be my motto, and why can it not, only my selfishness prevents. I will try, with God's help "to do unto others, as I would they should do unto me," for one would from this very day, commencing at one o'clock A.M. "We must exercise this rule, in small matters, in order to do so in large ones."

Genl. Stuart is dead, he was wounded on the 11th inst. & expired the following evening at 22½ mins. past 2 o'clock.<sup>211</sup> He expressed an perfect willingness to die, if such was God's will; only hoping to live until his wife could get to him. She did not arrive until one hour & a half after he breathed his last. He remembered each of his staff on his death bed, & left them his horses, bequeathing to his son, little Jimmy, "his glorious sword."

"Genl. Stuart is dead!" Only a few weeks since I saw him, so full of life & so confident of success. Then looking upon him in the full vigour of manly strength & beauty, how little we imagined that ere two moons should have passed, his soul would be in the "Mansions of the blest."

Mr. Eddy Smith, Col Rob. Randolph, Capt. McDonald (we fear).<sup>212</sup> Mr. [sic], & Genl. Gordon are all dead, & other friends wounded. Genl. Gordon too has "fought his last battle," he was a gallant officer,

---

<sup>210</sup> H. J. Moore published *The Golden Legacy: A Story of Life's Phases* in 1856. This novel enjoyed multiple printings.

<sup>211</sup> Maj. Gen. James Ewell Brown Stuart was mortally wounded at the Battle of Yellow Tavern, in Henrico County, Virginia, on May 11, 1864. He died the following day in Richmond. Warner, *Generals in Gray*, 296-297.

<sup>212</sup> Lt. Col. Robert Lee Randolph (1835 – 1864), Fourth Virginia Cavalry, was killed at the battle of Meadow Bridge, Virginia, May 12, 1864. The fates of Eddy Smith and Capt. McDonald could not be confirmed. Krick, *Lee's Colonels*, 314.



but I fear, a worldly man.<sup>213</sup> Only two weeks & a day from the time we came up on the cars with him, he laid in his last long sleep.

A short time before his death, he sent for the matron of the hospital to come to him. When she did so, he told her, "I am going to die" & upon her discouraging the idea, said "No. I am not low-spirited, but I feel that my time has come. What would my poor Mother say, if she knew I was suffering here?" About fifteen minutes after this interview, he stretched himself upon the bed & died. I do not know when I have felt more about the death of one with whom I was so little acquainted. There is something so lonely, so touching in his laying himself down to die, just as if he was going to sleep. Col. Gilliard fell in one of the first battles.<sup>214</sup> I cannot realize that all my air-castles have so suddenly crumbled to dust. Poor Nannie is sadly grieved at his loss. He was one of her best friends, & I feel very much for her; but I never can tell people how deeply I sympathize with ~~deep~~ them.

May 31st, 1864, Richmond. "Cooke's"<sup>215</sup>

We ran from Hanover one week & a day ago. The two armies were confronting each other, so near Mr. G—'s that Willie thought prudent to send us off, so we left with much regret our new friends in Hanover. Genls. Rosser, Lt. Winston Mr. Marshall & Dr. Gregory came to the depot & stayed some time with us while waiting there.

June 1864

Richmond. "Cooke's Boarding House," June 3rd, 1864

---

<sup>213</sup> Maj. Gen. James Byron Gordon (1822 – 1864) was mortally wounded at the battle of Meadow Bridge, Virginia, on May 12, 1864, and died six days later. Warner, *Generals in Gray*, 110.

<sup>214</sup> Attempt to identify "Col. Gilliard" were unsuccessful. Nine Confederate soldiers with the name Gilliard are listed in *The Roster of Confederate Soldiers: 1861 - 1865*, but none of those men achieved the rank of colonel. Broadfoot Publishing Company, *The Roster of Confederate Soldiers 1861–1865*, sixteen volumes (Wilmington: Broadfoot Publishing Company, 1995–1996).

<sup>215</sup> Probably Mrs. Cooke's Boarding House located at the corner of Clay and Eighth Streets, Richmond, Virginia. George P. Evans, *The Stranger's Guide and Official Directory for the City of Richmond* (Richmond: Geo. P. Evans & Co., 1863).

This morning the booming of cannon, greeted us upon awakening, & continued until late in the day. In the evening it was renewed with vigour.

We learn that Ewell succeeded in getting possession of three lines of fortifications, & driving the enemy with heavy loss to them, on yesterday, and to-day Ewell has repulsed, the enemy six times, & Breckinridge,<sup>216</sup> half as often. Their loss is heavy, while ours is light in comparison.<sup>217</sup>

I feel awe-struck by the sound of the cannon, but yet the awful thunder of guns, possesses a fascination for me. I know with the sound of each, some soul perhaps is hurled into Eternity and the thought is terrible.

To-night while at Uncle Seth's, sitting by Mr. Dudley, a letter came from Mother, the first for 4 weeks. Our town is freed once more, thanks be to God, and my Mother and Sister have passed through the furnace, heaten [sic] seven times hotter than before, & have come out purified & strengthened. "I will shew mercy to them that love me, even to the third & fourth generations" was spoken years, thousands of years ago, & it is verified in this latter day. Does not God seem to protect my Mother & her family in a miraculous manner? and it is all owing to her goodness & to the righteousness of my sainted Grand Mother.

I have been wild with joyful excitement to-night since our letter came; but now I am quiet, & drink with trembling lips of pleasure's cup, fearing lest it be rudely dashed to the ground, ere I am aware how cruel it is.

Heavenly Father, I humbly thank thee for thy mercies to us all, & pray thee to make us more worthy to receive them.

---

<sup>216</sup> Maj. Gen. John C. Breckinridge (1821 – 1875) commanded a division at the Battle of Cold Harbor. Warner, *Generals in Gray*, 34-35.

<sup>217</sup> Battle of Cold Harbor, Henrico County, Virginia, May 31 - June 12, 1864. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 511-521.

“May the blessings of God the Father, God the son & God the Holy Spirit rest upon us, & abide with us all ever more. Amen, & amen!!”

Monday Morning

June 8th, 1864, Richmond

I am glad it is over, for I felt that it must come some time or other; & strength has been given as my hour has been. Strange to say, I did not feel agitated, as I always imagined I should if any one ever addressed me, & I can consciencously [sic] say, I have not given any encouragement. I feel very deeply for Capt. Jones, for I am sure he loves me truly, & it cost me pain to tell him, “that he must forget me, for I could [next word inserted above line] not feel otherwise, than as a friend, towards him. Deep emotion was expressed in his face, & I heard by his voice, that he was very much agitated, but I was calm until he left, then my feelings overcame me, & I felt like resorting to tears. I did not wish to see Loulie & Nannie immediately & so crept in through the back window in by the room adjoining ours, & [two illegible words] sitting there. They have both been expressing wonder at my non appearance, for they know Capt. Jones has left, & his asking for me, looked very suspicious. I do not see how a girl can laugh at any man’s telling her of his love, & asking for a return; for he thereby pays her the highest compliment he can. I told Capt. Jones there was no hope, for him (upon his making the inquiry). He wanted to know whether I had given my heart to another? I told him [illegible word struck out] no. He grew eloquent, & concluded with many assurances of friendship. Loulie & Nannie have [illegible word] me, & although I did not tell them anything about it, but merely evaded their questions. Both know it is so strange, for they felt my hands, & they were icy, & my lips trembled. Poor Capt. Jones told me “he felt very anxious to hear the result of my walk with Capt. Gregory yesterday evening, for he feared I might lessen my affection upon him.”

I cannot write any more just now. I am sorry for some reasons that it occurred; but he asked me not "to regret it." He commenced by asking when I intended to let him tell me the wish with which he put on my ring. I told him "I had asked him to do so several times but he would not. Then he told me if I would give him my hand he would tell me. I refused. Then he said "I permitted others to take that privilege, & would I not allow it to him?" I said "I do not permit any one to take that liberty with me," so keeping my hands to myself, he made his declaration. How can I ever look at him again, after knowing I caused him so much suffering?

At night

I feel very sad about that affair, but cannot prevent now & neither do I regret my answer. It seems funny that I should have been courted. I bore it much better than I had expected, if any such thing [next word inserted above line] should ever occur.

The occurrence of this morning makes me more anxious than ever to get home. I do not wish to see him again just now, but I trust he will ever entertain the same friendship for me, he has ever done.

I wonder what Mother will say when I tell her all about it? I feel now as if my protection, from things of such a notion, had been taken away. The ice is broken.

Many of our friends have been to see us. Last Saturday night Capt. Church came, & staid until 11 o'clock. We were exceedingly glad to see him. He & Adj. Jones called on us at Mrs. G—'s the very evening we left. The former said they were much disappointed at our absence. Capt. Gregory has also been in town sick, he was very kind & attentive, as usual. I wonder what has come of Dr. Fitzhugh, & Mr. Beale? Genl. Young is rather better to-day. I do hope he will [illegible word struck out] soon be entirely well.

June. 27th, 1864. Monday morning. Very warm.

Our room, in Cook's Boarding House. Nannie saying her prayers in the dressing room. Loulie on the eve of starting down to see Mrs. Kent.

We are still in Richmond, but will return home sometime this week I trust.

During the past few days we have heard from home repeatedly. Mother has been very sick, but was improving when we last heard. How good Madge has been to write so often. I think she has shown her friendship for me, more than ever. I am so anxious to get home, & yet so many changes have taken place that our reunion with the loved ones must be mingled with sadness. At Trevilian's fell one of our bravest & best soldiers, Adj. Jones.<sup>218</sup> I was truly grieved to hear that his presentiment was indeed realized. "I believe that the summer flowers will bloom above my sleeping form, & that the soul which now animates my body, will have passed into the daisies of my grave" were words written by him ere the winter snows had melted, & nature's chains were rent asunder, letting the pure balmy air of Spring inspire the almost lifeless bulbs & brown trees with fresh vigour.

I am moved to think of the deep affection he bore my gentle, lovely sister; but he is perhaps spared much pain, for I do not think she ever would have loved him as she ought to; or rather, as he would have wished.

I am disturbed by the thought that Capt. Cooke may persuade Nannie to marry him. He comes to town & spends most of his time here; & scarcely talks [next word inserted above line] to or looks at anyone else. Now I should care very little for his devotion, if she was indifferent, but there's the trouble! She sits at the window, book in hand, & watches for him; is always the first one to see him if he passes along the street, and seems embarrassed if we tease her, a thing I scarcely ever noticed

---

<sup>218</sup> Battle of Trevilian Station, Louisa County, Virginia (June 11-12, 1864). See footnote on page 107, related to Capt. John M. Jones. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 519-520.

before. I have watched her closely, & observed many little things, which others have not noticed. I like Capt. Cooke as a friend, but as a brother, I am sure my feelings would change.

Within me is an instinctive dread lest he may influence my sister, so as to make her believe that she loves him.

I fear she already thinks so, and I am anxious to get her as far away from him as possible. God grant it may never be a match. He is not worthy of her. If Col. Gilliard was alive Nannie would not encourage Capt. Cooke as she does. Although she will tell me nothing, I am sure he has already addressed her, but she has given no decided answer.

Capt. Jones has gone to the field, & upon my own account, I am glad to write it.

The morning of the 8th of June, I really felt distressed for him, & was silly enough to suffer for the pain I caused him, but after my telling him so decidedly no, it disgusted me for him to keep on, & I really believe he has not given out all hope yet, & then trying to kiss & hold my hand! after knowing that I disapproved of any such proceeding, it made me angry, and I was glad to tell him good-bye. I promised to remember him kindly, so I must try to overcome my feeling of disgust. Diary, "Why is it that I dislike the man for telling me he loved me?" " Shall I always receive demonstrations of affection with the same feeling of contempt after the [illegible word] of [two illegible words] is over."

Col. Wright & Capt. Church were to see us yesterday. I did not enjoy this visit much. Genl. Young is improving. I half suspect I made him mad yesterday evening.

Capt. Thomas was just as much disappointed because I discarded Capt. Jones, as if he had been the principle one concerned.

This day one year ago, where was I, & what was I doing? Ah . . . I remember but too well that last Monday of June 1863. It was the day of our Butler examination. How hard we worked, Hannah & I, & just to think that before months rolled around, my Hannah was taken away. I remember too the hour we parted, but the memories of those day, & of her, are too sacred to commit even to your keeping, my journal. Emma wrote me a letter, which filled my heart with affection, not long ago, I admire, respect, & love Emma very truly, but I do not think I will ever feel towards any one as I did toward my darling, my angel friend. As I sit writing these words, how my heart yearns for her. “Our meeting, our parting, the beginning, the maturing ~~of our~~, but not the ending, of our friendship [next word inserted above line] rises before me & I am with her living over those days past gone forever.

How long seems my absence from home already, and yet it has not been three months since I told them good-bye. I long to be at home, to see my Mother & Emma once more. And how gladly will Liz & Madge welcome us back to them again. Dolie & Aunt E— too, will be rejoiced at our return I know. My Uncle Tom, has been made Lt. Col. He was promoted on the battle-field for bravery.

Tuesday Evening

June 28th, 1864

Well journal, I have come to have a quiet little talk with you this evening, for the air comes in through the back window, where I am sitting, so fresh & pleasant, although it is “city air,” that I really feel like telling you how much I enjoyed yesterday evening.

First when Willie came, & I met him more affectionately than I have since that awful night, and still I only kissed him once, did not say a word of welcome, but I felt better, because that was a kiss from my heart. I know you will not say a word about anything I may trust you with, so I am going to be first as silly & childish as I choose, & am not afraid of being laughed at. No indeed!!

Journal Friday, Saturday & Sunday were three of the very warmest days I ever felt, & yesterday would have been also, but for a fine old breeze, that would keep coming in through our window, & fanning us, so nicely, and in the evening a great, black cloud commenced hiding the sun, & bright blue sky; but I did not feel like scolding the old fellow for appering just then, for I thought maybe he would sprinkle us & cool our poor soldiers off. I went out in the back poarch & watched the beautiful sky a long time, & it was so pleasant to see the great black cloud on one hand, with sheets of lightning running over it now & then, & sometimes too the “forked” fire would run all about, like great jointed serpents, & on the other hand, beautiful pink, blue, gold, & purple clouds all meeting together & laughing at the frownsing of their old father, till he got so near, that they were glad to hide behind each other, & indeed run quite away if they could, and presently the rain commenced falling. If you could have heard it “pit-pat” “pit-pat”-ing so merrily I think you would have laughed, for I did, & felt ~~se~~ happy besides, but I could not help thinking of my Mother & home. So you see I did not enjoy it enough to be oblivious to all else, but journal if you had a home, & a Mother & Sister there, I know you would not like to leave them for 3, three whole months, would you ~~not~~?

If they do not send for us, I shall . . . Well! I cannot say what I will do, except be very unhappy.

I am reading “A Life for A Life,” and think it one of the most charmingly written works I ever read.<sup>219</sup> The heroine, “Theodora Johnston” is so childish, & at the same time so womanly; a child, woman, just such a one as I should like to be; & the hero, “Marc Urquhart, M.D.” is the very man one would like to love, so kind, & so “wise,” so gentle & so good, a man to be looked up to, to trust.

Journal, entre nous mind; I wish I had some one to love; to feel that he loved me better than anyone in the whole world. Now I love my Mother, Father, sisters, brothers & friends, very, very much; but not

---

<sup>219</sup> Dinah Maria Craik published *A Life for a Life* in 1859. The novel promoted a single moral standard and demonstrated that women and men have similar strengths and emotions and enjoyed numerous printings. Sally Mitchell, “Craik, Dinah Maria (1826–1887),” *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), accessed October 12, 2013.



one of them all, loves me better than everything besides, and I do not expect them to, but then it must be so very nice to be dearer than life itself to one somebody, to give oneself, heart & soul, to him, for better, for worse; & to be able to tell him your thoughts & feelings, to help him bear the burden of life, to work, & to live, for him.

I remember hearing my teacher say once, that there never was any body to whom he would confide his thoughts & feelings, all I mean, and I doubt whether I could ever lift the veil of the inner sanctuary & let anyone enter therein. There are some emotions, some thoughts, some feelings we cannot be willing that another should know, (however dear he or she may be) they are too sacred to let another share them.

Fredericksburg

July 17th, 1864

Almost 3 weeks since I have written in my journal, but I have been busily occupied during the meantime, so I am not very much to blame. Am I? To whom am I adressing [sic] the question? I do not know unless to you my journal.

Nannie & I came home the first day of this month; and at last I am satisfied. I dare say most girls would enjoy themselves much more in Richmond, than here, but it is so nice to be at-home once more, that I do not feel the least regret at coming away from the former city. Mother has been confined to her room for more than five weeks; but I hope, is improving now. She is cheerful, and very glad to have us back I think. Nannie & I have to attend to everything besides helping to clean up in the morning. I have been busy every day this week, until dinner & most frequently, until late in the afternoon, but I have tried to keep from complaining, & do not think I have failed in the attempt. Nannie's week for

housekeeping, commences tomorrow morning. I am teaching Em again, commenced last Tuesday, the 12th inst. I am trying to read history, & practice my music (an hour each) every day; generally do it. Liz & Madge are with us a good deal; & Cousin Ellen & Nenna come around quite frequently. Everybody is very kind to Mother.

Nannie received a letter from Genl. Kershaw to-day; telling of the loss of her picture.

I love Nannie very much, more than she does me, and have felt very much for her as she has heard of the successive deaths of her three best Army friends. Poor child. She has suffered acutely, I know but she does not imagine how much I sympathize with her.

July the 19th, 1864

In our room, by the window behind the bed.

It has been raining fast for an hour or more; & everything looks refreshed, for this is the first good rain we have had for more than a seven weeks, and everything is literally parched.

How beautiful the "bow of promise" appears just opposite my window, and as I write, I am reminded of God's Covenant made thousands of years ago, and I know that God will no more drown the world by a flood.

The clouds are disappearing, & the bright "bow" fading away, but in my heart there is still [next word inserted above the line] shining faith in God's promises ~~and~~ now it seems merely to be the faint colored lining of some lovely sea shell, tossed up against the sky.

How fresh & lovely is everything since the rain. My God I thank thee for it.

I have been up stairs almost the whole day; not feeling very well I took a dose of Salts this morning. Mother is improving I think. She has had but one chill in the past 10 days. We miss her sadly down stairs. The responsibility of everything resting upon N & me.

L, N & I went visiting yesterday. I called for Winnie Beale, Mrs. M, P. Ward, & Nelly Kelly, Fanny Scott was to see us also, & Mr. Beale at night. He has already been here three times this week, and since come again to night I expect. He told me the other day, "he was always happy in my presence." I like to talk with Mr. Beale, but he would not suit me for anything but a friend. I do not respect him that [illegible word struck out] much.

Mr. Thorn is trying to make arrangements for [illegible word struck out] having a mail twice a week. I hope he will succeed, it is such a privation to be unable to get letters from one's friends.

I am trying to devote an hour each day to reading history, also one to practising. Liz & Madge are here a great deal. "Our Quartette" I am afraid is destined to be of short duration, & I can hardly hope it will be, if it's disso

[The following pages are written in the journal upside down]

### Sympathy

Kindness by secret sympathy is tied,

For noble souls in nature are allied.

Dryden<sup>220</sup>

Shame on those beasts of stone, that cannot melt,

In soft adoption of another's sorrow!

---

<sup>220</sup> English poet John Dryden (1631 – 1700). Paul Hammond, "Dryden, John (1631–1700)" *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), accessed October 12, 2013.

Aaron Hill<sup>221</sup>

Oh! ask not, hope thou not too much  
Of sympathy below;  
Few are the hearts whence one same touch  
Bids the sweet fountain flow.

Mrs. Hemans<sup>222</sup>

There's nought in this bad world like sympathy,  
Tis so becoming to the soul & face,  
Sets to soft music the harmonious sigh  
And robes sweet friendship in a Brussels lace.

Byron<sup>223</sup>

Life

Between two worlds life hovers like a star,  
'Twixt night & morn upon the horizon's verge.

Byron

Life can little more supply

---

<sup>221</sup> English dramatist Aaron Hill (1685 – 1750). Christine Gerrard, "Hill, Aaron (1685–1750)," *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), accessed October 12, 2013.

<sup>222</sup> English poet Felicia Hemans (1793 – 1835). Nanora Sweet, "Hemans , Felicia Dorothea (1793–1835)," *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), accessed October 12, 2013.

<sup>223</sup> English poet George Gordon Byron, 6th Baron Byron (1788 – 1824). Jerome McGann, "Byron, George Gordon Noel, sixth Baron Byron (1788–1824)," *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004) accessed October 12, 2013.

Than just to look about us and die.

Pope's Essay on Man<sup>224</sup>

The universal lot

To weep, to wander, die, and be fought.

C. Sprague<sup>225</sup>

"Hope & fear, peace & strife,

Make up the troubled web of life."

This narrow isthmus twixt two boundless seas,

The Past, the Future, two eternities.

Moore<sup>226</sup>

Fleeting as were the dreams of old,

Remember'd like a tale that's told

we pass away

Longfellow<sup>227</sup>

For what is life? At best a brief delight

---

<sup>224</sup> A poem published by Alexander Pope (1688 – 1744) in 1734. Howard Erskine-Hill, "Pope, Alexander (1688 – 1744)," *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004) accessed October 12, 2013.

<sup>225</sup> American poet Charles Sprague (1791 – 1875). James Grant Wilson and John Fiske, eds, "Sprague, Charles," *Appletons' Cyclopædia of American Biography* (New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1900).

<sup>226</sup> Irish poet Thomas Moore (1779 – 1852). Geoffrey Carnall, "Moore, Thomas (1779–1852)," *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), accessed October 12, 2013.

<sup>227</sup> American poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807 – 1882). "Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth." *Merriam Webster's Encyclopedia of Literature* (Springfield: Merriam-Webster, 1995).

A sun, scarce brightening ere it sinks in night;

A flower at morning fresh, at noon decayed;

A still swift river, gliding into shade.

From the Spanish

Life's but a walking shadow.

Memory

Of joys departed, never to return,

How bitter's the sweet remembrance.

Blair's Grace

Rise to transports past impressing,

Sweeter by remembrances made.

Goldsmith<sup>228</sup>

Thinking will make me mad; why

must I think,

When no thought brings me comfort.

Southern

Long, long be my heart with

such memories filled!

---

<sup>228</sup> Anglo-Irish poet Oliver Goldsmith (1730 –1774). John A. Dussinger, "Goldsmith, Oliver (1728?–1774)," *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), accessed October 12, 2013.

Like the vase in which roses have  
once been distilled.

You may break, you may  
ruin the vase, if you will

But the scent of the roses  
hang round it still.

Moore

My memory is not but the tomb,  
of joys long past.

Byron

We ne'er forget, tho' there we are forgot.

Byron

Ah tell me not that ~~flowers~~ memory

Sheds gladness o'er the past;

What is recalled by faded flowers,

Save that they did not last?

Were it not better to forget,

Than but remember & regret!

Miss L. Landon<sup>229</sup>

---

<sup>229</sup> English poet and novelist Letitia Elizabeth Landon (1802 – 1838). Glennis Byron, "Landon , Letitia Elizabeth (1802–1838)," *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), accessed October 12, 2013.

There are monuments of life that we  
never forget,  
Which brighten, and brighten, as  
time steals away;  
They give a now charm to the  
happiest lot,  
And they shine on the gloom of the  
lonliest day  
J. G. Percival<sup>230</sup>

As we look back thru life in our  
moments of sadness,  
How few and how brief are the gleamings of gladness;  
Yet we find midst the gleam  
that our pathway o'er shaded

“Passionless characters are worthless in good or in evil; their gentleness is inability to feel anger, their virtue inability to do wrong. [Next sentence inserted above the line]They know not how to hate because they know not how to love. (If there has been no temptation, there can be no merit) If there has been no struggle, there can be no victory.”

“What has reason to reign over if there is no undue feeling to subdue?

---

<sup>230</sup> American poet James Gates Percival (1795 – 1856). George B. Perkins, Barbara Perkins, and Phillip Leininger, "Percival, James Gates (1795-1856)," *Benet's Reader's Encyclopedia of American Literature*, Vol. I (New York: HarperCollins, 1991), 839.



To each his suffering; all are men,  
Condem'nd, alike to groan;  
The tender for another & fate,  
The unfeeling for his own,  
Yet ah! Why should they know their  
fate!

Since sorrow never comes too late,  
And happiness too swiftly flies,  
Thought would destroy their passion  
No more; when ignorance is bliss  
T'is folly to be wise.

“The bell strikes one, We take no note of time,  
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue  
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke  
I feel the solemn sound. If heard  
aright.

It is the knell of my departed hours;  
Where are they?? With the years beyond  
the flood  
It is the signal that demands dispatch;  
How much is to be done? My hopes

and fears

Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow

verge

Look down. On what? A fathomless abyss!

A dread eternity! how surely mine!

And can eternity belong to me,

Poor pensioner on the bounties

of the hour?"

"It is the common lot,

To link our hearts to things that

fly.

To love without return, and die,

And be forgot!"

[Illegible word]

"Found in Lord Byron's Bible [no close quote mark]

"Within this awful volume lies

The mystery of mysteries.

O! happiest they of human race,

To whom our God has given grace,

To hear, to read, to fear, to pray,

To lift the latch, and force the way;

But better had they ne'er been born

Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

~~Amusement reigns~~

Amusement reigns

Man's great demand, to trifle is to love;

And is it then a trifle too to die?

Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed.

All visitations are from God, he

is not delighted with the miseries

of his poor creatures. Afflictions

are therefore designed for our

good, he will either show us the reason of his

visitation or make us reap the fruits of it.

Well pleased to recognize

In nature and the language of the sense,

The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse

The guide, the guardian, of my heart & soul.

Of all my moral being.

“Look not mournfully on the past,

it comes not back;

Enjoy the present, it is thine.

Go forth to meet the shadowy future,  
With a manly heart, & without fear.”

[Illegible Word] Page 198

#### The Pilgrim's Song

“When death is coming near,  
When thy heart shrinks in fear,  
And thy limbs fail,  
Then raise thy hands & pray,  
To him who smooths thy way  
Through the dark vale.”

“Seest thou the eastern dawn,  
Hearest thou in the red morn,  
The angel's song?  
O lift thy drooping head,  
Thou who in gloom & dread  
Hast lain so long.”

“Death comes to set thee free,  
O meet him cheerily  
As thy true friend,  
And all thy fears shall cease,  
And in eternal peace

Thy penance end.”<sup>231</sup>

Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed;  
Who does the best his circumstance allows,  
Does well, ails nobly; angels could do no  
more.<sup>232</sup>

Our outward act indeed admits restraint  
T’is not in things o’er thought to domineer;  
Guard well thy thought; our thoughts  
are heard in Heaven.<sup>233</sup>

Infamous wretch!  
So much below my scorn I dare  
not kill thee.

“Mourn not thy daughter fading!  
It is thy common lot,  
That those we love should come & go,  
And leave us in this world of woe,  
So murmur not!”

---

<sup>231</sup> German writer Friedrich Heinrich Karl de la Motte, Baron Fouqué (1777 – 1843). This quotation is from *Sintram and His Companions* which enjoyed multiple printings since it was first published in 1811. Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué, ed. Charlotte M. Yonge, *Sintram and His Companions and Undine* (London: W. Gardner, Darton & Co, 1896).

<sup>232</sup> Quotation from *The Complaint: or, Night-Thoughts on Life, Death, & Immortality*, a long poem by Edward Young (1683 – 1765) published in nine parts between 1742 and 1745. James E. May, “Young, Edward (bap. 1683, d. 1765),” *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), accessed October 12, 2013.

<sup>233</sup> Quotation from Young’s *Night-Thoughts*.

Barry Cornwall

alias

Bryan Waller Procter<sup>234</sup>

Morning Hymn

“Whom worldings scorn

Who lives forlorn

On God’s own word doth rest.

With heavenly light

His path is bright

His lot among the blest.”

“Easiness of desire is a great enemy to the success of a good man’s prayers. It must be an intent zealous, busy, operative prayer. For consider what a huge indecency it is ~~for~~ that a man should speak to God for a thing that he values not. Our prayers upbraid our spirits, where we beg tamely for a those things for which we ought to die; which are more precious than imperial sceptres, richer than the spoils of the sea, or the treasures of Indian hills.” Jeremy Taylor<sup>235</sup>

[The following pages are a continuation of Lizzie’s journal and written right-side-up]

lution is necessary to the complete happiness of some; but although we may be dissolved in body, I trust we will always be united in spirit. They are lovely girls. Madggie is my most confidential friend,

---

<sup>234</sup> English poet Barry Cornwall, alias Bryan Waller Procter (1787 –1874), James Sambrook, “Procter, Bryan Waller (1787–1874),” *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), accessed October 13, 2013.

<sup>235</sup> English clergyman and poet Jeremy Taylor (1613 – 1667). John Spurr, “Taylor, Jeremy (*bap.* 1613, *d.* 1667),” *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), accessed October 13, 2013.

after Nannie & Mother; but the last is first, that is I might not enter so much into detail with her, but if circumstances admit I think she shall know before anyone else does.

When I think of my friends or speak of them, her image always rises before me; & I grow sad as I reflect upon our friendship for each other. Nearly a year has passed since they laid her by her mother's side, and still it seems but yesterday [next three words inserted above line] when I got that letter, so long expected, so eagerly looked for, and broke the seal, but, the words "our darling is dead" greeted my eye, & turned my joy into sorrow. O Hannah! I thought my heart would have broken when I heard that you, my best friend, had been called & chosen as one ripe for the sickle, and were gathered into the bosom of your Father. And yet, even if I could, I would not be without the [illegible word struck out] memory of those years we spent together. "Tis better to have loved & lost, than never to have loved at all." Oh yes! far better.

Emma's last letter was a great comfort to me. Poor girl, how deep her grief is, nobody knows.

July 30th, 1864

In the old chamber. Leah asleep on the floor. Saturday night.

Several days have passed since I have even given my journal a single moment, but not of my own free will.

This has been my week for house-keeping, & some days I have been busily employed most all the time. I am beginning to like it very well, but it certainly does take time to attend to things properly, and I do not like to half do anything. Mr. Powell's favorite maxim was, "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," and so I find it. I think, indifferent as I am, that I will be a happier & more useful woman for my intercourse ~~of~~ with my dear teacher; and I am truly grateful for the interest he always has manifested in my welfare.

Capt. Gregory has been to Fredericksburg, and I must confess that [next word inserted above line] now I know his object in coming. I have felt it for sometime, ever since one evening we walked together in Richmond, but have continued to treat him as I have always done, hoping what I so much dreaded would not come to pass; but it did.

The way of it was this. The last evening he was to spend in F— I promised to walk with him to the Monument; but as I had much to do all day—did not see him until long after dinner, then I told him I was tired & wished he would excuse me from walking. He was unwilling, so of-course I went. We paid a short visit at Cousin John's, then went to the Monument, walked about in the semitary sometime, & finally took seats in the main walk. At-last I said we must ~~come~~ go home. (I had proposed coming back two or three times, before.) He said "very well," & then, well he in as few words & as simply as possible told me that he loved me very much, had felt a warm attachment for me from the beginning of ~~his~~ our acquaintance, & ended by saying "he hoped I could reciprocate his feelings." I was not surprised, but I hope I may never have the same feelings again. I merely said "Captain Gregory I don't think I can," & something to the same effect. Then both of us were silent, for some minutes it seemed, and stood leaning against the heavy iron gate, I feeling as if I should be grateful if the earth would swallow me. I saw he was agitated, & God knows, I would have spared him that moment's pain if I could have done so; without compromising my maidenly delicacy. After a while he told me he now was deeply grieved, but not at all mortified, that he felt he had done his duty to himself. Repeated it twice over, and assured me that he would always feel most kindly towards me. And I could not for my life tell him how pained I was, how highly I appreciated his love, & that under all circumstances I would consider it a privilege to be remembered as his friend. Now of-course I said more than the few words recorded above, but I mean this, "that Capt. Gregory had no [next word inserted above line] more right idea of my feelings, than if I had not been in the least affected by his recital; and it grieves me to think he must consider me so heartless; so unworthy of his love.



He told it all very manly, very simply, but it affected me more than if he had said much more, & that more had been ever so elaborate.

We talked little coming home, neither of us felt like it. He asked me if I would sing the “Hindoo Mother” for him provided I could see?<sup>236</sup> I readily assented, for I felt as if I ought, by every means in my power, to make amends for the pain, I knew I was causing him. I can see him now, sitting by the piano, & feeling that I did [next word inserted above line] not sing “Do not, do not leave me!” from my heart.

I have not told anyone, even Mother, but she, Nannie & Madge all believe Capt. Gregory addressed me, because I do not deny it.

It is over, & [next word inserted above line] in all probability will never be mentioned by either of us. He I am sure, will never to allude to the subject to me.

Tomorrow is the anniversary of our last day at Hilton, how perfectly I remember it all.

I had a letter from Capt. Church a few days since, last Wednesday. He wrote very friendly, which I like much better than his flirting style. I promised to answer his first, & say whether or not I would continue the correspondence. Since I have written to Capt. Church & given him permission to write again, or said something, which could be so interpreted. It is inconsistent in me to correspond with gentlemen, for I disapprove of such things, generally. Sometime ago I said something about not “respecting” Mr. Beale. I do now.

August 13th, 1864, Saturday

---

<sup>236</sup> “Hindoo Mother” is a ballad arranged for the guitar by F. T. Strawinski, and published by F.D. Benteen, Baltimore, 1849. “Hindoo Mother, ballad / F. T Strawinski [sheet music],” Microfilm M 3016, Library of Congress, Music Division, Washington, D.C.

This is the anniversary of her death. I first thought of spending it in reading over her letters, & other things connected with her; but then I concluded, that she had much rather I would attend to my sisters, than devote the day to recalling events so painful in this nature.

To-day has passed quietly. I practiced, attended to my house keeping & sewed a right long time. Then I went to see Madge, both of us have been sick all the week, & came back by Mr. Kelly's. Nelly was out though, so I came home.

Not one of the family knew what this day is to me, nor indeed, do they remember that it is the anniversary of the severest trial I ever knew. It has not been a joyful day, but it has not been an unhappy one either. Sad thoughts have come over me, & do come as I write. I think I feel more reconciled, than I have ever done before, for I know

"That she is happy

With her angel plumage on,

But my heart is very desolate

To think that she has gone."

Poor Emma! I know that this has been the saddest day, of all this weary year to her.

Hannah I prayed earnestly this morning, for the fulfilment of your dying prayer, "that I might be saved," but my friend, I am so sinful that I cannot feel any true desire to turn from my present worldly course & live. "Would God treat ye were either hot or cold." I am neither, & therefore I may be cast out.

Hannah, my darling. I should like to see you, to sit by you & hold your hand, listen to your voice, & look into your clear, honest eyes. But you are gone, Hannah, & we will [next word inserted above the

line] never meet in body again. I pray God, that we may meet in that “future life” we know is to be ours.

And now it is almost midnight. You have been an Angel a whole year; happy in Heaven. Hannah, my best friend, pray that when I called, I too may be happy in that rest, which remaineth for God’s people. The old memories are welling up, & tears are ready to start forth at the thought, that “our darling” has gone. O child! if I could only clasp you in my arms for one minute, I could give you up [illegible word struck out] more willingly, but this long, sad year you have in the dark, deep grave; No! not you, only your earthly house, & you are now in “your house, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” Good-night, farewell.

Aug. 14th, 64

Sunday. The rain is coming down very fast, so I do hope it will not be a passing shower, but a real good soaking rain.

Mother, Nannie & Em are at church, so I have been reading Hannah’s last letter. [Page torn out of diary]

of the time I don’t care, I am indifferent, of-course I would not do anything dishonorable, but I neglect my duty, almost always, when it comes in conflict with my pleasure.

Aug. 18th

This is the first rainy-day we have had for such a long time, that I really have enjoyed it.

Life flows on very evenly. One day passes just like another, but we are happy in being together, & at-home. I am never lonely, & that proves that my life [next word inserted above the line] is passing pleasantly.

Sunday while I was teaching Em, Capt. Church & Lt. Butler came. We were delighted to see them, and I am sure they were glad to be in old Fredericksburg once more. I am sorry they did not go to see Liz & Madge; for I am sure the girls felt a little slighted, tho' they have not said anything about it; however the gentlemen had some excuse as they were in town only one day; & did little visiting. Capt. Church says there is not much probability of their being here next Winter, that Genl. Fitz Lee's Div. will be stationed hereabouts. I am sorry that we will have strangers instead of old friends, but it will be nice to have any [next word inserted above line] Con. soldiers.

It is reported that I have discarded Capt. Jones & Capt. Gregory, & am going to marry Dr. Fitzhugh very shortly, & Mr. Beale heard that he & I were to be married, but he says "there is no chance, for Miss Lizzie says she will never marry any body in Fredericksburg."

The other evening he told me "there were some questions he wished to ask me, but would not do so now, as he wished to keep up our pleasant intercourse as long as possible." It may be indelicate to say so, but I verily believe Mr. Beale does love me. He has told me so again & again, not directly, & I am afraid to touch on any subject that can possibly give rise to sentiment; while conversing with him.

Now while I think of it journal, let me ask your pardon for certain expressions, given [illegible character struck out] vent to some time ago, viz: that, because Capt. Jones persisted in his suit, I felt almost "contempt" for him. I do not think it is womanly to despise, or rather lose one's respect for a man, because he happens to be persevering, & really I am sorry to have caused him any unhappiness, although not so conscience-stricken as I was the first few days. Will I ever forget them?

I do not lead a useful life!! Since I came here I have accomplished very little, scarcely any sewing, but to be sure I have taught Em, attended every other week to the housekeeping, helped to clean up, until here recently, & read several books, "A Life for a Life," "John Halifax," "Undine & Sintram," & most of

“Lords Modern History” & “Heir of Redcliffe” & perhaps one or two others, but only one instructive book amongst them all.<sup>237</sup>

August 20th, 1864

By the window in Father’s room, waiting for Uncle Tom to come by for me.

In reading “A Life for a Life” I was particularly attracted by the following quotations.

Page 84. “People do not sufficiently remember that in every relation of life, as in the closest one of all, they ought to take one another ‘for better, for worse.’ That, granting the tie of friendship, gratitude, or esteem, be strong enough to have existed at-all, it ought, either actively or passively to exist forever. And seeing we can, at best, know our neighbor, companion, or friend as little as alas! we often find he knoweth of us, it behooveth us to treat him with the most patient fidelity, the tenderest forbearance; granting to all his words & actions that we do not understand. The utmost limit of faith which common sense and Christian justice will allow. Nay these failings, is there not still left Christian charity? which being past ‘believing,’ and ‘hoping’ still ‘endureth all things.”

Again on Page 85th

“The true theory of friendship is this. Once a friend always a friend. But, answerest thou, doth not every day’s practice give the lie to that doctrine? Many, if not most, friendships be like a glove, that, however well fitting at-first, doth by constant use wax loose & ungainly, if it doth not quite wear out. And others not put off & on, but close to a man as his own skin & flesh, are yet liable to become diseased: he may have to lose them & live on without them, as after the lopping off of a limb, or the blinding of an eye. And likewise, there be friendships which a man growth one of, naturally &

---

<sup>237</sup> Dinah Maria Mulock Craik (1826 – 1887) published *A Life for a Life* in 1859, and *John Halifax, Gentleman* in 1857. *The Heir of Redclyffe*, published in 1853, was the first of Charlotte M. Yonge’s (1823 – 1901) bestselling romantic novels. American historian John Lord (1810 – 1894) published *A Modern History, From the Time of Luther to the Fall of Napoleon for Use of Schools and Colleges* in 1850.

blamelessly, even as out of his child-clothes; the which though no longer suitable for his needs, he keepeth religiously, unforgotten & undestroyed, and often visiteth with a kindly tenderness, though he know they can cover & warm him no more. All These instances do clearly prove that a friend is not always a friend.”

“Yea’, quoth Fidelis ‘he is. Not in himself maybe, but unto thee. The future & the present are thine and his; the past is beyond ye both, an unalienable possession, a bond never disannulled. Ye may let it slip of natural disuse; throw it aside as worn out & foul, cut it off, cover it up, and bury it; but it hath been, & therefore, in one sense, forever must be. Transmutation is the law of all mortal things; but so far as we know, there is not, and will not be, until the great day of the second death, in the whole universe any such thing as annihilation.”

“And so take heed. Deceive not thyself, saying that because a thing is not, it never was. Respect therefore, thy old self as well as thy new. Be faithful to thyself, and to all that ever was thine. Thy friend is always thy friend, not to have or to hold, to love and rejoice in, but to remember.”

“And if it befall thee, as befalleth most, that in course of time nothing will remain for thee, except to remember, be not afraid!

Hold fast that was thine, it is thine forever. Deny it not, despise it not; respect its secrets, be silent over its wrongs. And so kept it shall never lie like a dead thing in thy heart, corrupting & breeding corruption there, as dead things do. Bury it and go thy way. It may chance that, one day, long hence, thou shalt come suddenly upon the grave of it, and behold! it is dewy green!”

To me, these passages are full of truth & beauty. I cannot describe with what mingled emotions I read it again & again. Each time I discover, some new depth of meaning.

“Thy friend is always thy friend, not to have or to hold, to love or rejoice in, but to remember.” So I already know it is. [Next two words inserted above line] Out of one of my earliest & most intimate friendships formed [“ships formed” inserted above the line] in Richmond, I have “grown naturally & blamelessly, even as out of my child clothes.” And while I feel it can never be to me as it once was, I will always think of it most tenderly.

Aug. 25th.

In our room waiting for Em to say her lessons. Time 16 mins. of 2 o'clock.

We brought George home in an ambulance last Saturday; he is still quite sick, but it is such a pleasure to be allowed the privilege of waiting on him. Uncle Tom Dolie & Aunt Eliza have been staying with us this week; they left yesterday evening. Uncle Tom is just as much my dearest Uncle as ever. He is certainly very fine looking, & much improved in some respects by his sojourn in the Trans. Miss. Dept.

I was very much surprised by something George told me yesterday evening, & very glad at the same time a little sorry, for it. I will not tell you what it was, journal, for fear someone by some chance or other might possibly see this, and that it would [next word inserted above the line] be very unfortunate.

I am not near as thankful as I should be, for all the blessings which surround me.

Scarcely anyone has seen less trouble than I at the age of eighteen. I have indeed once, yea twice felt great, great sorrow; but time softens our griefs, as it brings us nearer our graves; and now, one of mine is mellowed by months, which have elapsed since it came, boring me down with ~~the~~ its intensity ~~of my~~ ~~grief~~, and I think of it as something [next word inserted above line] too sacred to be talked of, but I love to remember the beauty of her life, so short, so lovely; and I long to follow in her footsteps, until I stand by her side; the other is a “living sorrow,” sometimes it seems to have passed away, when lo! it

returns with new shame & less hope that he will ever be other than he is.<sup>238</sup> My blessings are many, my troubles few; and so my life is very happy. Possessing the love of such a Mother, Father, Sisters, and kind brothers, how could it be otherwise? Besides I know that some of my relatives love me, and ~~no~~ I have sincere friends. Many of whom are as dear to me as if they were of mine own flesh & blood. And journal, I have come to the last blank half sheet. I am sorry to be obliged to put you away in some remote corner of my trunk; for you have been for more than two years a good friend, ~~listening~~ drinking in every word of mine, without repeating one. Your [illegible word], but familiar back, seems to me, like the face of some tired friend; & putting you away seems like parting with a companion. As I write these last words the elements are at war with one another, but we part in perfect peace.

[The following was written beginning at the end of the journal and upside-down]

“Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shall say, I have no pleasure in them.”

“There shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto the God who gave it.”

“Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity.”

“Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.”

“Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.”

---

<sup>238</sup> Lizzie’s reference to a “living sorrow” in this passage may refer to William Alsop’s alcoholism.



“Let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath. For the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.”

“Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.”

If any man among you seem to be religious, and not his tongue, but decieveth his own heart, this man's religion is in vain.”

“Pure religion and undefiled [next five words inserted above line] before God & the Father is this: To visit the fatherless & widows in their affliction and to keep ~~the~~himselfes unspotted from the world.”

Chapter 1, Verses 17-19, 20, 22, 26 & 27

“My son despise not thou the chastening of the Lord nor faint when thou art rebuked of him”

“For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.”

“If you endure chastening God dealeth with you as with sons: for what soon is he whom the father chasteneth not?” James Hebrews 12...5...6

“Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.”

“And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?”

“Wherefore let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to him in well doing as unto a faithful Creator.”

“Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord; she shall be praised.”

“The rod and reproof give wisdom; but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame.” Proverb 27.15

“For in much wisdom is much grief; and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow.”

“And further by these my son, be admonished; of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.”

“When a man’s ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.”

“The Lord hath done great things for us. Whereof we are glad.” Thanksgiving day, Thursday the 18th of September, 1862.

“Our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of Glory.”

While we look [next word inserted above line] not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.” II Cor. IV, 17 & 18

“The preparations of the heart in man, and the answer of the tongue, if from the Lord.”

“A man’s heart deviseth his way, but the Lord diviseth his steps.”

“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest.”

“For whosoever shall keep the whole law, & yet in one point, he is guilty of all.” James, 2

“For we have brought nothing into this world & it is certain we can carry nothing out.” I Timothy, Chap 6

“A soft answer tameth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.” September 14<sup>th</sup>

Sept. 21st

“For the living know that they shall die; but the dead know not anything neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten.”

“Also their love & their hatred and their envy is now perished, neither have they any more a portion for ever in any thing that is done under the sun.”

“For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept to the faith;

Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge shall give [next word inserted above line] me at that day, and not to me only, but to all those also that love his appearing.” Lent taken by Mr. Lacy the Sunday before Miss N Herndon’s death, and on which some remarks we made at her funeral.

“Furthermore we have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence; shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, & live?”

“For they verily for a few days, chastened us after their own pleasure; but he for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness.”

“Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.” Hebrews, 12

## CHAPTER TWO

**July 2, 1864 – October 9, 1864**

Unlike the first, the book in which Lizzie recorded her thoughts from July 2, 1864, to October 9, 1864, is a pocket-sized journal measuring only 2.625-inches wide and 4-inches high.<sup>239</sup> Each of the 120 pages is divided into four columns separated by red lines. Because of the small size of the book, she generally wrote brief entries that lacked the detail of the previous, and subsequent, volumes. She regularly reported the weather and listed many of the Alsop family's guests during this three month period, but offers little detail about their visits.

While at home in Fredericksburg, Lizzie took over the education of her younger sister Emily (Emma) and continued her own education primarily through reading. In July 1864, Lizzie resumed teaching the Sunday School class she began the previous fall, and with many of their household slaves gone, she and her sisters took on more responsibility in keeping house. She offered some detail regarding food preparation, as well as sewing projects both for her own use and for others.

With the Union and Confederate armies located around Richmond and Petersburg, Fredericksburg remained relatively quiet, and Lizzie often reported rumors of the fighting elsewhere.

---

<sup>239</sup> Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop Wynne. *Journal of Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop Wynne, 1862 – 1926*. Wynne Family Papers, 1809-1967. MssI W9927 a 32. Virginia Historical Society. Richmond, VA.

Diary commencing July 2d, 1864

Lizzie Alsop

15 August, 1863

“But not to understand a treasure’s worth,  
Till time has stolen away the slighted good,  
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,  
And makes the world, the wilderness it is.” [This poem is written vertically on the page]

Fredericksburg

July 2d 1864

Back later, found Father gone into the country by the time I was dressed. Mother been suffering with head ache &c all day.

Nelly Kelly, & Minnie Beale in the morning, Liz & Madge in the evening. Betty & Lina [Illegible name] also. I cleaned up the dining room & washed tea things.

July 3d

Pleasant. Up late. Made mother some cream & cleaned in room Talked most of the day. Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. Knox & Mrs. Kelly. In the evening N & I went to see Mr. & Mrs. Allen, & cousins Ellen & [Illegible name]. Found Liz & Madge sick in bed.

July 4th

Pleasant. The children busy preparing for their “Queen of Quay” (?) [sic]<sup>240</sup> My week for cleaning our room commenced with to day. Nannie & I spent a great portion of the day in making & freezing the ice-cream.

28 children, most of the neighbors & Cousin M & Liz in the evening.

Madge is still sick. I hope she will soon be well again. Mr. Beale has returned.

July 5th

Pleasant indoors. Mr. Beale called in the morning. I practised an hour, also one on yesterday.

Late in the evening I went to see Madge, carried her & the others some ice-cream. Staid to tea with them. Dolie came in & spent some hours with us. Fairley Dalton returned with her.

I intend to practice an hour every day.

July 6th

Quite warm. Mother, Father N & I went to Fairview. There met Jane C & her father, Cousin Joe, Aunt Jane & Uncle Tom. Spent the day in looking ~~for~~ over drawers, wardrobe, bed linen &c. Mother N & I spent the night at Sunny Side. Mr. Kugel was there too. Had ice-cream after tea, did not retire until nearly two o'clock.

July 7th

---

<sup>240</sup> The meaning of this term could not be identified, and Lizzie's insertion of a parenthetical question mark suggests that she may have been unfamiliar with the term as well.

Very warm. Mother, N & I returned to Fair View, found Aunt Jane, Uncle Tom & little Josephine there. We took an inventory of glass, china silver, also of the contents of the garret. We came home in the evening, & Mr. Beale came over at night.

July 8th

Exceedingly warm, but a fine breeze. Fixed my drawers and wardrobe, around at Cousin John's, the girls to see us also.

July 9th, 1864

Fixed my clothes. Mr. Beale, Aunt Mary, have forgotten if any body else came. Liz & Madge.

July 10th, Sunday

Madge, Liz & I went to hear Mr. White in the morning. Nan & the girls also in the evening. Later Mrs. Beale, Ellen, & Fanny Young to see Mother. Madge & I two letters to ~~Mrs.~~ Dr. Rose.

July 11th

Nenna & Cousins John & Ellen by from service. N & Cousin E here on Friday also. Lizzie & I went down to Miss [Illegible name], in the evening. Mr. Atkins.

July 11th

Very warm. Busy all day. First cleaned the parlor, & dining room, had the closet fixed, & some things in the pantry.

Arranged Em's classes. Read history an hour, practiced an hour too at night went to Mrs. Young's to see some tableause. Douglass K as an escort. Em, Liz, Madge & Millie Svenson along with us.

July 12th

Warm. Had the pantry, storerooms, & meal room cleaned up, attended to my housekeeping & taught Em.

Read history & practiced. Cousin Ellen & Cousin John at night. Nelly Kelly & the Misses Hart.<sup>241</sup> Liz & I walked at night. Hetty L, & Madge.

July 13th

Busy doing over pickles, preserving black-berries, housekeeping, teaching Em, & read history one hour & a half. Mrs. Knox, (who has been over several times.) Madge for me to walk, but Mr. Beale came in, so a little before 11 he, M, & I went around to Cousin John's, woke them up to let them know that Madge was going to spend the night with me. We walked long.

July 14th

Pleasant, up early. Madge went home little after ~~breakfast~~ six o'clock. I had two jars of butter put up for winter use, besides cleaning up, & attending to my housekeeping, teaching Em, practicing two hours, reading history one, &c. At night, Madge Mr. Beale & I took a walk.

Mr. Beale & Berry in the morning.

---

<sup>241</sup> Although it is unknown to whom Lizzie is referring see footnote on page 115 related to the members of the Hart Family.



July 15th

Pleasant. Had other butter attended to. Taught Em [next word inserted above line] some, & read before dinner, besides cleaning up & house keeping. Minnie. After dinner Mr. Beale, Madge, Liz, Nan, Em & I went black berrying, had a pleasant time.

Our troops under Early, are within 3 miles of Washington, & we are shelling Baltimore according to the Yankee papers.<sup>242</sup>

July 16th

Pleasant. Attended to butter, fruit, &c in morning. Read history. Minnie Beale, Madge spent the day with us. In the evening Pam, Em Liz & Madge. Nelly, Minnie & I went to Mrs. Wolfe's to charades they were not very good.<sup>243</sup>

July 17th

Sunday. Did not go any where. Lizzie, Nen, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Allen, Cousins, & [Illegible name]. Mr. Beale & Mr. Robert Hall visitors. I slept most of the morning. Mr. Morris leaves in the morning. We are sorry to part with him. I have just written a note to Capt. Jones for Mother, but N is going to copy it.

July 18th, 1864

My week for cleaning our room up. [The numbers 3, 2, 1, written above the last three words]

---

<sup>242</sup> Lt. Gen. Jubal A. Early's (1816 – 1894) army attacked the suburbs of Washington, D.C., on July 11, 1864. See Benjamin Franklin Cooling, *Jubal Early's Raid on Washington* (Tuscaloosa: University of Alabama Press, 2007).

<sup>243</sup> Probably the widow Maria Bernard Temple Wolfe (b. 1826) of Fredericksburg, Virginia. She married, Thomas Roberdeau Wolfe (1819 - 1856) of Culpeper County, Virginia, in 1843. He removed to New Orleans where he practiced law for thirteen years. He died of consumption at Sharon Springs, N.Y. Roberdeau Buchanan, *Genealogy of the Roberdeau Family* (Washington: Joseph L. Pearson, 1876), 157.

Mr. Beale Mr. Atkins. Madge suffering with tooth ache. N, Em, & I went to see her in the evening Mrs. Kelly.

July 19th

Taught Em, read history practiced.

In evening Liz, N & I went visiting, called on Minnie Beale, Mrs. Ward, & Nelly Kelly. Fanny Scott to see us in evening.<sup>244</sup> Mr. Beale at-night.

July 20th

Madge & I went down street soon after breakfast. I took a dose of medicine when I came back. Liz & Madge to see me in the evening. Mrs. Knox, Julian & Sam to see Mother.<sup>245</sup>

July 21st

Mother, N & I went out to Fairview, where we staid until late Saturday evening. The Chandlers, [Illegible name] Mattie Frazier, &c met us there and we divided the silver, glass, bed & house linen, &c &c. Of-course had a fatiguing time. Jane staid with us Thursday night & Aunt Jane Friday night.<sup>246</sup>

"The sale" was continuous from Friday to Saturday. We bought the [illegible word] curtains, had a quantity of fun about "Lavender Stains" & "my parasol."

---

<sup>244</sup> Fanny Scott (b. 1842) lived at "Clearview," an estate in Falmouth, Virginia, with her unmarried sister Mary (b. 1823), and an invalid aunt. For more on Fanny and Mary Scott, see John Hennessy, "The mysterious Mary Scott of 'Clearview': And a Trivial Feud Bubbles Forth," *Mysteries and Conundrums Blog*, March 15, 2011, Accessed September 24, 2013, <http://npsfrsp.wordpress.com/2011/03/15/the-mysterious-mary-scott-and-clearview-and-a-trivial-feud-bubbles-forth/>.

<sup>245</sup> Julian (b. 1850) and Samuel H. (b. 1850) Beale are the sons of Jane Howison Beale of Fredericksburg. See footnote on page 65.

<sup>246</sup> Following the death of "Grand Ma Alsop," (see entry of May 20, 1864) Lizzie and her family spent a number of days at "Fairview," in Spotsylvania County, to settle her estate and distribute items among friends and family members.

Mother made worse by the trip.

Mrs. Knox came over & staid a long time with us after we got Mother to bed. Mrs. K— is indeed a true friend. Nannie had a letter from Betty this evening. We are going to have a mail regularly now.

July 24th

Sunday. Very smoky, as indeed have been all the days [Illegible character struck out] recently. N & I did not get down stairs until 25 mins. Past ten o'clock. I however was busy cleaning my room, & putting my clothes away until late, & did not hurry myself in dressing.

Sunday school was reopened this morning. I am glad to think I shall again have "my class" under my care. Mother is rather better to-day. Cousin Ellen, Mrs. Beale, Mrs. [Illegible name] & Mrs. Allen have all been to see her since church, & Mrs. Kelly sent her some nice soup.

Old Mr. Slaughter's family is coming back here to live soon. Dr. F— is coming up this week; to marry me, I understand. Liz & Madge came by on their way to S. S. Some several of our scouts are in town. Mr. V or B Metcalfe with them.

25th

Monday. Raining. Taught Em, read history some, helped clean up, & got through with my housekeeping earlier than usual.

Capt. Gregory came & spent the whole evening with us. Nelly Kelly, Mrs. Allen & Mrs. Knox up stairs also.

Nan & Father at Fairview. Did not see Liz & Madge the entire day, but Cousin Ellen, Nenna & Cousin John were here. Dr. Wallace comes almost every day.<sup>247</sup>

26th

Pleasant in doors. Unable to teach Em, read or practice. Capt. Gregory in the morning. I saw him only a short time, busy making custard.

Liz & Madge dined with us. After dinner Madge & I danced considerably. Mrs. Knox Mrs. Tyler & Frazer, Capt. Gregory & Mr. F— came to tea. I walked with Capt. Gregory yesterday & again this evening Vena Young came to invite us to a “Pic-nic,” ~~it~~ but we are not going.<sup>248</sup>

July 27th

Warm. Busy until late in the evening. Cousin [Illegible name] Aunts Mary & Jane, Uncle Tom S, Cousin F, Capt. Gregory to dinner. Mr. Beale until late at-night. Capt. Gregory & I walked to the Monument & Semitary; called by Cousin John's, Mrs. Knox.

---

<sup>247</sup> Probably Dr. John H. Wallace (b. 1793) who owned “Liberty Hall,” a farm of more than 500 acres in Stafford County, Virginia. He also served as President of the Farmer's Bank on Princess Anne Street. See John Hennessy, “An Umnatched Visual Record: The 1888 Steeple Shots Reveal Some of Fredericksburg's Lost Buildings,” *Fredericksburg Remembered Blog*, April 22, 2011, Accessed September 24, 2013. <https://fredericksburghistory.wordpress.com/2011/04/22/an-umnatched-visual-record-the-1888-steeple-shots-reveal-some-of-fredericksburgs-lost-buildings/>.

<sup>248</sup> Probably Malvina Young (b. 1847), daughter of John J. (b. 1814) and Sara E. Young (b. 1816) of Fredericksburg, Virginia. 1860 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 283 (handwritten), dwelling 236, family 232, John J. Young; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1380.

I rec. a letter from Capt. Church this morning, also one from M. [Illegible name]. I wrote my diary for the 26th & 27th insts when I was very sleepy.

July 28th

Warm.

I cleaned up the parlour, had the closet scoured, attended to ice-cream, & my housekeeping.

Uncle Tom has come. I was so delighted to see him, my dearest uncle.

He reached Sunny Side this morning, & brought Aunts E & D in with him, & a letter from Uncle George to N & me. Nannie went back to "S. S" with them. Mrs. Knox sent Uncle Tom, some delicious blackberry pudding. At night I sent her, Mrs. Little & Mrs. Kelly some "caromel." Nannie, as usual, as [sic] guessed my secret, but I neither admit, nor deny anything.

Cousin John, Fanny & Young to see Mother. Oh me, I am so tired, & not at all well.

July 29th

Attended to my housekeeping &c, & came up stairs by one o'clock; when feeling badly, laid down, have been sick all day; but feel better this evening.

Mrs. Knox to see Mother, & Mr. Beale to see us. I trust I will get a letter by this evening's mail. Miss Medora, Liz & Madge came around later, & sat some time. After they left I took a dose of medicine.

July 30th

Very warm. I sick in bed, all the morning, but felt better in the evening & sat up. Amused myself during the day by finishing “[illegible]” & “A Life for a Life” also commenced “John Halifax,” in afternoon made three little blank books. Madge came & staid a long time with me. Liz also later.

Mother Em & Father went into the country but they & N have come back. Mr. Beale this evening.

Mother and I had our tea upstairs & had a nice little talk over it. Wrote in my journal.

July 31st

It is Sunday, & very warm.

In the morning I attended Sunday School, & Church-Sermon by Rev. Mr. Owens. Lizzie Chew & I went to church together, and Mr. B— walked home with us.

Staid at home in afternoon, & wrote three letters at-night.

August 1st

Warm, & I unamicable the whole day, until night. Read an hour, practiced 2 & 1/4, &c.

In the evening I went to see Miss Bettie & Fanny Scott, found Mrs. Knox Madge here when I came back. Nellie Kelly, Lizzie, [next word inserted above line] Julian & Minnie came afterwards, and we had a grand dance.<sup>249</sup> Mrs. Kelly to see Mother. Nannie sick.

---

<sup>249</sup> “Minnie” may be a nickname for Marion Beale (b. 1848). See footnote on page 72, regarding the Beale family.

August 2d

Warm. Taught Em, cleaned up my room, practiced  $\frac{3}{4}$ , read an hour. Resumed cravat, & helped Mother to air Grand Ra's [sic] things.<sup>250</sup>

Went to "prayer meeting" in the evening, & afterward Minnie, Liz, Hattie H, & Madge & I paid a visit to the Youngs. Mr. Beale to see us in morning. Rained.

August 3d

Quite warm cleaned up, read some, taught Em. Nelly Kelly sometime in the morning, afterwards brought me two little clasps. Mr. Atkins, Mr. Marye Sr. In the evening I "frized" Nelly's & Madge's hair for them. All three of my cousins looked lovely, so different, & yet so little to make them [illegible word].

Liz came for one of us to go to prayer meeting we did not. Mr. B— came at-night, enjoyed his visit very much. Miss Medora Buck & Mr. Sandy Little married. Snowdon [illegible word] last night. [The word night is inserted above the line]

Aug. 4th

Mr. Slaughter, Mrs. Allen in morning. Father started to Cumberland Mrs. Knox, Mr. Little Wolfe Liz & Nenna.

Madge & I went to "Prayer Meeting," and I took tea at Cousin John's. Taught Em, & read some, but did not practice.

---

<sup>250</sup> Probably "Grand Ma's things," referring to Lizzie's paternal grandmother Mary Campbell Marshall Alsop.

Aug. 5th

Right warm. Rose late, cleaned up, taught Em. Mr. Atkins, Mrs. Little, Mr. Owens & Minnie. I have been feeling badly all day. In the evening wrote some. Mr. Beale at night, also Mrs. B— Julian & Sam, Messrs. Knox & Douglas, Mrs. Ward.

Aug. 6th

Cleaned up, made some cake for Mrs. Little & Mother. It was very nice. Made six & a half out of two pounds. Mr. Atkins, Mrs. Little, Mrs. Knox, Lizzie, Douglas & Mary, Julian to stay at night. Went to see Madge in the evening. She is quite sick. Did not read & practiced not well.

Aug. 7th

Sunday. Went to Sunday School, had 7 (seven) pupils. Florence Thornton & Mother, entire [illegible word]. Miss Jane Cunningham very polite in lending me “[illegible word]” &c for my class.

I did go to church anywhere, although there was service three times during the day. Lizzie, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Knox & Mr. Kugle.

Julian stays here every night. Had a long letter from Loulie.

Aug 8th



Attended to my housekeeping, washed my hair, taught Em, did some little work & practiced before dinner. Suffered most of the day with headache & fever. Mr. Knox, Mr. Beale at-night. Mrs. Little sent Mother some nice pig &c &c.<sup>251</sup>

Reported that Genl. Lee with Longstreet's Hill's Corps have gone to Maryland, & that Grant's Army is going North, also that Beauregard has [illegible word, possibly sprung] a mine, & blown some of them up. Our fleet at Mobile, said to have been captured.<sup>252</sup>

Madge still quite sick.

Aug 9th

Warm.

After attending to breakfast felt badly, so Mother sent for the doctor.

[Illegible name] & Sue Scott in the morning, also Mr. Atkins.

Lizzie in evening, Mrs. Knox also.

Mr. Beale sent me a basket of delicious peaches. Nannie & I both had letters fr. George, who is sick.

---

<sup>251</sup> Either Louisa S. Little (b. 1826), wife of William A. Little, or his mother Isabella J. Little (b. 1788). 1860 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 265 (handwritten), dwelling 96, family 96, William A. Little; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1380.

<sup>252</sup> Lizzie incorrectly identified the troops involved, but Confederate forces did return to Pennsylvania on July 30, 1864, and burned the town of Chambersburg. Her reference to the mine at Petersburg is correct, but it was federal troops that exploded the mine on July 30, 1864, not the Confederates. The battle of Mobile Bay, Alabama, was fought on August 5, 1864. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 548.

Aug 10th

Very warm. I sick in bed. Nelly Kelly sent me some nice breakfast, & made an elegant peach.

Mrs. Little, Mr. Beale, cousin John & Aunt E— all the visitors. I had a long letter from Aunt Ellen.

Madge is improving, so Liz went to Mr. Hart's this evening.

Aug 11th

Warm. I up but not well.

Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Brauley, her daughter, Nenna, Mr. Beale visitors.

Nelly Kelly sent me some beautiful plums.

Aug 12

Exceedingly warm.

Feeling better. Attended to some housekeeping & read "John Halifax." Mrs. Knox, Miss Nettie Douglas at-night.

Aug 13th

Aniversary. Very warm. I practiced & sewed a good-deal. Attended to my housekeeping.<sup>253</sup>

Mr. Atkins brought Mother a present of three watermelons. Miss Jane Slaughter before breakfast.

---

<sup>253</sup> The "anniversary" to which Lizzie refers in this passage is the death of Hannah Graves.

Aug 14th

Sunday. Attended S. School. Seven pupils present. Did not go to church on account of the heat. While Mother and Nan were there, had a delightful shower. Mr. Beale in evening, & Dr. Wallace to see me.

I think on the whole I spent the morning right profitably that is, I would not have been as much benefitted by listening to preaching, as I was by my work. Studied almost a whole lecture in Jouffroy & would have finished, but for Mr. B—'s coming.<sup>254</sup>

Aug 15th

Weather still very warm. Read a good deal in history, & commenced teaching Em, when Nelly came over. Before I went in to see her, Capt. Church & Lt. Butler came. We were so glad to see them. They only came up on a Scout. The Brigade is at Beaver Dam. Gen. Young & Capt. Thomas have returned.

Madge, Aunt Dory in the evening, & some three or four children to see Em. Have not sewed any. Oh me!! I am very silly . . .

Aug 16th

Temperature the same. Taught Em, & practiced in the morning, but did not read much. Mr. Sherman came to see us in the afternoon, & Mr. Atkins also called.

I paid Nelly Kelly a visit, then N, Liz Madge & I went to the post-office, out shopping, & to see Mrs. Hart & Jenny, also to Cousin John's for a little while. Mr. Beale & Mr. Sherman at-night.

---

<sup>254</sup> Probably refers to French philosopher Théodore Simon Jouffroy (1796 – 1842). Lucien Lévy-Bruhl, *History of Modern Philosophy in France: With portraits of the Leading French Philosophers* (Chicago, The Open Court Publishing Company, 1899), 349-357.

Aug 17th

Exceedingly warm.

Taught Em in morning & went to Reading Class at Cousin John's. Had a nice time, drinking health in cider, eating peaches & apples, & naming seed. A slight shower just after we came home.

All of us are invited to Cousin John's this evening, to get some peach-cream. I have a partial engagement to walk with Mr. Beale this evening. Later Mr. Beale came, but rain prevented. Carrie Hall Senior Carrie Hall Junior, & Nelly Kelly at-night so we did not go to Cousin John's until late.<sup>255</sup> Read some.

Aug 18th

Raining most all day. Rose at 20 mins to three, dressed, then slept in my chair till nearly seven. When I went down & read till breakfast. Teaching Em, reading & practicing until almost three. Mrs. Knox, Monie Conway & Milly Wallace.<sup>256</sup> Liz & Madge are coming to stay all night, if it does not rain. I finished "Lord's Modern History" to-day. Wrote to Phennie & then went for the girls. We danced most of the evening, & did not retire until nearly one o'clock. Had a funny time writing names for the dream cake.<sup>257</sup>

---

<sup>255</sup> Possibly Caroline C. Hall (b. 1845), daughter of John B. Hall (b. 1787), and Caroline G. Hall (b. 1849), daughter Horace Byrd Hall (b. 1824). John and his son Horace were both druggists in Fredericksburg. 1860 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 269 (handwritten), dwelling 123, family 123, John B. Hall; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1380; 1860 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 265 (handwritten), dwelling 124, family 124, Horace B. Hall; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1380.

<sup>256</sup> Probably Edmonia Conway (b. 1846), daughter of Bettie C. Conway (b. 1827) of Fredericksburg, Virginia. "Milly" is probably Mildred Wallace (b. 1830) who, in 1860, was listed in the household of Rev. William F. Broaddus. 1860 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 269 (handwritten), dwelling 127, family 127, Bettie C. Conway; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1380.

<sup>257</sup> Possibly a derivation of the tradition whereby putting a piece of cake wrapped, around the names of "two or three lovers" written on a piece of paper, under one's pillow and sleeping on it for a number of days will devine which one is

Aug 19th

Rainy. Liz & Madge staid until after one, so we had Reading Class.

Cousin George brought me four letters. I was so glad to get them. The morning passed simply. After the girls left taught Em, & am almost just out of school, at 5½ o'clock P.M. Mrs. Beale came to see Mother this morning. It is raining quite fast, so we cannot go to Dr. Taylor's. I wrote to Aunt Ellen. Miss Hetty, Ellen & Margaret in the evening. Mother gave me some beautiful paper, pins needles & soap.

Aug 20th

Raining. Wrote to Madge F—, then Uncle Tom came in to tell us George was sick at Sunny Side. I went out with him, & Nannie came for us in the evening.

Mr. Beale, Cousin John, Dr. Wallace.

Aug 21st

Sunday. I went to Sunday School, & then to church. Mr. Beale escorted me back Cousin George after church, & Mr. Atkins. Mrs. Knox sent George some nice soup. Cousins John, Ellen & Bob are all sick. I went to church with Madge.

---

supposed to marry. M. G. Watkins, "Folk-lore for Sweethearts," *The Eclectic Magazine of Foreign Literature, Science, and Art*, Vol. 41 (New York: E. R. Pelton, 1885), 493.

We have whipped the Yankees again, taken 2000 prisoners.<sup>258</sup>

Mr. Beale at-night. Mr. Young.

Aug 22d

Warm. George no better. Uncle Tom & Aunt Eliza to stay. Uncle Tom & Aunt Jane to dinner. Miss Birch & Ellen Young in the evening.

At night all of us sang & played a long time. On the whole had a very pleasant day. Nelly Kelly sent George some peaches.

Aug 23d

Dolie came to stay. I attended to my housekeeping & went to Cousin John's. Madge here for a few mins.

George right sick. We have gained a victory in Florida, driven Sheridan back into Maryland, & whipped the enemy near the Weldon road, capturing some 3000.<sup>259</sup>

On Sunday however we were repulsed with considerable loss on the Weldon road.

---

<sup>258</sup> The battle of the Weldon Railroad (Globe Tavern) occurred in Dinwiddie County, Virginia, August 18 – 21, 1864. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 556-558. See John Horn, *The Petersburg Campaign: The Destruction of the Weldon Railroad, Deep Bottom, Globe Tavern, and Reams Station, August 14 – 25, 1864* (Lynchburg: H. E. Howard, 1991).

<sup>259</sup> The battle of Gainesville was fought on August 17, 1864, when a Confederate force defeated Union detachments on a raid from the Union garrison near Jacksonville, Florida. Lizzie may be referring to the engagement at Guard Hill (Front Royal), Virginia, on August 16, 1864. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 556.

Quite a levee in the evening. Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Henderson & Fanny Nelson. Mr. Beale. Later Dr. W. Cousin George, Nenna, Sallie, Liz & Madge. Madge, cousin G & I acted mus-i-cal. Had ice cream & cake.

Aug 24th

Very warm. George rather better, but in bed. Attended to my house-keeping, sewed a little.

Miss M— to see my Aunts. Dr. Wallace to see George twice.

Uncle Tom, Dolie & Aunt E returned to Sunny Side late in the evening. Mrs. King sent Mother some beautiful peaches.

Aug 26th

Busy housekeeping, & making "German Peach Pickle" until after one o'clock.

Father came home this morning.

Did not finish teaching Em till after six o'clock P.M.

George has had right much fever to-day.

It is reported we have driven the enemy fr the Weldon Road.

Finished writing in my journal. I am very sorry.

The heavens present a most angry appearance, & it rains a little ever & anon & darkness, not “like a gentle spirit,” but rather as an infuriated demon is creeping over all. Wrote to Emma Graves.

Aug 26th

Warm. Attended to my housekeeping, taught Em, sewed some, & wrote part of a letter, besides reading the 1st lecture in “French on Study of Words.” In evening Madge & I called on Mrs. S. Little, Mrs. Ward, Carrie Hall, [illegible word] Mother & Em joined us & we went to Cousin John’s. M & I also to Mr. R. Hart’s. Mrs. Knox.

Aug 27th

George not so well. Mother & I making pickles all the morning. Then I sat in George’s room & sewed until nearly four, also there most of the time after dinner.

Uncle Tom in the fore & afternoon.

Aunt Jane sent to see about G. & a basket of peaches. Liz, Madge & Mr. Crutchfield at night.

Aug 28th

Sunday. Pleasant.

I went to Sunday School, had a new scholar. Mr. Owen lectured.



George is better to-day. Mrs. Knox came over after dinner, brought a letter from Lt. Metcalf.<sup>260</sup>

Madge came by for me to go to church. Mrs. Allen came back with us. Dr. Wallace, Mr. Beale at-night.

Mrs. Knox sent mother some supper. Mrs. Allen sent G. some flowers.

Aug 29th, 1864

Pleasantly cool.

George better, Mother sick in bed, & Emm sweeping. I walked before breakfast, afterwards sat in G—  
's room most of the morning, read some, & darned some. Uncle Tom, Cousins John & Bob. The latter,  
Madge & Nenna going home with the former. Fairley, Julian Mr. Atkins.

Aug 30th

Pleasant. Walked before breakfast, then carried G— his — & was getting ready to go to Ella's, when she  
came. Busy with dinner arranging about my dresses & darning &c.

After dinner practiced nearly an hour when Cousin George came in, then Mr. Samson for some time.  
After which N & I went to see Loulie. Liz C came home with me, & Cousin Mercer & Fitz in morning,  
also Nelly Kelly for few mins.

Dr. Wallace, Mr. Samson all night. N has gone to stay with L Chew.

George & Mother sitting up, Em feverish, note to Nelly G. & to Millie, (notes both).

---

<sup>260</sup> Probably Lt. Charles Metcalf (d. 1865), Company A, Jeff Davis Legion, Mississippi Cavalry. Broadfoot Publishing Company, *Roster of Confederate Soldiers*.

Aug 31st

Pleasant. Just like ordinary days in the latter part of Summer. Warm in the sun, & cool indoors. Mrs. Knox. Attended to Nannie's housekeeping. Fixed Em's room &c &c, then went to Ellas. Came back by Mrs. Allen's, & had a very pleasant visit. She gave me some beautiful flowers & a bunch of grapes. Mr. Allen actually cut me two buds. Mended a pair of gloves.

Em sick in bed, but Mother & George both downstairs.

Dr. [Illegible name], Mr. Crutchfield, & Mr. Beale came for us to go to Dr. Taylor's. N went, I did not. Messrs. Hart Miss Young & Loulie. Mr. Beale came home with Nannie & then escorted her back to Cousin John's, where she spent the night.

September 1st, 1864

Rose tolerably early, walked two miles before breakfast, then attended to Nan's housekeeping. Mr. Beale & Mr. Berry. I commenced George's cravat.

In the evening went to Cousin John's & to see Edmonia Barbour.<sup>261</sup> Madge & I took a walk. Read over a good many letters received about this time last year.

Sept. 2d

---

<sup>261</sup> Edmonia Barbour (b. 1851) was the daughter of the widow Harriet Stuart Barbour (b. 1810). Harriet and her four children lived in the household of her brother-in-law, Horace B. Ball (b. 1827). 1860 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 265 (handwritten), dwelling 124, family 124, Horace B. Hall; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1380.

Cool. Did not walk or attend to my other before-breakfast duties. Very unpleasant morning to me.  
Read a good deal in "French," darned four pairs of stockings & sewed a little on the cravat. Loulie  
spent the day. Uncle Thomas came to stay. Mary Jane, Mr. & Mrs. [Sandy] Little to see me. Mrs. Allen,  
Mr. Atkins. Mrs. King sent Mother a [illegible word] of beautiful grapes & peaches. Madge in morning.  
Nenna Chew sick, Mr. C— went home. [last sentence written vertically in right margin]

Sept. 3d, 1864

Pleasant. N not well. Attended to breakfast & housekeeping for N—, froze some cream for Mother,  
fixed flower vases, & finished cravat, which was pronounced "very pretty." Nelly Kelly this morning.  
Dr. W—, Mrs. Knox. Willie & Loulie. Gay Roberts died Thursday night.<sup>262</sup> Her body arrived this  
evening, & is at Cousin John's. Poor girl, so young. Mr. Roberts, Miss [Illegible name] are here, they are  
greatly distressed.

Sept. 4th

Sunday. Cool indoors & warm out.

Rose early, directly after breakfast went to Gay R—'s funeral. Mr. Owen preached from "Mat. XXIV,  
44." Mother Em & Liz went to church. Millie.

Nannie sick in bed, George better. Uncle Tom in evening. Madge for a long time after dinner. I walked  
"our corner" with her.

At night, she, cousin Bob, Uncle Tom, Liz & Em & I went to church. Nenna improving.

---

<sup>262</sup> Gabriella B. Roberts (1846 – 1864) was the daughter of John H. (b. 1807) and Ellen Roberts (b. 1819) of Fredericksburg, Virginia. 1860 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 284 (handwritten), dwelling 238, family 234, John H. Roberts; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1380.

I spent some of the evening arranging old letters, unprofitably.

Uncle Thomas went to Sunny Side.

Sept. 5th

Cool, & rainy. Willie & Loulie spent the day. I taught Em, kept home & read some in “Agatha’s Husband.”<sup>263</sup> Uncle Tom went to Richmond. Mr. Randolph Fitzhugh, Mr. Marye Sr. Mrs. Knox. Rain prevented us fr. seeing L & M C. Nanny still sick in bed.

I had quite a high fever in the morning.

There is a great deal of sickness in town. Nenna not so well.

Sept. 6th

“The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;  
The wind, it blows, & is never weary.”

I kept home, taught Em, & finished “A—’s H—”

No company in morning. Aunt E— brought Uncle T— in. While here she rec. a letter fr. our mutual friend. I one fr. Mollie Button & Nan one from Harriet. I wrote to Madge.

---

<sup>263</sup> Published in 1853, *Agatha’s Husband* was the fourth novel by English novelist Dinah Craik. It featured a woman’s crisis resulting from the lack of communication between husband and wife. The book was not popular with reviewers, who found Nathanael’s reticence absurd, and criticized Craik on moral grounds because the dishonest Frederick remains unpunished. “Agatha’s Husband,” *Literary Heritage West Midlands*, accessed September 24, 2013, <http://www3.shropshire-cc.gov.uk/intros/T000164.htm>.

Lizzie is sick, but downstairs. Mr. C— came in yesterday evening. Dr. W, Mr. Beale from 5 to 10 & ½ P.M.

Sept. 7th

Clear & cold. Was awakened by the sun, shining in my eyes.

Kept house. Taught Em until Nelly & Fanny came to ask [next five words written vertically in right margin] me to help about charades. Mrs. Knox, Mr. Atkins, Nannie up. Father not well, but he & George gone to Hilton. Mr. Polley to see former. Mr. Knox sick. Douglas & Mr. B— better.

Spent some 2 or three hours at Mr. Kelly's in the morning. After dinner Dolie, Mrs. Minor, Miss J Slaughter. Mended my veragé, dressed & went to Mr. Kelly by half past seven. Words acted, "Mistake," "Dram-atic," "Bal-ti-more," "Del-i-cate."

Liz C, sick in bed and Madge at Dr. Taylors.

Sept. 8th, 1864

Morning bright, evening rainy. Attended to my housekeeping & taught Em, wrote in my journal after ~~brea~~ dinner. Had a chill & fever. Father & Uncle Thomas left.

Liz & Madge were coming to see me this evening, but it is raining.

Sept. 9th

Mr. Beale brought me some flowers [ink is smudged and difficult to read]. I sick in bed. Madge in morning. Liz & Mr. Crutchfield after dinner. Tip came yesterday.<sup>264</sup> Mr. Bob Knox, Nelly K & Jane Scott for a min or two. Mr. Beale brought me some beautiful flowers.

I have read the first book of Hyperion.<sup>265</sup> Cousin Bob is right sick with chills.

I was so disappointed because there were no letters this evening. It is said the cars will be running next Tuesday.

Sept. 10th

Sick in bed, & feeling very badly. Mrs. Knox to see me in morning Loulie spent the day. Nelly Kelly, & Lizzie Chew to see me after dinner, also Edmonia & Hattie. Mrs. Allen, Mr. Beale.

Mr. B brought me some exquisite flowers & a delicious pear. Mother N & Em went to charades at Mrs. Conway's.<sup>266</sup> I was invited to act. [P1060251] Mrs. A— brought me a beautiful "[illegible word]." George read the "Examiner"<sup>267</sup> to me. We have been defeated in Georgia.<sup>268</sup> Altogether I have had quite a happy day.

---

<sup>264</sup> As "Tip" is frequently mentioned in relation to Madge Chew, it may be a nickname of her brother, Hugh H. Chew (1841 - 1873), Lizzie's second cousin.

<sup>265</sup> Published in 1839, *Hyperion: A Romance* was one of American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's (1807 – 1882) earliest works. The book enjoyed many printings. Steven Allaback, "Henry Wadsworth Longfellow," *The American Renaissance in New England*, ed. Joel Myerson (Detroit: Gale Research International, 1978).

<sup>266</sup> Most likely either Bettie C. Conway (b. 1827) or Maria G. Conway (b. 1823). Both women appear to be widowed, and both have daughters near Lizzie's age. 1860 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 269 (handwritten), dwelling 127, family 127, Bettie C. Conway; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1380. 1860 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 32 (handwritten), dwelling 237, family 233, Maria G. Conway; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1380.

<sup>267</sup> Probably refers to the *Richmond Examiner*, one of four daily newspapers printed in Richmond during the war. Of the fall of Atlanta, the *Examiner* wrote that it was a "trifling affair," its only real importance being that it "would be puffed and swelled out of all proportion by that party in the enemy's country which hopes to re-elect Abraham Lincoln." T. Tunnell, "Confederate Newspapers in Virginia During the Civil War." *Encyclopedia Virginia*, Virginia Foundation for the Humanities, accessed September 24, 2013, [http://www.EncyclopediaVirginia.org/Newspapers\\_in\\_Virginia\\_During\\_the\\_Civil\\_War\\_Confederate](http://www.EncyclopediaVirginia.org/Newspapers_in_Virginia_During_the_Civil_War_Confederate).

Sept 11th

Sunday. Still sick in bed. Warm in morning, but weather turned cooler towards night. Dolie & Aunt E— spent the day, no church. Carrie Hall sent me word she wanted to call & see me after “Prayer Meeting,” but was afraid I would not like it, as to-day was Sunday.

Madge is still sick, & Mr. Beale had quite a severe chill yesterday eve. Aunt E— brought me some flowers. They came for me to go out to Sunny Side.

Sept. 12th

Very cool. I sick in bed. Amused myself listening to Em reading Adèle, & reading some myself.<sup>269</sup>

Had ice-cream in evening. Nelly K came over.

Sept. 13th

I up, read Adèle most of the day. Cousin Ellen Mrs. Allen both sent me a nice dinner. Loulie & Ellen G— in evening.

Liz has sore throat badly. Madge better.

Sept. 14th

I did some mending, put the finishing touches to my two rooms, & sewed on G—’s cravat. Capt. Jones to dinner & again at-night. Loulie & Col. Crutchfield.

---

<sup>268</sup> Refers to the surrender of Atlanta, Georgia, on September 2, 1864. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 565.

<sup>269</sup> *Adèle: A Tale of France* was published in 1838 by Miss E. Randall (London: Relfe and Fletcher, 1838).

The first train of cars [hyphen struck out] came up this morning since the Yankees occupied last Spring.

I had a letter from Kate Gordon.

Mr. Tom Knox's Jr. behavior brought to light.<sup>270</sup> I feel truly for Mr. & Mrs. Knox, & them all.

Sept. 18th

Capt. Jones to breakfast & some time afterwards. Spent the morning setting out slips, dusting my rooms, & reading. Then went to see Nelly Kelly & the Chew girls. Received two letters, from Emma & Margaret.

E's was dated "Aug 11th" and contained the intelligence; that she was to be married & wished me to be one of her attendants. That all-important event took place on the 8th of this month, & I knew nothing of it until the 15th inst. ~~She is did was~~ [the words "did" and "was" were inserted above the line] ~~going to ma~~

Madge came around later, brought me some delicious peach-cream, which Tip sent as a "Memento of his affection."

---

<sup>270</sup> Thomas Stuart Knox (1839 - 1904) was the second oldest of six sons of Thomas (b. 1808) and Virginia Soutter Knox (b. 1815). The Knox family lived across the street from the Alsops. On September 10, 1864, Knox and an accomplice stole approximately \$700,000 from the Confederate treasury and escaped to Union lines. The pair escaped and Knox abandoned his wife and child. Russ Smith, "Scandal in Fredericksburg!," *Mysteries and Conundrums*, January 24, 2013, accessed September 24, 2013. <http://npsfrsp.wordpress.com/2013/01/24/scandal-in-fredericksburg/>.



Aunt E— in the evening. Fairley brought Mother a quantity of chinquapins.<sup>271</sup> Capt. Jones sent [sic] the day & night. In the evening Nannie Em & I entertained them by singing, playing et cetera.

Sept. 16th

Pleasant. Capt. Jones to breakfast, & sometime after. I sewed, fin. George's cravat, & did some on my dress. Afterwards attempted to write to "Mrs. Auspach" until Lizzie came, & while she was here Col. Crutchfield called on me. Then Mr. All [sic] Slaughter. Uncle Tom up from R— & Capt. Jones to say adieu. Dusted & swept parlor after company left. In evening wrote Emma a long letter. Madge came for me to go visiting. We called on Ada Mc C. & Milly Wallace, also went to see about [Illegible name], Loulie & Col. C— just as we were about starting.<sup>272</sup> Uncle Tom washed my face, & teased me in every way. Mr. Beale at-night, I went fast asleep.

Sept. 17th

Pleasant. I went out to Sunny Side with Uncle Tom. Made most of a cravat for him. Mrs. Samuel, Miss Dobins, & Mr. Kugel in evening. At-night had much fun. Spent a very pleasant day.

Visitors at home. Miss Bettie Scott, & Mr. Berry, Cousin G— Mrs. Allen.

Sept. 18th

---

<sup>271</sup> The edible nut of a chinquapin or any of several trees (genera *Castanea* and *Castanopsis*), especially a dwarf chestnut (*Castanea pumila*) of the United States. "Chincapin / Chinquapin," *Oxford English Dictionary* (1889), accessed on September 29, 2013,

<sup>272</sup> Alvada McCarty (b. 1844) and Ella McCarty (b. 1842) lived in the household of Juliet A. Neale (b. 1800) of Fredericksburg, Virginia. Neale, a divorcee, was "famous for the constant presence of her turban, lived at what is today 307 Caroline Street. She was a founding member of the Relief Society in Fredericksburg, and worked as a nurse at Belvoir, in Spotsylvania County. 1860 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 293 (handwritten), dwelling 311, family 307, Juliet A. Neale; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1380; John Hennessy, "The Women of Fredericksburg Mobilize," *Fredericksburg Remembered*, October 3, 2012, accessed September 24, 2013. <http://fredericksburghistory.wordpress.com/2010/10/03/the-women-of-fredericksburg-mobilize/>.

Rained some. Mother, George, Nan & Em came out to S. Side. In evening Dolie G, Em Uncle Tom & I came home in carriage, & Mother, Nan Aunt E, & Fairley in a cart. We had a [illegible word] ride. Tomorrow George & Uncle Tom leave us. I do not like to think of it. I have not remembered the Sabbath to keep it holy. I know. Indeed I often do not.

Julian. No visitors. Had an agreeable day.

Sept. 19th

Rose early, wrote to Uncle George, & finished Uncle Tom's cravat. Cousins John Bob & Frank Forbes after breakfast.

George & Uncle Tom left. Dolie & Aunt E also went home. Rec. a letter from Phenie, & fr. Emma. Busy for some time arranging flower vases. In evening Madge & I ~~went to see Ada McCarty, & Milly Wallace,~~ besides going to see about hat & Nenna. At-night I wrote & read some.

Sept. 20th

Pleasant. In morning kept house, covered buttons, mended dress, & dressed for dinner. Cousins J, G & Bob Chew, Nenna, Liz, & Mr. Forbes to dinner. Mr. Atkins Julian.

In evening, N, Nenna, Cousin Bob L & I went visiting. L & I to see Carrie, [next two words inserted above line] Kelly & [illegible word].

Sept. 21st

Dense fog in morning. Practiced more than an hour before breakfast. Afterwards some, making in all 1 & ½ hrs. Had flour & sugar weighed.

Sewed a good deal. Went to Reading Class, peeled peaches for Mother, & read some at-night.

Madge came for me to go to walk, but Messrs. Fitzhugh, & Carmichal called & prevented our going out.

Nelly Kelly earlier. Mr. Herndon & Julian at-night. Mr. Atkins.

Gen. Early has been defeated, Genls Rhodes & Godwin being killed.<sup>273</sup>

Genl Hampton has recently made a raid, capturing 2500 cattle, a good many guns, prisoners &c. I rec. a letter fr. Capt. Church dated Aug 27.<sup>274</sup>

Sept. 22d

Gloomy. Practiced an hour & three quarters, helped about housekeeping, & got to sewing by a little after 11 o'clock. Worked steadily until after six P.M. except time at dinner, & a little while playing with kitten &c, then dressed & finished "Heart's ease."<sup>275</sup>

Nannie spending night at Mrs. Allen's.

Mr. Atkins, Mr. Herndon only visitors.

---

<sup>273</sup> Refers to the battle of Third Winchester, fought on September 19, 1864. Maj. Gen. Robert Emmett Rodes (1829 – 1864) and Brig. Gen. Archibald Campbell Godwin (1831 – 1864) were killed in action. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 571 – 572; Warner, *Generals in Gray*, 108.

<sup>274</sup> Refers to Maj. Gen. Wade Hampton's "Beefsteak Raid," near Petersburg, Virginia, on September 16-17, 1864. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 570.

<sup>275</sup> Possibly Jessie Connell's *The Heart's-Ease, or, Grammar in Verse* (London, Richard Griffin and Company, 1854).

Julian.

Sept. 23d

Pleasant. Busy sewing, housekeeping & practicing all the morning. Then Aunt E came in and I got ready to go to Mrs. Allen's. Where all of us spent the day, & Mother & I staid all night, had a pleasant visit.

Mr. Atkins, Lizzie Chew all night. Mr. Beale. Julian. Miss Knox. Mr. Metcalfe. [The last two names written vertically in the right margin]

To-day N & I, both rec. letters from Ellen Grisham, asking us to be bridesmaids for her.

Sept. 24th

Morning cloudy. Mother & I came home from Mrs. Allen's early. I sewed a good deal before & directly after breakfast.

Em Marye & Sue Scott. After they left I helped mother about ice-cream, kept house, &c, then wrote a little dressed & helped to set the table. Mary Douglas Knox, Gray Doswell, & Mr. [Illegible name] Metcalfe to dinner & spend the evening.

After dinner, Dr. Mason, Mrs. & Mr. Beale, Mr. Atkins, Loulie & Betty Young. At night Mr. B— Minnie & Julian, & Madge all night; we attempted to act a charade & failed.

Sent for Nelly to come over, but she was not at-home. Spent a more pleasant day than I anticipated. Miss Sarah Strother sent me a bouquet of lovely flowers through Mr. Beale & Mrs. Allen gave me a fur. "Miss Francis" sent me a slip of Geranium.

Sept. 25th

Sunday, cool & pleasant. Attended Sunday School, & church. Then went to post-office & Cousin John's. Found Madge had another chill after going home. Tip is quite sick. Dr. Mason, Mr. Metcalfe, spent the evening & night. We heard through Mr. Taylor that Father had been quite sick. Wrote some in evening. Several of my scholars were absent this morning. Mrs. Watson is dead.

Sept. 26th

Pleasant. I rose right early, ~~just~~ sewed some, read a good deal on "French," fixed parlor & our room, & then had a chill. In evening read some in "Hyperion."

Lizzie in morning. Tip & Madge better. Liz sent N & me some "mushrooms" for breakfast. Mr. Metcalfe staid sometime after breakfast. Loulie & Mrs. Young in evening Mr. Beale all night. Mother, Em & M all feeling badly.

Sept. 27th

Pleasant. Read & practiced some before breakfast; finished latter directly after.  $\approx 7 \text{ \& } \frac{1}{4}$  or  $\frac{1}{2}$ , then set out slips, soaked my Palmetto and put it out to bleach. Nelly Kelly, Mr. Atkins, Mr. Marye Sr. to see mother.

Sewed some, finished letter to Phennie wrote to Capt. Beale a long time, & all night.

In evening I went to Cousin John's although had a fever.

Madge quite sick & Tip just the same.

Sept. 28th

Pleasant. Practiced & sewed, put Palmetto out to bleach, fixed my two rooms, & dressed flower vases.

In evening Mrs. Knox, Mr. Bob Knox, Mr. R. Fitzhugh & Mr. Beale, later all night, enjoyed myself. ~~I went to Cousin,~~

Mother has a note from Capt. Church. To-day's papers rather more cheering.

Sept. 29th

Practiced more than an hour before breakfast. Put out Palmetto, fixed my two rooms, went to see Loulie, Mrs. Allen & to Ella's. Staid sometime at each place. Then came home & was busy sewing until dark. Completed my dress. I am proud to say I made it myself. Wrote two notes & a letter to George. Mr. Beale all evening. He has been bringing us some apples for the last three or four evenings.

Cousin Bob Chew. Madge still very sick, Tippy better.

Aunt E sent me a half tub of beautiful Mignonette.<sup>276</sup> It will live all winter.

M letters!!

---

<sup>276</sup> Mignonette is the common name for *Reseda*, a genus of fragrant herbaceous plants. "Mignonette," *The Oxford English Dictionary*, Third Edition, March 2002, accessed September 29, 2013.

Sept. 30th

Rainy. Read good deal in "French," finished Hyperion, fixed both rooms, flower vases, [illegible word, possibly atachiè] &c, practiced ½ hour. Made some custard & then carried a part of it to Madge & Tip. Did not see M—, she was so sick. Martha came home yesterday. Judging from her account, I think Father must have had more than one hemorage recently. Have writing in my journal & other books, besides reading "Mistress & Maid."<sup>277</sup>

Mr. Atkins came up to tell us the news viz: Yankees repulsed near Richmond on yesterday.<sup>278</sup> Early whipped them in the Valley.<sup>279</sup> We drove their cavalry from Waynesboro. Forrest made another large capture, &c.<sup>280</sup>

"Now the light of fading day,  
Gently softly steals away,  
Silence, Silence!!"

and September in a few hours will have gone, this [illegible word], forever.

---

<sup>277</sup> *Mistress and Maid*, written by English novelist Dinah Mulock Craik, was serialized in *Good Words* from January to December 1862, but has enjoyed many editions. The story illustrates the sisterhood that grows from women's shared values and needs, despite differences in class. Sally Mitchell, "Women's Thoughts and Women's Novels," *Dinah Mulock Craik: A Victorian Web Book*, August 16, 2007, accessed September 24, 2013, <http://www.victorianweb.org/authors/craik/mitchell/4.html>.

<sup>278</sup> Refers to the battle of Chaffin's Farm (September 29-30, 1864), but Lizzie incorrectly reports it as a Confederate victory. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 575-576.

<sup>279</sup> It is uncertain to which engagement Lizzie refers to in this entry. The only battle in the Valley that occurred near this time was the Battle of Fisher's Hill, fought on September 21-22, 1864, a decisive Confederate defeat. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 573.

<sup>280</sup> Refers to Lt. Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest's (1821 - 1877) capture of Athens, Alabama, on September 24, 1864. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 574.

Mr. Beale at-night. I have felt blue all the evening, until I came opposite Mr. B— when I resolved to drive away bad feelings, & so I did. Mr. B— read aloud & gave me a copy [“& gave me a copy” inserted above the line] “Napolean off Cape Ushant.”<sup>281</sup>

## October

1st 1864. Raining fast, & cool. Rose a little after six, dressed, read my bible & “French” until almost breakfast time; after which practiced an hour, finished “French” on Study of Words, mended my purple calico. Dolie came in, staid a short time. Mr. Fitz. I commenced “Kavanagh.”<sup>282</sup> Wrote to E. Gesham. Mr. Beale all night. Mary Knox. M & L Little spent evening with Em Douglas. I played with them.

## Oct 2d

Sunday. Slept late, went to Sunday School. Hattie & [Illegible name, possibly Linna] only members of my class present. Went to Cousin John’s & staid until nearly ½ past 11. Madge better. Tip sitting up. Mr. Young. Mr. Atkins brought us the news. We repulsed the Yankees with great slaughter near Richmond, taking 1200 pris. on the N— & 900 on the S— Side, besides 300 capt. previously.<sup>283</sup> Our loss not severe. Genl Early driven Sheridan to Harrisonburg.<sup>284</sup> I had a long letter from Kate M. to-day. (dated 15th Sept.)

---

<sup>281</sup> Although the author and origin of this poem could not be found, it does appear anonymously in R. Randolph Hutchinson, Thomas Hume, Jr., and John N. Galleher, *The University (of Virginia) Literary Magazine*, Vol. I, No. 4. April 1857 (Richmond: C. H. Wynne, 1857).

<sup>282</sup> American poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow published the country love story *Kavanagh: A Tale* in 1849.

<sup>283</sup> The battles of Fort Harrison Farm and Peeble’s Farm were part of a two-prong federal drive along the Richmond-Petersburg front on September 29- October 2, 1864. Official counts at Fort Harrison list approximately 2,299 wounded and 645 missing federals among the casualties. Federal casualties at Peeble’s Farm are approximately 2,889. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 575-578.

<sup>284</sup> Likely refers to the federal withdrawal to Harrisonburg, Virginia, on September 28, 1864, as part of Union general Philip Sheridan’s (1831 – 1888) Shenandoah Valley Campaign. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 575.



Capt. Doggett made an arrest yesterday.<sup>285</sup> Mr. S Fitzhugh came home wounded to-day.<sup>286</sup>

Millie has “dyptheria.” In evening N & I went to read to Uncle Jim, & to see Madge, Mr. Beale & Mr. Berry while we were out. Mr. Beal all night.

Oct. 3d

Gloomy. Read history before breakfast, practiced some, taught Em, sewed a good deal.

Mr. Beale for few mins. Mr. Bob Knox, & Mr. R. Fitzhugh. Mr. Shepherd (2). Mr. Atkins. Douglas all night. Madge & Tip both better.

Oct. 4th

Oppressive. Rose early, read history more than an hour before breakfast, practiced a little, attended to home keeping, taught Em, sewed some, read some in “Mistress & Maid,” studied a little at-night, when spent some time in telling Mother of yesterday’s occurrence.

Tip had an ague, M— better. Liz, Mr. Allen, Mr. Knox, Mr. Atkins, Maime Conway, & Julian. I felt badly all day.

Oct 5th

---

<sup>285</sup> Capt. Hugh Stevens Doggett (1816 – 1899) was a grocer in Fredericksburg, Virginia, before the outbreak of war. He enlisted as a private in Company B, 30th Virginia Infantry on April 18, 1862, and rose to the rank of captain. On April 4, 1864, he was detailed as post-commandant and provost-marshal at Fredericksburg. Debra Freiden, “Captain Hugh Stevens Doggett,” *Fredericksburg Virginia Doggett Scott Haynie Family*, accessed October 13, 2013, <http://fredericksburgdoggetts.blogspot.com/2012/05/captain-hugh-stevens-doggett.html>.

<sup>286</sup> Likely refers to Sgt. Maj. St. George Rose Fitzhugh (b. 1842) of Fredericksburg, Virginia. He was serving in Company C, 13th Battalion Virginia Light Artillery when he was shot through the left lung on September 15, 1864, in fighting near Petersburg, Virginia. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 569; Michael Cavanaugh, *The Otey, Ringold, and Davidson Virginia Artillery* (Lynchburg: H.E. Howard Inc., 1993), 106.

Clouds & Sunshine each striving for the mastery.

Read history an hour, & practiced some [two illegible words] before breakfast, then attended to housekeeping &c, & fixed vases, when Col. Crutchfield came, & staid until after two o'clock. After he left, I taught Em, & dinner over finished "Mistress & Maid." Mrs. Allen in evening. Mr. Atkins, Miss F Slaughter. Uncle Thomas came. I felt badly all the afternoon. At-night read paper & translated 3 french poems.

Hood reported at Marietta in Sherman's rear. Early pursuing Sheridan. We whipped Yankees at Saltville.<sup>287</sup>

Oct. 6th, 1864

Read history [next two words inserted above the line] more than an hour before breakfast. Attended to housekeeping, taught Em, practiced 40 mins. Col Crutchfield long time in morning. N & Mother went to Capt. N. Marye's funeral. After dinner read Kavanagh a little & dressed, then walked with Col. Crutchfield. Nelly Kelly. Did not study any at-night.

Oct 7th, 64

Friday. Read history some before breakfast. Attended to housekeeping, taught Em. Rec. a letter from Father. I do not have much time for sewing, it takes fr. three to four hours to teach. Uncle Thomas brought me some flowers yesterday & again to-day. Mr. Atkins. Mr. W Carmichal & Mother in evening. Miss Charlotte Mr. Wolfe & Capt. Ward. N & I went to Cousin Johns. Mr. C— in town. Madge better & downstairs Tip quite sick.

---

<sup>287</sup> Refers to battle of Saltville, Virginia (October 2, 1864). Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 578.

Oct 8th

Read history an hour before breakfast, practiced 40 mins afterwards, fixed flowers, &c.

Miss Kitty Thorn. Mr. Atkins. Mr. Samuel. Nelly. Uncle Thomas left. We whipped the Yankees on the N. Side James River yesterday. Captured 10 pieces of artillery, many horses, caissons.<sup>288</sup>

Maggie Scott is dead. Dolie after dinner. Lizzie & I went to see Miss F. Buck, Mrs. Ward, Carrie Hall, Mrs. Barbour, & started to see Sue & Hetty Scott, but sent them out; also went to Miss Goodrich's. Commenced studying at night, when Mr. Bob Knox & Mr. W. Wallace came.

Oct 9th

Sunday. A cool, sad day, very quiet. No Sunday School. Went to tell Lizzie, & staid sometime. We went to church in morning. Mr. [Illegible name] preached a very stupid sermon. I rec. a letter from Capt. Church, telling of Capt Jones capture. We are very sorry for it.

Read my Bible some, but spent most of the evening talking about days gone by with Mother, at-night sat in the parlor with Julian a little while.

And so I close my little book, my life is happy. Can I say the same three months hence? Who can answer? Good-bye my trust-worthy friend. You close as peacefully as [illegible word] day of rest; & the stars shine brightly above.

---

<sup>288</sup> Refers to Confederate assaults against the Darbytownt and New Market roads in Henrico County (October 7, 1864). Although Lizzie reports these as Confederate victories, they were, in fact, repulsed by the Federals. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 581.

## CHAPTER THREE

January 4, 1865 – January 11, 1866

The third volume begins on December 30, 1864, and ends on January 11, 1866.<sup>289</sup> It is a blank book measuring 7.5-inches high and 6.25-inches wide, with paper ruled at 1/4-inch intervals with twenty-three lines per page in blue ink. The covers of the book are marbled and the book contains approximately 60 leaves. Eight leaves have been torn out of the center.

Lizzie was eighteen-years-old when she began writing this volume of her journal. In her first entry she appealed to God that “that before the dawning of 1866, our Independence may be won, and we ‘at peace with all men.’”<sup>290</sup> While soldiers struggled on the battlefield, Lizzie struggled at home, admitting that since the beginning of the year that she was cross in school, selfish at home, disobliging to friends, and undutiful to her mother.

During the sixteen months that she had known Dr. Thaddeus Fitzhugh, Lizzie received much of his attention. While walking to a social gathering in mid-January, Lizzie wrote that he told her, “I must have know [sic] all along his feelings towards; that he loved me very dearly, & had for a long time.”<sup>291</sup> Lizzie remained silent throughout this exchange, but to her journal she confessed that, “I think Dr. F. one of the noblest men I ever knew . . . why can I not feel towards him otherwise than I do?”<sup>292</sup>

In March, Lizzie again expressed her confidence in Confederate success: “never has one doubt of our ultimate success crossed my mind . . . Before the showers of April shall begin to fall, awakening the buds & flowers; a battle must be fought, a victory won, & can I doubt which side will be

---

<sup>289</sup> Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop Wynne. *Journal of Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop Wynne, 1862 – 1926*. Wynne Family Papers, 1809-1967. MssI W9927 a 33. Virginia Historical Society. Richmond, VA.

<sup>290</sup> *Ibid.*, January 4, 1865.

<sup>291</sup> *Ibid.*, January 14, 1865.

<sup>292</sup> *Ibid.*

successful?”<sup>293</sup> She also lamented the loss of life, “my heart grows heavy at the thought of so many lives being sacrificed.” Among these are a number of acquaintances and friends—most notably Col. Stapleton Crutchfield. On April 9, Robert E. Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia, and Lizzie mourned the loss of “our country, our cause, our all.”<sup>294</sup>

Throughout June and July Lizzie attempted to come to terms with Confederate defeat and was particularly troubled by dreams of Col. Crutchfield. In July she wrote that “I never expected to live, when life could be so utterly hopeless . . . but lately it seems to me that there is little for us to live for, nothing to expect; and if one has hope in a future life, surely he or she must be glad when the silver cord is loosed from them.”<sup>295</sup>

Considering her earthly life as “hopeless,” and preparing for a “future life” may have contributed to Lizzie being baptized in mid-September 1865. Her struggles to be a good Christian dominated the thoughts she committed to paper during the decade that followed. “Truly becoming a Christian is the easiest part of it,” Lizzie wrote, “but oh how hard it is to live a Christian life.”<sup>296</sup>

In December Lizzie reported the condition of the Alsop family’s fortunes. “George has for seven months been waiting for money to start him in his profession. At-times I acknowledge, I do feel very much dissatisfied with my poverty, but the Bible tells us to be content, with the things we have; again I do not care so much for it.”<sup>297</sup> After Christmas, Lizzie wrote, “we are poorer by far than we were during the war, have not money to buy even the necessaries of life.”<sup>298</sup> Lizzie also devoted much of her time nursing her mother who was bedridden with an unidentified illness.

Reading biblical verses in January 1866, Lizzie was reminded of Hanna, but unlike earlier entries in which she was troubled by her early death, Lizzie wrote that, “she is at-rest; and I trust through my

---

<sup>293</sup> Ibid., March 3, 1865

<sup>294</sup> Ibid., May 29, 1865

<sup>295</sup> Ibid., July 12, 1865.

<sup>296</sup> Ibid., October 27, 1865.

<sup>297</sup> Ibid., December 1, 1865.

<sup>298</sup> Ibid., December 28, 1865.

Saviour's love, to join her in the realms above." Although she seemed reconciled to Hannah's death, as the new year passed, Col. Crutchfield still haunted Lizzie's dreams.

Journal for 1865

Lizzie Maxwell Alsop

Fredericksburg

Dec 30th, '64

Joe Brennan<sup>299</sup>

"Come to me, darling, I'm lonely without thee,  
Day time and night-time I'm dreaming [beginning of word struck out] about thee;  
Night-time & day-time in dreams I behold thee,  
Unwelcome the waking that ceases to fold thee,  
Come to me darling, my sorrows to lighten;  
Come in the beauty to bless & to lighten;  
Come in thy womanhood, meekly & lowly;  
Come in thy lovingness, queenly, & holy.

Jan. 4th, 1865

The old year has gone with his joys & sorrows; and the new year has begun, but we do not know whether it will be marked by grief or pleasure. God grant that before the dawning of 1866, our Independence may be won, and we "at peace with all men."

Journal, I scarcely ever remember having made a worse beginning, than this year. I resolved not to make good resolutions, for I always break them; but I have in the four days already passed been

---

<sup>299</sup> The origin of Irish poet Joseph Brennan's song could not be determined, but it did appear in *The United States Magazine and Democratic Review* in 1851, where they claim it had never before been published. Thomas Prentice Kettell, *The United States Magazine and Democratic Review*, Vol. 29 (New York: Kettell & Moore, 1851), 527.

undutiful & very bad; first I have been cross in School, mindful only of my own comfort in the home circle, and disobliging to friends; besides, worst of all, undutiful to the best of Mothers. About a week or ten days ago, I resolved most solemnly not to act again in public charades, except at Cousin John's. Yesterday Minnie Beale asked me to act at her house in the evening, saying that few persons would be there. I reluctantly consented, but after reconsidering the matter, asked to be excused, and being pressed, positively declined. Now, I might have accommodated Minnie, but I knew that if I did, others would think curious I would refuse them. Upon getting home Mother commenced talking about my not acting, said it was all owing to my being selfish, & unaccommodating, and if people asked her, she should tell them so; whereupon I got very angry, said I would not act, that I would do as I chose; and a good deal more, which I regretted afterwards; and of-course Mother told me not to speak so to her &c. Journal, I made the resolution because of one or two things. I knew that in public I never acted well, and besides whenever I finish a charade, I feel as if I had lost, as if I ought to respect myself less. I have an inward, undefinable feeling, which I cannot explain, nor yet throw off.

Now is not this a good commencement of the year? I grow more selfish & worse in every respect daily; and moreover do not feel half as penitent as I ought to.

Jan 14th 1865

Em practicing. She & I the only occupants of the parlour. A day of alternate clouds & sunshine, more gloom than brightness within me. Journal I am in more trouble; and of-course am myself principally to blame. Having told Mother, my next pleasure & duty is to confide it to your keeping.

Dr. Fitzhugh has been here twice recently on a visit of several days; he left this morning and perhaps he may have passed from the Land of the living; be languishing in a northern prison; or again be the subject of uninterested praise through out our Confederacy; before next Saturday. I have know [sic] the hero of "Cherry Creek" only 16 months, but since the beginning of our acquaintance have always received



much attention from him; and ~~have~~ has given me a thousand evidences of his regard & friendship.<sup>300</sup>

Well. Last night we were going to charades at Cousin John's, and while we were trudging along very steadily in the mud, he commenced by saying that "he was affraid I had a very contemptible opinion of him, that I must have know [sic] all along his feelings towards; that he loved me very dearly, & had for a long time, but that the reason he had been so cowardly in declaring it was, knowing that he was unworthy of me." I like a goose did not answer a word; of-course I would not have told him my feelings toward him, because he did not request me to, but I ought [next word inserted above line] have felt like telling him how much too worthy he was, & how I valued his friendship; (but I remained silent, and doubtlessly left him under the impression "that I agreed with him in his self appreciation, this morning he told me that the verses—

"I love you, 'tis the simplest way," &c expressed his feelings, to which over time I also remained silent; if he had asked me "if I could love him?" view what light I regarded him. I must have answered, but as it ~~was~~ I felt a reply uncalled for.

I think Dr. F. one of the noblest [the word "mistake" is written in pencil above the line] men I ever knew—kind, considerate, unselfish, generous, & brave—why can I not feel towards him otherwise than I do? Mother says, I showed him too plainly that I was indifferent towards him; ~~before~~ but it seems that I could not have received his attentions otherwise, if unless I had encouraged him; my feelings will manifest themselves, & I cannot conceal them.

Sunday Evening, January 22d, 65

In our room, but not by my favorite window.

---

<sup>300</sup> The origin of this nickname could not be determined. Although there was a battle of Cherry Creek, Mississippi, fought on July 10, 1864, Dr. Fitzhugh and the 5th Virginia Cavalry would have been in Virginia. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 536.

Yesterday was a real winter day, as the rain fell it froze, so this morning we awoke and found all Nature robed in ice. As I look upon the varied net work, so like fairy-land, with admiring eyes, my wondering delight is changed to sudden regret, at the thought of so many thousands being exposed to the cold dampness, and my heart sinks when I think of the poor picket at his post, without fire and proper clothing. What a terrible thing it must be to freeze to death! I remember even now the whole appearance of a youth who has just expired from cold, the poor old father covering him with his mantle to try & protect all that is left of each other for the last time. How little either of us imagined that it was a final parting! The memory of her is the most sacred of all of my hearts secrets; her name I cannot call, it is too precious, it is too holy.<sup>301</sup>

“Dear as remembered kisses after death,  
And dear as those, by hopeless fancy feigned on lips that are for others,  
Dear as love, dear as first love, and wild with all regret  
O! death in life, the days that are no more.”<sup>302</sup>

Feb 17th, 65, Friday night

Mother in bed, Leah in one corner, Emm & I writing.

This has been the most severe winter I [next word inserted above line] can remember, and the aspect of our military affairs more gloomy than at any period during the war, yet I feel just as confident of success, as I did three years ago, and never allow despondency to have any effect upon me. Since the Fall, Sherman has marched through Georgia, & taken possession of Savannah, and even now he is

---

<sup>301</sup> Lizzie is referring to the death of Hannah Graves.

<sup>302</sup> "Tears, Idle Tears" is a lyric poem written in 1847 by Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–1892). Christopher Ricks, "Tennyson, Alfred, first Baron Tennyson (1809–1892)," *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), accessed October 12, 2013.

threatening [sic] Augusta, Charleston, & Columbia. Fort Fisher has fallen. Hood's Army been defeated; still we have great cause for thankfulness, and with Spring, success will return to crown our arms with glory.<sup>303</sup>

Not quite a month since Lt. Hodges was here, looking ["Lt Hodges was to go home to Md." Is inserted in pencil above the line] so bright & joyous, now he is sleeping that sleep from which there is no awakening.<sup>304</sup> My heart saddens to see our circle of friends diminishing. They drop away one by one; but that does not lessen our grief, before next February how few may be left! how many taken away. ["& was killed a few weeks before, his brother was in the Union Army." is inserted in pencil]

Last night I had such a delightful dream, of-course cupid presided. I wish it were indeed only a reality.

Nannie is on a visit to Millie & Louie in Richmond. Seems to be enjoying her ~~visit~~ self. Dr. Temple is in the city, Johnnie Minor also, the latter met Berta Wrenn & Anna Goodrich in N. Ca. They sent us an invitation to visit them; he saw Lt. Metcalfe & Capt. Church, too. The brigade is now ~~in~~ about 41 miles fr. Charleston.<sup>305</sup> Yesterday I had a letter fr Kate Harrison. She told me something so funny, also says she has set her heart upon my paying her a visit, and offers as an inducement to carry me to see Ellen. I would like to accept it so much, but I cannot. Nannie has been sick the whole Winter, & Mother confined to her room for more than a month; besides we have had right much company. So with

---

<sup>303</sup> Gen. William T. Sherman's South Carolina Campaign began with the evacuation of Savannah, Georgia, on January 3, 1865, and continued through South Carolina until March 9, when the federals neared Fayetteville, North Carolina. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 618-649. Confederate Fort Fisher, which defended the port of Wilmington, North Carolina, surrendered to federal forces on January 15, 1865. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 624-625. After leading the Army of Tennessee to its destruction near Franklin, Tennessee, on November 30, 1864, Confederate Gen. John Bell Hood resigned on January 13, 1865. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 623-624.

<sup>304</sup> Charles W. Hodges (1858 – 1865) was a clerk from Baltimore, Maryland. He enlisted in Company C, 2nd Maryland Infantry on August 30, 1862, at Richmond, Virginia. He was killed on February 5, 1865, at Hatcher's Run, Virginia. See May 20, 1864, entry. Kevin Conley Ruffner, *Maryland's Blue and Gray* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University, 1997), 140.

<sup>305</sup> Refers to Maj. Gen. Pierce Manning Butler Young's cavalry brigade. Promoted to major general in December 1864, he was actively engaged in the defense of Savannah, Georgia, and in the 1865 Carolina Campaigns until the close of the war.

housekeeping teaching & reading a little history I have no time for visiting or sewing, Very often by the time I finish my housekeeping, & hear Emm's lesson, dinner is ready, and by the time that is over it is almost dark. Scarcely a day passes without visitors, and at-night I do not feel like working.

Journal I do not think I am as contented and happy as I was last Winter & Summer. Sometimes I get impatient & tired; & then all goes wrong. I am fretful & unkind; and although I regret it, still I do no better.

Sometimes too, there comes such a feeling of [illegible word] to going through with my duties, that I can scarcely nerve myself to perform them at-all; & I feel as if any change would be preferable; and for a little while I hate my life, everything becomes distasteful, & I get so selfish, but then again I am very glad to be able to save Mother trouble & Father expense, and am satisfied, but for all that there is a longing in my heart for something beyond, above myself.

George has been home on a visit, and as usual my evil spirit took especial pains to manifest itself. I was peevish & disagreeable the whole time. Whenever I would like to be most pleasant, I never fail to succeed in being most intolerable. The weather may have some effect upon my temper, it has been snowing, raining, hailing & freezing almost incessantly for two months past; consequently I scarcely ever go out of the house, & feel the want of proper exercise.

March 3d. In the parlour, Em practising.

Scarcely can we realize that Sherman has overrun Georgia, South Carolina, and is even now advancing with rapid strides through the old Tar State; but it is true that Columbia, Branchville, Charleston, & Wilmington are in the enemy's hands; and yet we know that with God's help, we shall be victorious.

Never has one doubt of our ultimate success crossed my mind; and never shall so long as we have our noble leaders Lee, Johnston & Beauregard to direct us; and two brave Armies in the field. Before the showers of April shall begin to fall, awakening the buds & flowers; a battle must be fought, a victory won, & can I doubt which side will be successful? But my heart grows heavy at the thought of so many lives being sacrificed; & I tremble when I think that my friends, the dearest and best, may be amongst those who will never live to enjoy the blessings of peace! We, the women of the South, can only wait, watch, and pray!

Nannie is still in Richmond, but expects to be at-home next week. To-day I received ~~one~~ a letter from Mollie Sutton. She says that "Sallie Cocke was drowned in the Mississippi."

I can see her now, the overgrown uncouth child, but with a good heart; then the handsome girl, admired by so many. Ah poor Sallie! little did either of us imagine that your end would, be such. I can picture her to myself in the broad river, thinking of life & its pleasures, unmindful of the messenger, to be sent so soon to summon her into Eternity! and then I fancy her pale, frightened face, expressing all of death's agony; and her cries for help seem to ring mournfully in my ears.

I shudder to think of her being so suddenly cut off, in the full enjoyment of youth. Not eighteen! yet dead! I am sorry now that I ever uttered an unkind word, or encouraged one harsh feeling towards her. And so it is; in passion and thoughtlessness we wound others, say unkind words; and then when time has softened the sharp corners which used to come in conflict; we regret that we were not forbearing, kind.

I have read few books this year. Smith's Ab. "Gibbon's Rise & Decline of the Roman Empire," "Gallon's Middle Ages," "Heart of Midlothian" and am now following "David Copperfield" through the windings

of life. I have also commenced “Lady of the Lake” for Emm’s benefit.<sup>306</sup> It recalls my own childhood, how perfectly I recollect reading it. How noble I thought “James Fitz James;” how lovely Ellen appeared, and how deeply I felt poor “Blanche of Devans” woes!

Journal, I am still leading the same sort of life, teaching, helping to nurse Mother & Father, keeping house, reading, & working a little; with the usual accompaniment of company. Mr. Bob Beale is at-home; he comes to see me frequently, & generally reads some of David aloud; Mr. Charlie Scott Mr. R. Carmichal, Mr. W. Bradley & Dr. Frank Hall have also been to see me. I walked with the latter around the Falls, day before yesterday evening; & came back feeling fresher, and in a more healthy frame of mind. Mr. B. brought me some lovely violets yesterday. Mother is improving, but Father has depreciated much within the last two weeks, he does not think himself near so seriously affected as he is, but I know now, that that subtle enemy consumption has stolen into his frame, and is slowly undermining his strength, and that he is gradually wasting away, wasting away! Oh, if I were a more dutiful child! Still the same old [illegible word] exists in my heart. I yearn for something elevating, noble, pure!

March 17th, 65

Nineteen to-day. The years of my life are fleeing away swiftly, so swiftly. I wonder how many more are yet to come?

---

<sup>306</sup> *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* was written by English historian Edward Gibbon. It was published in six volumes from 1776 – 1789. *Heart of Midlothian* was the seventh of English author Sir Walter Scott’s (1771 – 1832) *Waverley Novels*. It was originally published in four volumes in 1818. First published in 1850, *David Copperfield* was Charles Dickens’s (1812 – 1870) eighth novel. *The Lady of the Lake* is a narrative poem by Sir Walter Scott (1771 – 1832), first published in 1810. Lizzie’s reference to “Gallion’s Middle Ages” could not be identified. David Womersley, “Gibbon, Edward (1737–1794),” *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), accessed October 13, 2013; “The Heart of Midlothian” and “Lady of the Lake,” *Walter Scott Digital Archive*, accessed September 26, 2013, <http://www.walterscott.lib.ed.ac.uk/works/novels/midlothian.html>; Michael Slater, “Dickens, Charles John Huffam (1812–1870),” *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), accessed October 13, 2013.

This has been a happy birth-day; though different from all before. When I recall the 17th of March 64, & compare it with the present, I cannot help feeling regret, & sorrow. Sorrow for the death of some with us then [next three words inserted above line] but dead now, & regret at my being no better, no improvement! Several presents have been given me, all valuable in my eyes on account of their [illegible word].

Again are we cut off from Richmond, but thank God, the Yankees are not here. Nannie is away. I miss her so much; and wonder if she would be glad to see me.

April 4th, 65

Richmond has fallen! When they told me yesterday evening, I refused to believe such an impossibility; although my heart sank within me at the words.

How little any of us imagined that our Capitol [the letter “a” is superimposed over the letter “o” in pencil] would, be evacuated. Why I grew angry at anyone's mentioning such an event as possible, but so it often is. At first I felt that death would be preferable to our lives henceforth; but I know, I feel, that we will conquer “through Christ.”

This morning I attended church, & never have I been so comforted, so sustained by a sermon. Mr. Williams was the speaker. The text was Daniel IV:35. “He doeth according to his will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth: and none can stay his hand or say unto him, What doest thou?” He first brought up arguments to prove the supreme sovereignty of God; and went on to say, if God sees that two sparrows are sold for a farthing, and numbers the very hairs of our heads; will he not much more watch over the events of our lives, and see that they are for some good purpose? And then he argued that if God watches over individual events &c, will he not much more watch over & direct the affairs of nations? Is it probable that God would make this world, & then leave it to be

directed by chance? Three years ago we were all willing & eager to predict future events; but who now feels competent to hazard an opinion even with regard to the momentous events? That we laid plans, &c; as if God was to work according to our designs, & not carry out his purposes as best pleased him; that we ~~w~~are merely instruments in his hands, and could only do as he willed, for “He doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, & among the inhabitants of the Earth, and none can stay his hand or say with him. What doest thou?” He then said that this was just what we were doing, that this morning we cried in the agony of our distress What doest thou O! Lord? [The following is written in pencil] With humility we must learn to submit to God's will, but oh how hard it is.

He said, that we could only “be still, & see the Salvation of God,” for none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou? “He putteth the wicked in authority over the righteous, for they are but the instruments of his wrath. We must not weigh our sins in comparison with those [next word inserted above line] of our enemies; but repent of our own, & He in his own good time, will punish theirs.

April 12th 65

Genl. Lee has surrendered!<sup>307</sup> I pray God, that I may yet live to see his vengeance exercised against our enemies; & that I may live to see our brave, our noble army rise up from the ashes of our burning homes, and yet avenge the death of our heros slain. If they could chose, how few would come back to this life, for what is life compared with honour.

April 22d, Saturday

The shock is over, but the weight remains heavily pressing upon our hearts.

---

<sup>307</sup> Confederate Gen. Robert E. Lee surrendered with the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, on April 9, 1865. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 670.



The past two or three weeks seem like a dream, & yet I feel as if they had been years in length; events, so unexpected, have crowded one upon another, first we heard of the "Evacuation of Richmond," then The "Surrender of Lee's Army"; & next of "Lincoln's & Seward's assassinations," & that too upon the night of the 14th of April, four years from the time the first shot was fired upon "Fort Sumpter [sic]."<sup>308</sup> Truly God putteth the wicked in power, & pulleth them down as he willeth." Mr. Lincoln expired upon Saturday the 15th, the very day appointed as a time of rejoicing for our misfortunes. Does it not seem as if Providence was visiting their sins upon their own heads; their joy has been turned into mourning; but "who can stay his hand or say unto Him, what doest thou?"

Col. Crutchfield is dead.<sup>309</sup> Another of the brave & good, so much noble blood cannot have been shed in vain. The thought were agony itself.

It is difficult to realize that he is dead. I remember him, so full of hope; so certain of our ultimate success; but with him, as every other expectation, we trusted, & fought in vain. I cannot say that I wish he was alive; for every Christian Soldier who fell in battle during this war, must rejoice that he was spared the sorrow of seeing our Country's degradation. I think if I were sure of going to Heaven, and it pleased God to take me to himself, I should be glad to die; but I suppose we must not wish to avoid our troubles, for they are sent as a punishment with us all, but live and bear them. How hard it is, how hard! Seeing them (our enemies) walking our streets, forcing our grey-headed fathers to take the oath; & feeling that our Cause is lost, our Country subjugated, our Army disbanded, nearly breaks my heart. Some people seem to be able to forget our national grief, but it weighs me down, almost crushes me beneath the intensity of its bitterness.

---

<sup>308</sup> The Confederate capital at Richmond, Virginia, was evacuated by Confederate forces on April 3, 1865. The assassination attempt against President Abraham Lincoln and Secretary of State William Seward occurred on April 14, 1865. Lizzie misremembered the date of the bombardment of Fort Sumter at Charleston, South Carolina, which occurred on April 12, 1861. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 56.

<sup>309</sup> See footnote on page 114 related to Col. Stapleton Crutchfield.

Thursday, May 18th, 1865.

Home. [Written in top margin at right-hand side]

Nearly a month since I have written a line in my journal, but no matter for that as everything is so different from the days of yore.

Since April first came in [next two words inserted above line] with the promise of bright days in store for us; nationally we had hoped, we have seen every hope crushed, every expectation disappointed every joy (almost) flown; and the flowers & bright days seem to mock our sorrow. As their troops pass by hour after hour, how our hearts sink within us to think that they are going home triumphantly, while we have lost all.<sup>310</sup> Oh it is very hard to endure such misery patiently; to be reconciled to God's providence in thus giving the victory to our enemies. I feel as if I never could forgive them all they have done to us; the desolation, the grief all over our land. Sunday evening while at Sunny Side, an old man came in; and commenced talking about our present trials. I could but be struck with his child-like trust; and I hope a little softened by his holy words. He thinks that if we do not take this chastisement rightly, God will surely punish us more severely.

May 29th, 65

In our room, by my favorite window. I have been reading an account of our President being placed in solitary confinement, his ankles manacled; & many more indignities offered to him, our noble chieftan. Shortly he will be tried for treason, and the Yankee papers say, Genl Lee also.<sup>311</sup> Before they are hung for treason, I hope God in his mercy will see fit to remove them to a happier home. Each day increases

---

<sup>310</sup> This is most likely a reference to Union troops commanded by William Tecumseh Sherman who, after receiving the surrender of Confederate Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's troops, left Goldsboro, North Carolina, on April 30, and marched through Central Virginia to participate in the Grand Review of the armies in Washington, D.C., on May 23-24, 1865. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 689-670.

<sup>311</sup> Confederate President Jefferson Davis was captured by Federal troops near Irwinville, Georgia, on May 10, 1865. He was imprisoned for two years at Fort Monroe, Virginia, and indicted for treason, but was never tried. Robert E. Lee was neither arrested nor tried following the collapse of the Confederacy. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 687.

the weight upon our hearts; & we feel more accutely the loss we have sustained. Our country, our cause, our all. Once more I see an account of a Confederate victory, the very thought does my heart good, though reason tells us how vain it is to hope for a brighter day. Far away, down in Texas they are still struggling for Liberty. May God bless them.

A Yankee General, one of the wounded who staid here last spring, called on Mother to-day; and went away believing here as true a Southernor as ever.

Lizzie & Madge spent Saturday night with us, we sat up until nearly two o'clock talking, principally about Lizzie's approaching marriage. She & Edgar will "life vows exchange" the 13th of June, her twenty second birthday, if nothing prevents. How much we will miss her; it will scarcely be the same place with both of them away. Capt. Conrad was to see N. day before yesterday; he evidently likes her, and I should not be surprised if in the course of time, they became something more than friends.

Dolie told me some things, concerning me indirectly, while I was at Sunny Side, but I will keep them secret & sacred; because they can never be, what they might have been, had one been spared who "was slain in battle."<sup>312</sup>

Mr. Marshall Hall continues faithful to his old love, and proves his affection by numerous visits, rides & walks, besides sundry notes and oranges.<sup>313</sup> Nannie gave our "brother-visitors" to understand how inconvenient it was to be having company every night. So they are not coming hereafter oftener than

---

<sup>312</sup> Refers to Col. Stapleton Crutchfield.

<sup>313</sup> Marshall Carter Hall (1843 - 1903) of Fredericksburg, Virginia, was listed as a clerk in 1860. He enlisted as a private in the Fredericksburg Light Artillery on May 12, 1861. He was promoted to corporal in April 1862, and present on all rolls until he was detailed as a hospital steward for the battalion on November 13, 1863. 1860 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 269 (handwritten), dwelling 123, family 123, John B. Hall; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1380; Krick, *Fredericksburg Artillery*, 103.

once a week. Dr. Preston Wellford, & Mr. R. Henry, have also been to see us, besides Mr. Sam Thorburn & his brother.<sup>314</sup>

Mother is sick with chills, & I am feeling very badly, do hope I will not be sick when Liz is married.

Maybe I will be engaged by this time next year; and may be not. Uncle William has come back.<sup>315</sup>

Sunday evening

June 4th, 65

In our room. I am not feeling well now journal; there is such a dull feeling about my head, & a sense of weariness comes over me after the least exertion.

Just now I was glancing at some of the autographs in my book, and at her's amongst others; as I looked at the simple characters how vividly [next word inserted above line] memories old times came over me. How we used to be together, she was almost a part of me, and it seems so hard to think of never seeing her again. Two years ago to-night we went together to church. Martha was confirmed at St. James. When I think of the days of yore, they seem so much better than these present days that it almost makes me wish to live them over again, with all their trials; and once they too had troubles, though now all seems bright & joyful under the softening influence of time. Since Hannah died I have never had any friend like her; and yet we never said much about our affection for each other, but it was in our hearts. We never talked about [illegible word] or any thing of that kind, & two girls scarcely ever thought less on such subjects. She was always so kind & forbearing to me, and sometimes I was

---

<sup>314</sup> Dr. Francis Preston Wellford (1829 – 1877) enlisted as an Assistant Surgeon. He moved to Jacksonville, Florida, after the war. Leaving his practice, he went to Fernandina, where yellow fever epidemic was raging. He contracted the disease and died. "Dr Francis Preston Wellford," *Find A Grave*, updated November 9, 2000, accessed October 12, 2013, <http://www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=gr&GRid=5093744>.

<sup>315</sup> Lizzie's maternal uncle William French. Alsop, *Genealogies and Traditions*.

crass, & always selfish. Before I commenced writing I took out my old letters, but reading revives so many sad recollections that I cannot resolve to open the old wounds anew. With every one is connected some regret!

June 14th, 65

Wednesday evening. The rain almost over. Last night our sweet Lizzie took upon herself the duties of a wife. She is now Mrs. Crutchfield, and all seems bright before her; may she never regret having vowed “to love, honour & obey” one who has her happiness in his hands, humanly speaking.<sup>316</sup> Madge and Mr. C. Crutchfield were first bridesmaid & groomsman, Nannie & Mr. Murray Taylor second, [Illegible name] & Tip third, Hattie Hart & Mr. Gilmer C— fourth, Johnny & I fifth, [illegible character struck out] Jenny Hart & Mr. Patton sixth & last.<sup>317</sup> It was a tableau wedding, and went off beautifully. Mr. James Carmichael performed the ceremony; Lizzie was the most composed bride I ever saw, not in the least agitated, and she answered “I will” as if she knew full well what would be required of her, & felt willing to assume new responsibilities, all for the sake of love. Edgar too was perfectly calm, & so happy looking. May God bless them always!!! It must be a very happy feeling, that of knowing that one’s life is blended with another’s. “The small stream flowing with the river broad & deep, and losing itself therein, being one henceforth!

Wednesday evening, June 21st, 65

---

<sup>316</sup> See footnote on page 44 regarding Elizabeth Chew, and footnote on page 96 regarding Edgar M. Crutchfield.

<sup>317</sup> Lizzie’s escort was her cousin John J. Minor (b. 1842). He was the only son of George (b. 1808) and Ann Eliza (Chew) Minor. George and Ann lived with her brother, John J. Chew (b. 1803) and his family in Fredericksburg. Lizzie described this household as “one of the most cherished memories of my girlhood and young womanhood days. Dear Cousin Ellen, a character so rare, so noble, so unselfish, if she had faults, no one knew what they were. As a wife and mother and sister to cousin George, so tender and loving, a friend to the poor and needy . . . Then there were cousin John and cousin George, Cousins Mercer and Frank Forbes, Nenna and Cousin Bob, Hugh, Lizzie and Madge. Later Bessie and her little family. Still later Cousin George Minor, Cousin Nannie and John joined the group.” Alsop, *Genealogies and Traditions*; 1860 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 345 (handwritten), dwelling 721, family 711, John J. Chew; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1380.

Another week has passed; and our “Quartette” is dissolved. Liz & Madge [next word inserted above line] are both gone. Mrs. Young & Mother gave the happy pair parties, and altogether the week passed pleasantly by, although we were completely worn out by the end. Lizzie is looking so very lovely, more so than I ever saw her, and seems so full of life & love. And Edgar! ~~Sh~~ He lives in Lizzie, looks at her as if it was perfect happiness. Later in the summer [illegible word struck out] we are going to pay them a visit, and then how happy will our reunion be. Madge will live with them principally hereafter, so that in the marriage of one, both are lost to us. Messrs. M. Hall, R & J Beale, H. Thorburn, L. Fitzhugh, F Hall & Johnny Minor have been to see us this week, also Hetty Scott & Carrie Hall.

Mother & Em are quite sick.

June 26th, 65.

Monday morning.

For two or three days I have been feeling our burden more than ever; it weighs me down; & makes me utterly miserable whenever I reflect upon it. I cannot feel reconciled, my heart is so rebellious, that instead of forgiving our enemies, I hate them more every hour of my life. I do not feel as if I ever could forgive them, & I never shall, unless my heart is greatly changed. Look at the misery in every household, think of all our wrongs, and of those who fought for life & country, and then tell [next word inserted above line] me whether it were human to forgive them? I never can!

July 10th, Monday

Yesterday Dr. Brown preached in the Presbyterian Church; he prayed for “those who have been in authority over us ~~that~~ & are now suffering, that the Lord might bless and comfort them.” for “those now in authority over, that the Lord might change their hearts, and make them enact wise & righteous laws, & that “God might deliver us from the curse of wicked Rulers.” Such a prayer must comfort

every Southern person, must find an echo in every Southern heart. Oh the heavy, heavy burden upon our hearts! how it presses, presses down upon us, till, in the agony of despair, we are ready to cry “what doest Thou.” Father preserve us from unbelief; renew in us faith, hope, & charity; for all these are almost passed out of my inner life.

Last night I had such a strange troubled dream, that even the remembrance of it oppressed me when I awoke. I thought we are having a large party, that the guest were assembling in the old parlour, when, in the midst of the laughing & talking, Col. Crutchfield walked in. I remember his taking my hand in his, & my saying to him, “I am so glad you were not killed;” then the scene changed, and crowds of us were hurrying, hurrying on. I know not where; nor why; and again, it seemed that Col. Crutchfield & I were to be married; he so pale, so ghost-like; & all in black. It has been haunting me all day: I cannot forget the dream.

My poor Brother! If it had been God’s will, how much [next word inserted above line] better it would have been had he never been born, so capable & yet so idle, so [illegible word] & yet so [illegible word], so young, & yet so old in vice. Truly we cannot see why this affliction is sent upon us, ungrateful, disbelieving creatures that we are. I never knew a man called Willy, after the age of thirty, who did not come to a melancholy end. In our family how fatal a name it is. My Grand-Father bore it, & look at his life & death, so talented & so unable to resist temptation. My Uncle William met with an untimely end; and my brother Willie is hurrying his own destruction; then I have a friend, who took bears the [illegible word] name, & he too allows himself to be overcome by [next word inserted above line] his temptation of strong drink at times; I know not how often.

July 12th, Wednesday night

More trouble has come upon us since I wrote in my journal only two days ago. What it is, you journal must not ever know; but except our one great national grief, I never had anything to trouble me so

before, whether waking or sleeping; and hard as it is to be borne, we ought to be thankful the greater was spared us.

I never expected to live, when life could be so utterly hopeless, so [illegible word] aimless as it is; but lately it seems to me that there is little for us to live for, nothing to expect; and if one has hope in a future life, surely he or she must be glad when the silver cord is loosed from them. I think, if I felt that there was a place for me in God's [illegible word], I would be too happy to exchange this mortal, for an immortal life; but I have no hope here or hereafter. In my heart I do sometimes feel a desire for a change of heart; but there is little prospect of my ever becoming any better.

Aug 14th, 1865

More than a month since you & I have talked any together journal, & yet a mighty one sided conversation it always is, that between you & me; however for all that you are my only confidential friend now.

Once, years ago, there were two of us, school girls in drab old Richmond, and we were friends; but since then I have never loved any one in the same way, for she still lives in my heart and I do not care about ever having another in her place. She was older & much, so very much, better than I was, and at the same time so humble. My pride ought to have been decreased, or at least learned a lesson from her humility; but I don't think it did; for now I love myself just as well, & I fear think first as much of myself, as if I had reason to.

Yesterday while I was reading her last letter, I felt the difference between us, of so keenly! & all that I had lost in her death came over [next word inserted above line] me so sensibly that I grieved for her with my whole heart; I remember so well how glad that letter made me.<sup>318</sup> (I never had one before or

---

<sup>318</sup> Refers to the death of Hannah Graves.



since, to give me the same pleasure.) I kept it under my pillow two nights, & I think dreamed of her, & read it over, again & again, then too I remember how her whole face brightened, when she saw me leaning out of the window, to see her surprise at my being back at school. (it was in March 63) We were so glad to see each other, and well might we be, for we loved each one another. Then again I remember how much fun we used to have translating our French, especially “Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme,” the old study used to echo with our merriment; & how we used to ponder over Butler, & wonder if he understood all he wrote, & declare in the lightness of our hearts, “that we didn’t believe he did,” & once we [illegible word] [illegible word] about his dying an old bachelor, & said “we knew he was so crossed in love;” and the merriment we had over poor Mr. Dashrill, discussing his features one by one, his timid bearing, & the way that watch chain was used to whirl around his fingers, his taking for granted we-young ladies, always had some first-rate reason if we failed to prepare our lessons (which alas we often did.) & his gratitude if we chanced to know one thoroughly, his saying “my dear child, what made you say that?” & my laughing in his face, and once he caught me making faces at him, & even shaking my fist with “Brother Dashrill, you sinner!” but he only laughed, ~~but~~ far away, down in our two hearts, we respected and loved his innocence, & purity of mind. How often to beguile his attention, did we start some religious discussion, & once we tried him on all denominations; but failed to elicit a single disparaging remark about one, he, pious man, ever defending them against our arguments, & finding some good in all. But those compositions! how many hours of dark despair they caused us, how we dreaded giving them in; but she & I never once failed to do it, we were proud of our punctuality, how we imagined from his calling them “Essays,” that he expected something far beyond our years in depth & wisdom; & our laughter upon her looking for the original meaning, & finding it to be, “An attempt,” then we concluded he used it rather as term of contempt; girl-like, in one extreme or the other. Mr. La Bombarie’s [next word inserted above line] room has witnessed many a scene of sorrow on the Saturdays previous, trying to find words to express our

ideas, or else ideas to express at-all. In the classes we sat side by side! Oh front bench how many old associations the recollection of you brings forth, some sad, some gay; depending chiefly upon our being prepared or vice versa, and the Chemistry class, she never could remember the “specific gravity” (I can see her now, sometimes smiling at her forgetfulness, & again mortified at her seeming indifferent if it chanced she forgot it twice together perhaps.) but in reality she knew more of the subject than I did. And the [illegible word] between Geometry & Trigonometry, or in Trig, how we used to puzzle over some inaccuracy in finding the “signs,” “co-sines,” “tangents,” cotangents,” &c. &c. hours sometimes cost over a few wrong figures, but we generally succeeded. I am so glad now that we stood well in our classes. But O, ye Butler & Ethics. Oftentimes the cause of sorrow, & then again of satisfaction, in studying over the confrontations of “Atheism” & all the other “ism,” how we would stop to laugh, upon suddenly finding that the arguments for it, & [illegible word] we accepted as true, were wrong; & only to be disproved. But all days before were joyful to “[illegible word],” we fairly trembled with dread at the approaching trial. What studying we didn’t mind much, & she & I passed on all nine books at-once, my skipping “Book II” as too simple for such an occasion, & being unable to do one of its problems alone. For Chemistry we prepared a good deal; & how constantly we wrote for hours upon hours, & on or at-least my disappointment at not having “[illegible word].” Then that French, it passed off better than I expected, but how terrified I was about it. We studied “verbs” walking our 35 [illegible word]. Her translations into french, was the best. But Butler!! I never suffered such pain in my life (except my death, and loss of country”) how we studied, how we wrote, how we suffered. I can almost feel my head grow dizzy now, & my frame tremble; but how kind all were. She finished her papers first, & they were excellent. She [illegible word] to encourage me by her words, & books, & tell me “she knew I would pass.” There were only three of us who tried on that examination. She passed first, & I second best, but before her fatal sickness she used to think of it with horror, & during it, she often said, “Oh Butler, Butler you are the cause of all this.” In recalling these scenes of my school life I

have been living in them, and it is only now, that I realize she is wanting to make them pleasant. How my heart yearns for her, how I have, & always shall miss her; no one can know; we slept together, talked, walked, eat & even thought together; the friend & companion of my early girl-hood, my counselor, my best friend. Scarcely a single remembrances of my last session at-school, can be recalled without you; & I am glad it is so; we were so together then, & that now I would not have us parted, even in memory. It is all past, those happy, happy days of our school life! A past, no future can make us forget; a past that must live as long as we do. A past I would not blot out for any happiness in store for me. A past, so dear that I never speak of that past without regret.

O School-days, School-days, ye are far happier than the other days of life!

September 1st, 65

In our room, by my window. I have been in bed most of the day, though not really sick. G— thought best for me to take medicine as it was time for another attack of chills.

All of us are at home now, though in all probability will send [sic] most of this month in the country, the town continues so unhealthy. Millie & Louie are both sick.

Lizzie has been on a visit home recently, for the first time since her marriage. She & Madge were here Thursday morning for some time, & then all four of us went to see Louie. It seemed so much like old times for “our quartette” to be together. Nannie & Lizzie, Madge & I.

Fannie Parker has also been to see us, staid only one night & a day. We enjoyed seeing her & talking old past associations & friends so much. She knew Capt. Church & Lt. Butler. Said the former spoke of us all so kindly, & remembered Mother's little attentions so gratefully. Fanny seems to think he likes Va. ladies so much that he will surely come back to see us all. Says he expressed himself very extravagantly in my praise. I do believe he liked me right well; at any rate I do not care to think that my soldier

friends will forget me. Dr. F— still remains faithful. I alone know how unworthy I am of such devotion; & feeling thus, it is strange I cannot return any of his affection. He wishes to correspond with me, but I do not expect to do so, for in the first place, I think that he might thereby feel encouraged to persevere, or at any rate it could but bring me too often to his thoughts & then I do not quite approve of such things, although I admit it is gratifying to know that you are loved, “through behaving & unbehaving.” Mr. B— true to his resolution never came to see ~~him~~ me again, night before last he was here to say good-bye; but he & I have not exchanged a word (that I remember) since our last talk, a conversation painful to both. In it he told me that he intended to stop visiting me because he could not control his feelings, that he went away to the Army, & came back loving me just the same, that he could not give up all hope, and if we continued to be together his feelings would be the same upon his return next Summer, as they were then. I did not oppose his resolution for I knew [illegible character struck out] it would be better for him to see as little of me as possible. He says no human being can ever know what he has suffered this summer.

My poor brother continues to cause us the same trouble, as he has done for years. I have no hope for him here, or hereafter. O how sad it is to see a loved one hurrying on to his own destruction, & knowing that nothing we can do, can stop him in his downward career.

Oh me! if I ever do fall in love, how much trouble it will cause me. Mr. B— thinks truly to some extent, that I do try to prevent myself from loving; & well I may. Barton has been staying with us.

Tuesday. Mr. R. H. Temple, Johnny to invite us to spend the evening with Liz & Madge. Mrs. Thornton, L & M came to see us. Wednesday. Dr. Alsop Fannie Parker & her father, Mr. Bob B— Mrs. Lt. Fitzhugh, J. Beale, C. Temple, & Johnny were all here. Barton [Illegible name], Dr. & Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Roy M—, Mrs. Knox have also been to see Mother & us.

Aunt E. came in this evening.

Sept. 15th, 1865

Only a fortnight since I wrote in my journal, & yet a great change has come over me since Sept. 1st. I have, by the grace of God, become a Christian! & by his grace I trust to lead a better life hereafter, to remain faithful till death.

Journal I am going to tell you all about how it came about, at-least more than any human being knows.

For years back at times I have felt that I would give anything to be a child of God; & especially after her death. I felt how much happier I would be if I had Jesus for my guide, & my comfort; however the winter following I mingled in the gaities of the season, & forgot God as it were, leading a wordly life & caring for little else; & so I have lived most of the time since. After our cause was lost, for weeks my feelings were rebellious towards Him, who doeth as He will “in the army of heaven, & among the inhabitants of the earth.” Oh how bitter were the feelings of my soul, none but God can ever know. I felt as if I never could forgive them, & I even carried it further, for I almost prayed that I might hate them more, & never forgive them. Even now, I do not permit myself to think of them, but I pray to learn to forgive, as I hope to be forgiven; to cultivate Christian feelings. While we were staying at Sunny Side, we attended meeting at Massaponax. Two or three times my feelings were excited, but only by the fearful cases, of sudden death in sin, that I heard related & the feeling soon wore off. Once or twice I thought to myself “how much I wish Em & I could join the church together, when Mr. Cutler comes” (for I expected she would) but never really looked upon it as a probability, so last Sunday we went to “Berea”<sup>319</sup> & heard two excellent sermons from Acts 2, Vrs. 37, 8, 9, the first preaching of the gospel to the Jews; also fr. Acts, Ch10, the first preaching of the gospel to the Gentiles.

---

<sup>319</sup> Berea Baptist Church, located in Stafford County, Virginia, was established in April 1852. “During the war, Union cavalry used the church as a stable, tore out the gallery, broke the windows, and removed the pews. After the war, the church was repaired.” Lizzie’s paternal grandfather, Samuel Alsop (1776 – 1859), is buried in the adjacent cemetery. Homer D. Musselman, *Stafford County in the Civil War* (Lynchburg: H. E. Howard, 1995), 89.

We came home that night, & I confess I felt serious, on Monday there was no preaching, but we went again on Tuesday. Mr. Cutler spoke from the old & new testaments, on the 9 covenants. The Adamic. The Mosaic.<sup>320</sup>

In the morning I was convinced, & after the sermon was over, Aunt Jane came to me and said, "My child what keeps you?" Nothing could have touched me more than those simple words, spoken with a tearful voice, & her lip quivering with emotion; so during intermission I resolved if I understood my duty after the evening sermon as plainly I would confess Christ, & I did. Never in the whole course of my life had I understood the gospel so clearly. "Faith, Repentance, Baptism." I understood, I believed, I repented & I wanted to obey Christ. After the exhortation, while they were singing, "When I can read my title clear," I whispered to Mother that I was going, & never can I forget her "Thank God" as for a moment her head rested on my shoulder. Em and Julia Jones followed. Mr. Cutler after the hymn was over (before the others came) asked, "Do you believe with all your heart, that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God." I said, I do, & may God help me to sustain my confession, & never bring dishonor upon his holy name. Oh, how much happier I felt after that confession, though it did cost a great effort to make it. What a burden was lifted from my heart. And everybody was so kind, so glad, the fervent kisses, claps of the hand, & "God bless you." Mother, Em, & I all staid with Mr. Cutler at Sunny Side that night, & went to church again on Wednesday & Thursday. Madge went with us that day, & Lizzie was there too to see us put on Christ in Baptism. Lucy Chandler joined on Wednesday, & Becky Green on the next day. Thursday evening, in a stream (the other side of Uncle Tom Anderson's we were baptized [close parentheses missing]. Before we went into the water, they sang "Earth has a joy unknown in heav'n. The new-born joy of sins forgiv'n," and as each one of us was lifted from the

---

<sup>320</sup> The Adamic Covenant (named after Adam) is found in Genesis 3:16-19. The Mosaic Covenant (named after Moses) begins in Exodus 19-24, and contains the foundations of the written Hebrew Torah. In this covenant, God promised to make the Israelites his treasured possession among all people and "a kingdom of priests and a holy nation," if they follow his commandments. Lewis Sperry Chafer, rev. John F. Walvoord, *Major Bible Themes: 52 Vital Doctrines of the Scriptures Simplified and Explained* (Grand Rapids: Zondervan Publishing, 1974).

watery grave, they sang a verse of, “How happy are they, who their Savior obey.” How happy, none but the Christian can know, how calm & how peaceful were my feelings that evening. All of us & the preacher spent the night at Uncle Tom’s. Friday & Saturday after a most admirable sermon on the “New-Birth,” “[illegible word] a man is born of the water & of the spirit, he cannot enter the Kingdom of God,” all five of us were received into the church, & after extending to us the right hand of fellowship, he prayed a blessing for each. That same morning he & we five partook of the “Lord’s Supper” for the first time. How solemn I felt, & how clearly I seemed to feel how great [next word inserted above line] the love of our Savior had been in dying that we might live. God grant that I may never partake of this communication lightly, or without [next word inserted above line] being at peace & good will with all mankind. In the evening he preached on “Positive & Moral Law.” Lucy Jones joined, & Mr. Mc[Illegible name] was there. Monday morning, the Sermon was in the “Evidences of Pardon,” & in the afternoon on the various excuses offered for not being Christians. [Illegible word] joined in the morning, & Mr. & Mrs. Ghee, Mr. Laurence Crutchfield Sanford, Miss Aggy S. & Miss Abbie Benson. Poor Charlie C—how every tender feeling of my heart is worried for him.<sup>321</sup> Lord strengthen his faith, & let him not be ashamed of the gospel of Christ, but willing to deny himself, & take up “his cross & follow after thee.”

Mr. Cutler & Mr. Baker came home with us Tuesday evening & spent a day & night with us, so did Mr. Frazin, Dolie & Aunt E—.

Mr. Corbin C. told his wife that she knew he must have felt a heap, for he cried when I was baptized, & Mrs. Hall shed tears (at the thought of how her brave nephew loved me) when she saw me standing in the water. Miss Emm Browne says “if she had been a Methodist, she would certainly have shouted when I went forward.”

---

<sup>321</sup> Possibly Charles B. Crutchfield (1841 – 1916) of St. George’s Parish, Spotsylvania County, Virginia. Crutchfield served in Company E, 9th Virginia Cavalry from April 1861, and took the oath of allegiance in April 1865. Krick, *9th Virginia Cavalry*, 66.

Mr. Cutler is one of the most entertaining persons I ever had the pleasure of meeting, he wrote me such a nice piece in my book; & I verily believe likes me quite well. I know I love him very dearly, he hopes to preach for us regularly.

The last day I was here I was worried about my bible-class, but now I have made up my mind to do what I think right, God helping me.

Since I became a Christian I have felt so much tenderer towards poor Willie. O, that he may be spared from eternal misery.

Poor Dr. F—! Now he wants my photograph. What will he next desire?

Sept. 25th 1865

I am sick again with chills & have been for several days, but if nothing prevents I am going back to Sunny Side day after tomorrow to stay sometime longer. Journal, for several days I've been wanting to do something, wanted money for the accomplishment of a certain object; so I wrote to ask Mr. Powell please to give me the refusal of any situation he might hear of. Yesterday I received such a kind, sweet letter from him, offering me a place in his school; and promising "to treat me like a queen & love me like a daughter if I'd only come," but I could not. Father did not approve of it, & Mother did not want to give me up, so I am going to stay at-home; & hope in that way even I may be ~~willing~~ able to accomplish my purpose. Teaching I know is not pleasant; but I think my object would have made it easier and then we are promised strength as our days are. I dislike to disappoint Mr. Powell so much; for he is so considerate and kind to me that I can do little to repay all his friendship; even if I try always. And now let me write a wish.

After I am dead, Mother, or if I am married, my husband or some loved one will have this book; and I request them to pay all attention they can to Mr. and Mrs. Powell, & if at any time or in any manner,



they can serve them & their children to do so for my sake, for they have always been very kind to me; & tell them how grateful I was to them always for it. Mother, or however may read this, remember to carry out my desire; to show them that my gratitude lasted with life, & was continued in my friends even after death.

Sept. 26th, 1865

I have just been reading the bible, my bible, and O such peace & joy it gives! I cannot tell how happy I am in believing; every morning it seems to me that I find more comfortable promises, more tidings of joy than I ever supposed possible, and my only regret is that I lived 19 years away from God in sin. Would that all mankind could obtain the same hope, more especially those that I love. I cannot bear to think of any being lost. What misery to know that their immortal souls must go down into eternal darness [sic], if they do not turn from their wickedness. No joy can be compared to “the new born joy of sins forgiven.” I wish I could so proclaim my Master's praises, that the whole earth might hear; and that I could testify to the peace of God being indeed better than all earthly pleasures so well, so conclusively, that others might be persuaded to be Christians. Sometimes I think that maybe I am too happy for it to be real, but then we must believe what Jesus says, (it is a sin to doubt Him) & his promises are so precious that I can but be, always rejoicing in the Lord.

Sunny Side, October 10th, 1865

Dolie is asleep, Aunt E— sick, & I sitting by the chamber window writing; I came out nearly two weeks ago, & have been feeling perfectly well, until to-day.

Em is in Caroline, & Nannie staying with Carrie Dickinson. Father has had three very severe hemorages, & George is not well. Louie Willie & Mother are all better. Aunt E— has been quite sick ever since I came out. She is failing very fast I fear, & sometimes we think, she has only a short time to

be with us. I try to be as kind & tender as I can, for she is not a happy disposition, & requires affection from those around her. Dolie & I went into town yesterday evening, & I should have stayid [sic] but for D's having to come back alone. I do not like to be away & Mother having everything to do. Possibly I may go home in a few days; if I do not have chills.

Mr. Cutler preached at Berea the 1st Sunday of this month, in the morning on "Prayer," & in the afternoon on the Union of [Illegible word], he also preached on Monday night, on the means of Salvation.

He dined with us Monday, & I had the pleasure of riding to church in the carriage with him, also to [illegible word] Sunday evening. Mr. Thorburn went with us the first day, & Dr. F Herndon & Mr. C. Crutchfield came home with us Monday night. The next morning all of us went to town & "dined." I like Dr. H— very much; he is so dignified & gentlemanly. They came back with us Tuesday evening & sat a short while. Mr. C— & Mr. Minor Botts took supper here on Thursday. Mr. Mansfield & Mr. John Frazier [next word inserted above line] spent Friday night. Mr. & Mrs. Samuel, Miss M. Dobyns, Mrs. Dabney, Mr. Botts & Miss Em dined here on Saturday. The latter staid all night. Mr. Tyler called in the morning. On Sunday we went to hear Mr. Mc[Illegible name], & dined at Mr. Marye's. Monday evening Dolie & I went to town; & Dr. [Illegible name] & wife breakfasted with us this Tuesday morning. Dr. A— here last night & again to-day. Last Monday I had a note from the Professor, & a pamphlet a day or two later. If some way of accomplishing my object could only be opened; how glad I would be, not for my praise, for few will ever know it; but for the glory of God & the good of his Cause. I am so glad I am a Christian. I would not exchange my hope in Christ, for all the world. When I lie ["ie" written over "ay"] down in my bed at-night I find no fear, for I know that I am under the shadow of an Almighty wing; in all temptations & trials I feel that a Father's arm is around me, & Oh, if I can only have faith, & trust him as I ought to, he will with the temptation also [next two words inserted above

line] make a way of escape; clad in the armour of God, we can, we shall resist the wiles of the devil; for He has promised “never to leave or forsake us.” What comfort there is in that thought.

Oct 27th, 1865

21 mins past 4 o'clock, sitting by the parlour window, N practicing. I always like to write the time & place; as in after years they will help me recall past scenes & associations, all the more vividly. Autumn is passing swiftly away. The dead leaves strew the forest paths. And withered are the pale wild flowers. The frost hangs blackening on the stalk, and soon will.

The dew drops [the “d” is written over a “p”] fall in frozen showers, and as surely are we too passing away for “the fashion of this world changeth,” but there is a home above, for all who hold out faithful to the end, where there is no parting, pain, sin nor death; and our Father, My Father, is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, in Him there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. What a blessed thought Sometimes I wish, if it were His will, that I could die, and leave this world of care, for the Rest above, and then again the world is so attractive that I find myself loving it, better than heavenly things. So many temptations visit our pathway; and my heart is so evil that it yields [sic], & leads me into sin which having been born of God, ought to have been buried. It seems to me that nobody is tempted as I am. What to others would be no harm, draws me away from God, & back into the world; and I know that whosoever loveth the world, the love of the Father is not in him. Truly becoming a Christian is the easiest part of it; but oh how hard it is to live a Christian life, we do indeed need to watch & pray lest we fall into temptation; and even then, every day has its failure, every hour its trial. Only God can deliver us from temptation. “Add to your faith [next four words inserted above line] virtue & to virtue temperance, and to temperance, patience, & to patience godliness, and to

godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity, that charity which thinketh no evil, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked.”<sup>322</sup>

Just then Mr. Charlie Crutchfield came in, & spent sometime, & after he left Johnny came around, so I did not write any more.

The Tournament passed off only tolerably well. Madge crowned “Queen of Love & Beauty,” by the “Knight of the Leopard.”<sup>323</sup> My Knight, that was to be, did not ride. I am so glad I did not go; for although to most people it would be a harmless amusement, yet I know it would have been more to me. At one time the temptation was very strong, but by God’s help, I did not go. Tomorrow Mr. Cutler is going to preach at Berea. I am so glad for I fear I am getting [illegible word]. [At this point five leaves of the journal have been torn out]

To-day I feel perfectly willing to resign all things into the hands of our Heavenly Father, for “He doeth all things well.” The bud [illegible word] have a bitter taste, but sweet will be the flower.” “God is his own interpreter, & the will make them plain.”

Nannie & I are hoping to make Lizzie a visit before long, if the weather will permit, we expect to go tomorrow.

Ellen Young & Mr. Albert Botts were married on Tuesday last, & Mollie Herndon & Mr. Clay on Monday.<sup>324</sup> We were at the formers marriage, & I went to the cars.

---

<sup>322</sup> Passage from II Peter 1:1-11. *The Bible, Old and New Testaments*, King James Version, August 1, 1989, accessed on September 29, 2013, <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/10/10-h/10-h.htm>.

<sup>323</sup> Based on medieval jousting contests, tournaments were a popular form of entertainment in the nineteenth-century South. These events offered “costumes and pageantry, competition that tested the skill and control of the participants, honored the victors above their peers and gave them a chance to share their distinction with the opposite sex, culminated in social expression through the dance.” “The Romantic Revival,” *National Jousting Association*, April 20, 2003, accessed September 29, 2013, <http://www.nationaljousting.com/history/romantic.htm>.

<sup>324</sup> Albert Burnley Botts (b. 1841 – 1917) of Spotsylvania County, Virginia and Ellen Young (1842 – 1884) were married on November 15, 1865. Apparently Lizzie included events in this entry which occurred between October 27, 1865, and that date. “Pvt Albert Burnley Botts, Sr,” *Find a Grave*, updated June 3, 2004, accessed October 13, 2013,

Dr. F Herndon was one of the groomsman. Madge & Mr. C— seem to be getting along finely. I should not be surprised if they were finally married.

It is so hard, not to think of myself more highly, than I ought to think, sometimes, “to be meek & lowly of heart.” Lord help me to be humble, even as our Saviour was! Last week I had such a sweet letter from Emma, also have heard from Phennie & Fanny Parker recently. Aunts E— & D— staid with us much of the time Uncle Tom was here, and we at Sunny Side the remaining days.

Green Branch<sup>325</sup>

Dec 1st, 1865

Nannie asleep, Nenna glancing over “Cotta Family,” and I writing in my journal once more; the humour of transcribing my thoughts &c, seizes me at intervals, & then again I will not write any for weeks.<sup>326</sup>

Nannie & I came out on a visit to Lizzie, a week ago last Wednesday, Johnnie drove us, & we had quite a funny drive, started at a quarter to eleven, & arrived 15 mins past five o'clock P.M.

Our visit has been very pleasant so far, Lizzie doing every thing in her power to make us enjoy ourselves; & Henna has added greatly to our happiness. Edgar and Lizzie are devoted to each other; he never seems satisfied away from her. She says she has been happy ever since the first hour of her married life, & is a strong advocate for matrimony. We have been reading, the “Schoenberg Cotta Family,” aloud, & enjoy it extremely. Martin Luther is one of the principal characters; & the great ideas of the age are so clearly developed, that I can at-times almost fancy myself an actor in the stirring

---

[http://www.findagrave.com/cgi-](http://www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=gr&GSln=BOT&GSpartial=1&GSbyrel=all&GSst=48&GSctry=4&GSsr=641&GRid=8867681&)

[bin/fg.cgi?page=gr&GSln=BOT&GSpartial=1&GSbyrel=all&GSst=48&GSctry=4&GSsr=641&GRid=8867681&](http://www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=gr&GSln=BOT&GSpartial=1&GSbyrel=all&GSst=48&GSctry=4&GSsr=641&GRid=8867681&);

<sup>325</sup> See footnote referring to “Green Branch” on page 118.

<sup>326</sup> The *Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family* was published in 1862, by English writer Elizabeth Rundle Charles (1828 – 1896). It enjoyed numerous editions. Elisabeth Jay, “Charles, Elizabeth Rundle (1828–1896),” *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), accessed October 13, 2013.

scenes of the Reformation, it is a book I should like to own. Some of these days, when I get rich, I intend having a library, for books are the chief sources of much of my pleasure.

The other morning I told Nannie, I really wished somebody would give me twenty-five cents, for a Xmas gift. She laughed. It does seem funny that we, who once had everything heart could desire, should now never have a cent. I owe several letters, but cannot answer them for want of stamps, & still I am happy. Truly “riches make to themselves wings and fly away.” I am not yet 20, & I know how the above has been verified with our family. George has for seven months been waiting for money to start him in his profession. At-times I acknowledge, I do feel very much dissatisfied with my poverty, but the Bible tells us to be content, with the things we have; again I do not care so much for it. Just before I came out here my only lace collar was burnt & ruined, so now I have only linen & one little muslin ruffle, which are very fashionable, but “When my ship comes in from sea,” [no open quote mark] O! how different it will be!” Hi diddle; di, diddle di-dee! [no close quote mark]

But to return to my visit. We have had a quiet time, reading, sewing, laughing & talking. I have made my first plain body; it fits beautifully, also one pair of cuffs, & another pair except the button holes. I am busy fixing my light silk. The body is completed except the trimmings & hooks &c. The skirt has only been sewed up.

Letters came to me from Madggie & Kate G— just before I left home, both expressive of sympathy with me in my “new born joy, of sins forgiven.” Dear friends, one fashionable, gay, intelligent, suited for a life of leisure, & enjoyment; the other, sweet, affectionate, trustful, a little child-angel, a lamb of Christ’s fold, dear to her Sheperd’s heart I feel sure; how dearly I would love to see her, she would make me better by her gentle, lowly conduct. The other proud yet very dear, as the friend & constant companion of my first six months at boarding school. Truly am I blest, in having so many to love me; how they ever learned to, proud, cold, unsociable, disobliging & selfish as I was I cannot tell. Maybe

now they would love me better if they knew me; since I am no longer my own mistress, but a follower of Him, who bore our transgressions, & by whose stripes we are healed. Blessed Saviour, Deliver [sic], & Friend, “whom have we in heaven but Thee, & who is on earth beside Thee. O, that I were indeed a more faithful, humble Christian; a better child of God. O that thy infinite mercy, peace & love, might shine in my heart; & make me thine, wholly thine. With Thee, all can be borne, disappointments, sorrows, temptations, bereavements; without Thee, we can do nothing, endure nothing, have no hope hereafter.

“Ah, whither should we flee for aid,  
When tempted desolate, dismay’d?  
Oh how the hosts of hell defeat?  
Had suffering souls no mercy seat.”<sup>327</sup>

God is good, to give us his Son, that we might live; to give us his precious word & promises; to give us his Holy Spirit, our comforter. He has not indeed left me comfortless. O the height & the depth & the altogether “incomprehensible majesty” of our Father’s Love. Teach me thy statutes, make me to walk in thy ways, to love thy words, & thy Saints, Father help me to be, thy child in spirit & in truth! Teach me to love Thee with my whole heart, & to trust to thy mercy. Preserve me from temptation, deliver me from evil, & pardon my sins for Christ Jesus’ sake. Amen.

The first two or three days we spent here were very sad to me; the remembrance of one, sleeping far away on the battle-field, haunted me.<sup>328</sup> Seemed to be ever present, but now I feel that I can put all things into His hands. “Who doeth all things well.” What could we do, if we had not an high priest to

---

<sup>327</sup> Passage from Rev. Hugh Stowell’s “The Mercy Seat.” The poem was published in W.T. Brantly, *The Columbian Star and Christian Index*, Volume 4 (Philadelphia: W.T. Brantly, 1831), 254.

<sup>328</sup> Lizzie here refers to Col. Stapleton Crutchfield. See footnote on page 114.

be touched with the feelings of our infirmities? The brave, the noble, the heir, the scholar has many months been lying lifeless beneath the blood stained earth of Buckingham. Taken at the moment of victory, before the bitter mortification, ~~the~~ of defeat, & subjugation was experienced; he was saved the agony lifelong, & hopeless, of his country's downfall. God is merciful, he is but another in the Army of Christian Soldiers, whom God has taken to himself. There, in "Immanuel's Land" he understands the mysteries of his Father's providences, & knows that all is well!<sup>329</sup> Yes it is well that the noblest, the best should be removed from the world's battle-field, to the [illegible character struck out] realms of peace in heaven! And if we obey his commandments, all of us shall one day be united around the Throne of God, and join in the heavenly choirs. Glory to God in the highest, peace, good-will towards men. And will not that moment of bliss, repay us for all sorrows, all suffering, endured here below? "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through Christ-Jesus, our Lord!!!"

Fredericksburg

Dec. 12th, 1865

Tuesday afternoon, before dinner.

It has been raining all day, except an occasional intermission of the pit-pat, pit-pat on the pavement without. I did not get up early, so [next word inserted above line] had only time enough to fix shades to lamps & read a few verses before breakfast. Sometimes it does indeed seem that I am overcome by the "Powers of Darkness." I take little or no pleasure in reading my bible, nor in praying, my lips move mechanically, and although I am on my knees bowing before a Throne of Grace, God alone knows how

---

<sup>329</sup> A reference to the poem "Immanuel's Land," written by Ann Ross Cousin (1824 – 1906) from the letters of the Scottish pastor Samuel Rutherford (1600 – 1661). Annie Ross Cousin, *Immanuel's Land, and Other Pieces* (London: James Nisbit and Co., 1876).



far away my thoughts are; my lips only are near Him; & my heart is far off; here recently I have been very busy, housekeeping & teaching with company all the time; & two days, it was almost night before I could find time for my private devotions. Just to think of not finding time to pray to Him, who is the giver of every good & perfect gift. I can nearly always trace my unhappiness, in consequences of God's hiding his face from me, to my neglect of him, or to my own shortcomings; & so indeed it must be, for our Saviour is ever nigh to them who call upon him in truth. This morning, at-first I could not pray in Spirit & in Truth; [illegible character struck out] but afterwards I felt as if God's presence were again over shadowing ~~you~~ me. At-times I arise from communion with my Heavenly Father so refreshed & strengthened, that I indeed experience the truth of the hymn;

“There is a place where Jesus sheds,  
The Oil of gladness on our heads;  
A place than all besides more sweet,  
It is the blood-bought Mercy Seat.”

God be praised than we have a Mercy Seat, where Jesus answers prayers

Wednesday

Dec. 13th, 1865

In Father's room, Em by the window. I am just out of school, the hour being between half past one & two o'clock. Cleaned up the parlour, washed lamp shades, taught Em, & read my bible. Kitty is sick, so N & I have a great deal of homework to do; & as Aunt Ellen & family came up last Friday we have little time for pleasure, or improvement, nothing but actual dishes all the morning long to be attended to. I

anxious to finish Ferdinand & Isabella before New Year. Mrs. Lawrence, Mr. & Mrs. Temple, Mr. Cutler & Aunt E & C have been staying with us since we came back (so I have accomplished nothing in the sewing line, but two pairs of cuffs.) besides which company, Aunts E & D have dined with us twice, & the Chew relations spent an evening. Cousin [Illegible name] & husband dined with us Monday, & Mr. Herndon Sunday.

Mr. Henry Gordon & Sue came to see us day before yesterday, also Carrie & Mr. Robert Hall, Mrs. Rose & Miss Sue Welford. Mr. M. Hall, Johnny, & Mr. C. Temple have also been to see us since our return, & Misses Slaughter, with Fanny Doswell & Mother. Not mentioning Madge; Mrs. B[illegible name] Miss Helen, Nelly Kelly & Sue Scott. We called on Helen Botts, Lucy Temple, Fann Ficklin & the Goodwin girls last week. Little Georgie & Johnny have gone to Richmond, & Aunt Ellen, Mother, & Mag are going to Sunny Side this evening.

Friday night

December 15th, 1865

Nannie playing "Brightest Eyes," Aunt Ellen sewing, George idle, Mother ditto, Mae & Emily drawing patterns. Last night I cleaned up the parlor & brushed down the things to avoid doing it to-day, before breakfast this morning I walked a mile, & washed lamp shades, besides having vegetables gotten for Aunt E—. Afterwards I read & taught, and during the day I have read 150 pages of history. Aunts E & D came in this morning. They are sadly disappointed in Mr. Owens.

I accompanied the party to S. S. had quite a pleasant time. Uncle Seth has picked out Mr. Newman for my beau, & Aunt E— has selected Mr. Lewis Crenshaw for me. To-day I had such a kind, sympathizing

letter from Phemie to-day; the friendship between us has greatly increased since we left school; and now I think I am one of her most cherished friends.

Thursday night, December 28th, 1865

In the chamber. Mother sick in bed. I almost feel as if last winter were beginning over again, everything looks so gloomy, Mother's health is so feeble, & nothing to hope for. Then our cause was depressed, but we could hope, and how firm my faith was that it must succeed, that the Spring would bring realization to hope, comfort to the sorrowing, & victory to our Army, but Spring came, & instead of brightening our hearts, it brought disaster, defeat, humiliation & subjugation. Every hope crushed, every ray of joy obscured, every air castle erected upon our hearts desires fallen, vanished, reduced to ashes, & the season of buds, singing birds & love & beauty, was without sunshine, joy, or happiness, to us Southern people. [Following sentence written vertically in left margin of this page and right margin of the previous page. It was apparently written at a later date] Father lost everything by the Civil War except land & bankrupt notices from those in debt to him, always notes. Now there is no War, we are at peace, a peace, humiliating and degrading, but the prospects are gloomy. We are poorer by far than we were during the war, have not money to buy even the necessities of life. Until a week ago I have not had a cent from Father during the whole year; not that I complain, ~~but~~ for he has not had money to spare for us, but sometimes it is right hard not to have any money for anything. For weeks I could not answer a single letter because I did not have a stamp. And when I want to go out, I have to borrow Mother's gloves; and my poplin dress is at-last unpresentable, not looking decent, even at-night, and it is my best. I do not think my life is happy, now. We actually need some clothing & have little prospect of getting any. Mother is quite sick, and sometimes I fear she never will be well, & then we see so much trouble about Willie, & feel such constant apprehension, that it is impossible for us to feel hopeful & gay, as once we did. Yet there are many blessings we enjoy, kind friends, plenty to eat & keep

ourselves warm with; though not suitable for visiting &c, & good fires to sit by; besides books to read & our own blessed Bible. And there is one above, who sticketh closer than a brother; who never faileth in his love, & protecting care; & though we have no joy or comfort here below, we know that then, we will be always happy, in our Saviour's presence. It is mighty hard to keep from being worried by [next word inserted above line] the little occurrences of every day life, and often I get fretted, & say unkind or unnecessary things, which are afterwards regretted, frequently without amendment. "Pure religion & undefiled is this, to visit the widows & fatherless in their afflictions, and to keep yourself unspotted from the world."<sup>330</sup> Would to God, that I could do so! I think about some things I am mighty [illegible word] people know their weaknesses better than I. I have not moral courage to do always what I think best & right. I had a class in the Episcopal Sunday School. After joining Berea, I of course could not teach them infant baptism &c. conscientiously; so I asked Mr. Cutler's advice, it was to continue my class, & teach the catechism, but make them explain it, ask what the different articles implied; or to teach the regular lessons, & get some one to hear the cat. Well one evening I told Hattie, that I would continue to teach as I had always done, but omit that. She said very well, it made no difference, & I told her my reason for omitting it, was my not agreeing with the views it taught. The next Sabbath, she sent me word that she was very sorry to leave me, but her Father preferred her going to one of her own denomination; as I objected to teaching the Cate. So I sat down & wrote, saying I resigned my class with regret, but thought possibly I had no right to stay in a S. School, and not teach the doctrines it inculcated &c. At the time I was perfectly conscientious, & thought I acted rightly, but since it has troubled me, for I think that perhaps I ought to have continued teaching & let them (H & Edmonia) go to somebody else, regarding it as God's School & not as [next two words inserted above line] pertaining to a particular denomination, though honestly I did feel uncomfortable, for I felt as if I had no right to be teaching in a school, doctrines, contrary to those therein taught, &

---

<sup>330</sup> Passage from James 1: 27. *The Bible, Old and New Testaments*, King James Version, August 1, 1989, accessed on September 29, 2013, <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/10/10-h/10-h.htm>.

really did feel constrained, rather as if I were doing something dishonorable. I am troubled mostly because I had ~~to~~ not resolved to leave, until Hattie decided to go to some one else. But it is done now, & I can only pray for forgiveness if I acted from unworthy motives, as it partly seems to me I did, though it was what, at the moment, I conceived to be right. If I can but discharge my duties in the different relations of life, faithfully, by the grace of God, I know it will be all well, in the end, but I have so little charity, forbearance, & patience that I fail constantly. Not long ago I heard Mr. Broaddus preach, from, "Let Patience have her perfect work," and I think it did me good. He said that patience was not insensibility, or acquiescence; but that patience under afflictions consisted in submitting to our trials as coming from God, not thinking them no trials at-all, but regarding & bearing them as such.<sup>331</sup> I heard him also on the conversion of the jailers family.<sup>332</sup>

Capt. Gregory is married, his wife was a widow lady by the name of Hill. I trust she will make him a good wife, & exert a beneficial influence over him. I am very glad he is married; & also glad that I did not love him, as he so soon, in 18 months, saw some one else to fill my place, and now I dare say, loves Mrs. Gregory far better than he ever did me, at any rate he ought to, I should not be surprised to hear of Dr. Fitz being in love or engaged. He has not written to any of the family for 2 months at least. Maybe he does not, being in love with someone else, & thinking it might make me feel badly. I wonder if he does! It would not, I think, though of course I would feel complimented if he were to wait until I found some one to love, & cherish, So protect me. At times I do feel such an intense desire, for some one to love me, better than anything in the world, to feel that his happiness depended upon my loving him. I know there are depths in my heart never yet reached; and that at the touch of some hand, the door will open, & reveal all my capabilities of affection. How intensely I could love! but God knows

---

<sup>331</sup> Passage from James 1:4. *The Bible, Old and New Testaments*, King James Version, August 1, 1989, accessed on September 29, 2013. <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/10/10-h/10-h.htm>.

<sup>332</sup> Refers to the "Conversion of the jailer at Philippi" in Acts 16:16-34. *The Bible, Old and New Testaments*, King James Version, August 1, 1989, accessed on September 29, 2013. <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/10/10-h/10-h.htm>.

best, and if he sees fit for me to love & be loved, it will be; if not, he will enable me to live on without anyone to love me beyond everything.

1866

Jan. 1st. 1866 Monday night - 1/4 before 1 o'clock.

Not much to right, journal, as it is getting very late. Mother is very sick again; may God in his mercy, spare her to us; "but if he sees "best to take her to himself, may he give us strength to say, "Thy will be done."

The old year has gone, the new has begun. 1865, so full of blighted hopes, cherished memories, bitter regrets; but also of joy & peace (spiritual), which the world cannot take away. May God enable us to spend 1866 in his service, daily striving "to pitch our moving tents, a day's march, nearer home," living for his glory & striving to keep our garments unstained by earthly corruption & sin; so that they may be ready for us to meet our Saviour, in the brightness of his coming. Father teach us to place our times in Thy hands, knowing that Thou so loved us, as to give Thine only son, that we through his death might have eternal life, teach us to love Thy commandments to do them; to abide under the shadow of Thy wing, to do unto others as we would have them do to us, to pray without ceasing, to love Thy word; & Thy people; & oh clothe us in humility & good works. May thy peace abound in our lives.

Friday night

January 5, 1866. After 11 o'clock

Mr. Ficklin, Em, Nannie & I are sitting by the fire in Mother's room, she, is still quite sick.

Mother has been, so sick, & very low spirited; one day, I felt as if she would not get well; and O the agony it was; and then too I felt so reproached at for ever having noticed her little infirmities of temper; increased as they were by sickness & distress; for so often being annoyed by having to do so many little things; for complaining because some things could not be as I wanted them. Truly, “before I was afflicted, I went astray.” I can say with the psalmist; but I fear not, “now I have kept thy precepts.” That little book “Onward,” did me some good I think; the spirit of it is so beautiful, and it called my attention to some passages of Scripture, I had never noticed before.<sup>333</sup> One especially, “Here we go from strength to strength, but every one in Zion, appeareth before God.” We must strive against temptation and if we overcome it, each conquest will bring us strength, and the next not be so hard; thus we go from “strength to strength” here, and “there we shall appear before God.”

We need affliction to remind us of our Father’s care & power; in prosperity we are so apt to wander astray, to forget that we owe our lives, our all to him; and he chastises us, that we may look from earth to heaven; from man to God.

We are expecting Mr. Cutler to-night. George has gone to the cars to meet him, a most unexpected piece of self-denial on his part, but to-night he actually admitted, that he liked our pastor very much. I know I love him, and well I may, as he was the instrument of my salvation; by God’s grace. To-night, I have been looking over some pages relative to Hannah. How forcibly they brought her to mind. Now I am reconciled to her death, for she is at-rest; and I trust through my Saviour’s love, to join her in the realms above. Truly did I love her beyond any one out of my immediate family; and I know she returned my affection. Dear Hannah, so true, noble, unselfish & humble; few knew your worth; & appreciated your merit! At-times I do feel such a longing to tell her everything, to write to her, & read her own dear letters; to see her face to face; to look into the eyes I loved, but she has gone, and the

---

<sup>333</sup> Jane Anne Winscom’s *Onward, Or the Mountain Clamberers, A Tale of Progress* (New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1859). The biblical verse Lizzie quotes is from The Book of Psalms 119:67. *The Bible, Old and New Testaments*, King James Version, August 1, 1989, accessed on September 29, 2013. <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/10/10-h/10-h.htm>.

grave of her friendship lies in one corner of my heart; "fresh & dewey green." How thankful she would be to know that I was a Christian, and what sweet religions intercourse we would have; how well she could help me in my doubts & difficulties; she who would talk to one of my soul's salvation, whether or not I was willing, and how amused she would be at my having beaux! I can imagine how she would look, & then give her quite laugh; & when she heard of their fate, be sure to utter her old prediction, "I know you are going to marry some wild [illegible word] young man." Curious, how many of my friends think, or have thought the same thing!

The other day Willie came in, after being on a frolic. I met him in the passage, and he looked so much like I have seen Capt. Church, that I started. I suppose the dark uniform coat, heightened the effect. I felt as if I could have wept, at the sight of my poor brother. We can only trust him to God, and hope & pray.

Kitty & Uncle William are with us still; it is such a comfort to have the old ones.

Mammy left us last week. I could not speak, when she told me good-bye. All my love for her came over me, & filled my heart too full for words. [The following sentence is inserted in the margin in pencil] She went to housekeeping.

I had a letter from Aunt E— on yesterday. She says Mag had a hearty cry to see us all, not long since. New Year's day Johnny was very much exercised, because some of Miss Morris' visitors could not walk straight; said "he reckoned they were just fooling," & that George is sweet as ever. Dunn has not succeeded in selling my dress. I have a bonnet, pretty & simple. Blue uncut velvet, with a simple bandeau of the same on the out side, trimmed with blond lace, & caught by a white rose; & within some fine blue flowers, it is a lovely shade, & very becoming. N's is just like mine. I have no dress to wear with it.



Perpetuity of Joy in Heaven

Bernard of Clugni<sup>334</sup>

“Here brief is the sighing,

And brief is the crying,

For brief is the life!

The life there is endless,

The joy there is endless,

And ended the strife.”

“What joys are in heaven?

To whom are they given?

Ah what? and to whom?

The stars to the earth born,

“Best robes” to the sin-worn,

The crown for the doom!”

“O country the fairest!

Our country the dearest,

We press toward thee!

O Sion the golden!

Our eyes now are holden,

---

<sup>334</sup> This poem was likely transcribed from Chapter XIII of the *Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family*.

Thy light till we see!"

"Thy crystalline ocean,

Unvexed by commotion,

Thy fountain of life!

Thy deep peace unspoken,

Pure, sinless, unbroken,

Thy peace beyond strife."

"Thy meek saints all glorious,

Thy martyrs victorious,

Who suffer no more,

Thy halls full of singing,

Thy hymns ever ringing,

Along thy safe shore."

"Like the lilly for whiteness,

Like the jewel for brightness,

Thy vestments O Bride!

The Lamb ever with thee,

The Bridgroom is with thee,

With thee to abide!"

"We know not, we know not,

All human words shown not,  
The joys we may reach;  
The mansions preparing,  
The joys for our sharing,  
The welcome for each."

"O Sion the golden!  
My eyes still are holden,  
Thy light till I see;  
And deep in thy glory,  
Unveiled then before me,  
My King, look on thee!"

Thursday night

January 11th, 1866

Scene. Mother in bed reading. I sitting by the fire, in large rocking chair, very comfortable; everything ready for retiring, save the fender to be put down, my feet to be washed, & my reading & prayers. Nannie has taken a dose of morphine, & is fast asleep I reckon, as are most all the members of the family. I have read only a few pages in Kitty Trevelyman; but some things struck me in those few, especially some passages from Bishop Taylor's Golden Grove."<sup>335</sup> [Previous close quote mark is not matched by an open quote mark] One on the evening's devotions, viz:

---

<sup>335</sup> *Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevelyman: A Story of the Times of Whitefield and the Wesleys* was published in 1864, and written by Elizabeth Rundle Charles. Charles was also the author of *The Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family*, which Lizzie also read. Elisabeth Jay, "Charles, Elizabeth Rundle (1828–1896)," *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), accessed October 13, 2013.

24. Before you go to bed, bethink yourself of the day past. If nothing extraordinary hath happened, your conscience is the sooner examined; but if you have had a difference or disagreeing with anyone, or a great feast, or a great company, or a great joy, or a great sorrow, then recollect yourself with the more diligence: ask pardon for what is amiss, give God thanks for what is good. If you have omitted any duty make amends for it next day; and yet if nothing be found that was amiss, be humbled still & thankful and pray God for pardon if anything be amiss that you know not-of. Remember also, to be sure to take notice [illegible characters struck out] of all the mercies & deliverances of yourself and your relatives that day.”

Again. “Little reading & much thinking, little speaking & much hearing, frequent & short prayers and great devotion, is the best way to be wise, to be holy, to be devout.”

“It is good that at the first prayers they were divided into seven acts of piety. 1. An act of adoration, 2. Of thanksgiving, 3. Of oblation, 4. Of confession, 5. Of petition, 6. Of intercession, 7. Of meditation, or serious, deliberate, useful reading of the Holy Scriptures.”

After recommending me to pray for strength for the trials of the day, he says, if there be anything foreseen that is not usual, be sure to be armed for it by a hearty, though a short prayer, and an earnest resolution before hand, and then watch when the thing comes.” Then no one of my troubles, when I pray for strength against the trials of the coming day. I arise from my knees, feeling strong in Him; but when it-comes, I fail to watch, & pray against the temptation.

I am mighty selfish, & live so much for myself. The other night Miss Lizzie Braxton was here & talking about Col. B’s bearing his trouble so well; said that he thought it wrong to afflict other people with his

griefs, &c &c. It struck me in a new light, that instead of making other people bear my burdens, should help them to bear theirs, that “we have no right to impose the punishment God send us, upon others,” & I did pray God to help me to live for others, not for myself, & to make the paths of duty, those of pleasantness & peace to me, & since then I have prayed so too; but my whole nature is so selfish; & I love my own ease & comfort so much, that I find it hard to make the least sacrifice. What to other people would be no effort, is a real trial to me. I know, through the grace of God, I have been enabled to give up my own gratification to some slight degree; but then I have consulted it ~~my own~~ so much more. By nature I am fussy, like to make a parade of all my doings, & create a sensation; and I know a Xtian ought to be meek, humble, lowly.”<sup>336</sup> This also I do sometimes make a subject of prayer, & must hereafter more constantly, trying to lead a sober & vigilant life, knowing that the devil goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. How constant must be our watchfulness & prayer, if we wish to avoid temptation & even then, how often we fail. God only can strengthen us, & cause us to be “pure in thought, holy in life.” I do feel a great deal happier when I sacrifice my happiness for others’, a good conscience void of offense towards God & man; how precious it must be. To-night I spent about three [next word covers an illegible word] hours waiting on different members of the family, & attending to little duties; & I confess I felt better after finishing, than if I been following my inclinations, to spend a quiet evening in writing &c. Another of my weaknesses is vain-glorying. After the least little duty performed, I feel so puffed up, & again to my Saviour alone, can I pray for humility, a virtue I so much need; for very vain am I in my own conceits. May My Heavenly Father keep me to be more like his Son, in spirit & in truth.

Capt. Church is married; at-least such is the report. I can truly say that I am thankful for it; & recognize God’s providence in it-all. Perhaps if he had staid in this part of the country, we might have had deeper feeling for each other, for I liked him very much, & he liked me too. We were both young then, &

---

<sup>336</sup> “Xtian” is a common shorthand used by Lizzie in place of the word “Christian.”

mutually pleased; but without really caring for one another. He was brave, handsome, dashing; I young, good looking, & agreeable (at-least to some.); &c, so we became friends. The whole affair commenced with a sort of a flirtation in my opinion (the only one I have ever been guilty of.) he thinking me, pleasant enough to answer his purpose, & I hearing of his propensity, being quite willing to carry it on. Before Xmas we heard he was coming on, & earnestly did I pray God for divine strength to resist temptation. He answered my prayer, & put the trial far from me, & I am glad & thank him for it. Not that I pretend to say, any woman likes to have those who once preferred her, like another still better; for I do not believe it; but I am sincerely glad, that the temptation can never be placed in my way, nor ~~either~~ the trial of passing him. God grant that his wife may be a blessing to him; & the instrument of his leaving his old habits. May they love one another sincerely; & may his home, by God's grace, be a safeguard to him; & finally may his affections be placed upon heavenly things; so that in leaving his home here, he may find one far happier there!! I do not think I praise God enough. My prayers are generally taking up in petitions for grace, & strength; yet sometimes my heart does overflow with thanksgiving; & then I love to praise Him. Oh that my life may be a prayer, & praise offering. I feel so grateful to our neighbors & friends for their kindness during Mother's sickness; & so thankful to God, for sparing her life, & leaving our Mother with yet awhile. I trust her sickness may be the means of uniting us more closely on earth: & also of bringing us nearer our "Father in Heaven." How sweet it is to think that He is our Father, & that nothing but our own sinfulness can separate us from Him. I think reading "Onward" improved me some; it [next word inserted above line] has increased my trust, & love. I hope, and I must also strive to be one of the "Mountain Clamberers," not turning back because of temptations & trials; but pressing steadily upward, leaning upon His Staff for support; not looking back, but keeping my eyes fixed upon the Mountain Top; & upon the Lamb, waiting to receive us. May He who is the way, the Truth & the Life guide us up the mountain, assist us over difficulties, spiritual &

earthly; & at-last lead us with the brightness of our Father's presence! How happy we will be then, all dangers & sorrows behind; only joy & Rest forever, & forever.

Miss L. Broxton has staid with us two nights (she is so agreeable; & noseyish too I reckon.) Mrs. [Illegible name] ditto. Mrs. Foulke one, Miss Mary Green one; and then, Cousin Ellen, Cousin Ann Eliza, Nenna, Aunt Susan, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Marye, Mrs. Beale & Mrs. Little have all been so kind, both in coming to see us, sending nice things & offering of assistance. Mrs. Sandy L— also sent a nice snack, & Mrs. Dr. W— has been to see Mother. I can never forget their goodness. Mr. Williams came one morning, & Misses Fanny Slaughter, Em Browne &c. have been too, not forgetting Mrs. W. Slaughter & Miss Lizzie's attentions. I feel as if I would like to [illegible word] all of them something. Mrs. Allen, Mr. [Illegible word], Mrs. Bradley have been also. Mr. Allen is very feeble, has his attacks quite often. Mr. & Mrs. [Illegible name] are staying then.

Loulie & Willie are living at Mr. Pratt's place. I hope the change will be of some benefit; but we only pray, & use gentle means. I feel reproached sometimes for my impatience with him; it would never do for me to have a drunkard for my husband. May God keep me from it; if it be His will. George is getting ready to move to Fairview; he is such a comfort to us all; such a dear brother. I hope if it is best, that he will be enabled to get married before long; & be a Christian. Nannie has her old cough, she is not strong. I think that she & the Colonel will be married some of these days, if nothing unforeseen prevents. Em is truly beautiful at-times, we are thrown into the shade; in fact N has lost much of her loveliness; & I much of my beauty. I am not good looking as a [two leaves have been torn from the diary at this point]

...went in the buggy.

Old Mr. Pendleton dined here on Friday, he gave me some fresh subject for thought; by which I hope I have profited some little. Especially by his ideas of praying.

Not long ago I heard Mr. Gilmer preach from “Bring ye the tithes into my storehouse, &c &c.” A most excellent sermon. One thing he said was, that just as much of Christ as anyone desired to have so much they or she had, that “He comes for our bidding, & stays for our begging” that [missing quote mark] Every day we should do some work for God.” I suppose I enjoyed the sermon particularly as it was the first I had heard for weeks. Mr. Williams also preached quite well, about two days since, upon the evil consequences of affliction, that is; that we frequently turned the means of for our purification, into causes for further transgression.

Mr. Cutler spoke about, “The Sower who went forth to sow seed.” I do not think I enjoyed church & communion as much as I ought to have done; certainly not as much as I would have [illegible word].

February 7th, 1866

Spring Grove. Cousin Tom & Boyd asleep, Cousin Pyne & I writing. At-night, in the chamber. A cheerful wood fire.

I am staying with Cousin P. (as Em's health is delicate and I cannot teach.) so far have had a very pleasant visit; she & I have read “Winifred Bertram” together, it is beautifully written; some thoughts most poetical & happily expressed.<sup>337</sup> One thing I remember, “Miss Lavinia” I think, says to “Grace Leigh,” We do what is best, when we are doing what God intends us for, & another thing, we are not required to do better than other people; only the best we can, & God will be pleased, & many, many other truths are laid before us. It is a childish simple book, but pure & holy. After reading it, one feels, that indescribable longing after heavenly things, that fresh [illegible word] to action, which we sometimes experience, upon hearing a little child talk.

---

<sup>337</sup> *Winifred Bertram, and the World She Lived In* was written by Elizabeth Rundle Charles and published in 1866. Elisabeth Jay, “Charles, Elizabeth Rundle (1828–1896),” *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), accessed October 13, 2013.



Mother is better, and how my heart fills when I think of her love. This sickness & weeks of watching has drawn us closer together; at least I hope so, my Mother & me. Nannie is as usual, the Colonel coming on, slowly but surely. Em is brilliantly beautiful at-times, & is beginning to have young gentlemen visit her. While I am leading the same old life, except that there is the new life pervading, & softening the old. Yes old things are passed away, all things have become new, or I trust will in time. I know I love God, "Our Father," & Jesus, my Saviour, and The Holy Spirit, the Comforter. And though my life is not what it should be; yet I pray all Three in One, will enable me to advance little by little up the Mount, till I shall stand on the top, in the glorious presence of my Redeemer. Another volume of the book of my life is about being closed, it leaves me more than a year farther down lapse of time. A twelve month journey nearer the Home Above. Can we regret that each day, carries us closer to God, made Heaven! [illegible word] [illegible word] and who can tell [illegible word] this time a year hence. I, or some other dear one, may not be at the end of my pilgrimage! At-rest in my Father's arms?

Night before last, I dreamed that he, who for nine long months & more has been sleeping that sleep, from which there is no awakening, came, and laid his hands upon my shoulders, & commenced talking. What he said I do not know, only that he looked into my eyes, and told me of his love. Why is it I dream & think of him so often? Not because of any affection I bore him, but because of his early death & the sad associations connected with it, and with him, in his life. Yet who can tell "What might have been," had then have been, "ought of earth to come between." Only all things under His direction, or by His permission. Nearly twenty years of my life have passed away. How long it seems since I first remembered occurrences of life! How long ago, when I was a schoolgirl, how far back the winter of my doubt! Sorrows, deep, real sorrows, have crossed my path, & left their shadow on my heart. And deep, pure, lasting Peace, has found its way into my soul, & brightened my whole life by the morning star, by the rays of the Sun of Righteousness.

The Past is irrevocable, the Future may never come, the Present is with us, for improvement or neglect. Father, wilt not thou grant that the seed sown in my heart may bring forth the peaceable fruits of the Spirit. "Love, Joy, Faith, Long-suffering, Forbearance, Patience, Temperance, Godliness, Humility, & Charity, which when past believing & hoping, can yet endure & bear all things!

## CHAPTER FOUR

### March 13, 1866 – March 28, 1867

Lizzie's fourth volume begins on March 13, 1866, and ends on March 28, 1867.<sup>338</sup> The book is 7.625-inches high by 6.25-inches wide, with marbled covers, fore edges, and top edge and contains sixty-one leaves. The paper is ruled at 3/8-inch with twenty-two lines per page in blue ink as well as four columns marked in red ink—one on left margin, one in center, and two columns at right. This volume of Lizzie's journal begins with a warning: "Should death unexpectedly take me away, no one must read this book."

By early 1866, full-scale political warfare existed between President Andrew Johnson and the Radical Republicans in Congress. Questions remained regarding who should decide how the nation would be reunited, the status of former Confederates, and the citizenship status of freedmen. Although the war in Virginia had ended nearly a year earlier, Lizzie remained invested in her Confederate identity, lamenting that she and her family were "but bondmen, to do the will of their Yankee Masters; our country is no longer ours, to live or die for."<sup>339</sup> She also hoped that the radical Republican Thaddeus Stevens's prediction that "in three short years, this whole Government will be in the hands of the late rebels, & their Northern allies," would come to fruition.<sup>340</sup> At the conclusion of this volume of her journal, and with Congressional Reconstruction in force, Lizzie wrote that "the political horizon never yet clear, has recently become so dark and threatening, that I shudder at the bare possibility of the troubles in store for us."<sup>341</sup>

Within the Alsop family, Lizzie's brother George married Virginia Louise Yerby on February 22, 1866, her sister Nannie was engaged to Carter Braxton, a match of which both her father and mother

---

<sup>338</sup> Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop Wynne. *Journal of Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop Wynne, 1862 – 1926*. Wynne Family Papers, 1809-1967. MssI W9927 a 35. Virginia Historical Society. Richmond, VA.

<sup>339</sup> Alsop Journal, March 13, 1866.

<sup>340</sup> *Ibid.*, March 10, 1866.

<sup>341</sup> *Ibid.*, March 1, 1867.

did not approve, and her sister Emma was being courted by Arthur Ludwell. In July, Lizzie's mother was again stricken with an unidentified illness and much of Lizzie's time was spent caring for her.

Among her own suitors, a marriage proposal by Robert Gray ended with "his discomfiture and her distress."<sup>342</sup> She repeatedly mentioned her concern about whether she would find someone to love, but on February 14, admits that she finds courting disagreeable.<sup>343</sup>

During a visit to see Ellen Gresham in King and Queen County, Virginia, Lizzie renewed her relationship with a former suitor, Captain Gregory, and his new wife. In February, Dr. Fitzhugh came to Fredericksburg, but Lizzie could "scarcely bear to stay near him." The following day, Lizzie wrote, "this morning it came! I knew Dr. Fitzhugh's visit was for nothing else, than to see if I had not changed my mind." Although she initially felt guilty about causing Dr. Fitzhugh pain, she later wrote that she had been deluded "to waste sympathy upon a man" because afterwards he claimed not to have come to Fredericksburg to see her.<sup>344</sup>

Throughout the year, Lizzie continued to struggle to be a good Christian. On September 23, for example, she noted that she was indifferent to her Christian duties, prayerless in spirit, and had wandered from God's side. Lizzie also "resists" going to a festival hosted by the Ladies of the Episcopal Church, even though she wanted to go, seeing it as doing her duty and thanking God for the strength to resist.

On the final pages of the book, Lizzie took stock of the religious books she read, the letters received while visiting White Sulfur Springs in August 1866, and letters written from Dug Creek and Charlottesville in September.

---

<sup>342</sup> Ibid., December 8, 1866.

<sup>343</sup> Ibid., December 22, 1866; February 4, 1867.

<sup>344</sup> Ibid., February 23, 1867

Journal of Elizabeth M. Alsop

Lizzie Maxwell Alsop

Fredericksburg

Virginia

March 13th, 66

[Next sentence written in top margin of page] Should Death unexpectedly take me away, no one must read this book. L.M.A.

March 13th

Tuesday evening. 11 mins & ½ to 5 o'clock.

Here I begin another volume of the record of my life, sitting by my favourite window in our own room; the air is as fresh & balmy, as if it were May-day, and here & there, the dead looking bough begin to give some appearance of returning life & beauty; the birds too are commencing to sing songs of praise & to select their mates, & building nooks.

As I sit & look upon the Rappahannock gliding so evenly along, and [next word inserted above line] see the "Stafford Heights," rising from its waters, & reaching so far back that earth & sky seem to meet, stretched out before me; the memory of other spring days comes over me, & makes me realize the changes since March 13th, one, two, three & even many more years before.

Two years ago, it was Sunday, and we went, some to worship, some from more worldly motives, to the Methodist Church. With its old walls, are some associations, sweet to remember as is the sound of evening bells. How often have I sat there, beneath the very droppings of the Sanctuary, while the words of divine truth fell unheeded on my ear! Ah the happiness, the joy of those first days of my girl-womanhood [next word was originally written as have, but struck out] has [sic] passed away; but through the mercy of a Saviour, in their place, remains a [illegible word] hope, a firmer trust, an ever abiding source of joy. 'Tis true then we had hopes which are dead now, & can never be revived; so far as we can look forward; & then around us clustered the sweet confidence & enjoyment of being a free people, of living in a free country. Now we are but bondmen, to do the will of our Yankee Masters; our country is no longer ours, to live or die for. We look out upon the land which God has given us, & feel that it is not our own; but we know too, and the thought brings a sweet calm of love into our hearts, that though we have no abiding city here, we seek one to come; that though we cannot call this earth our home, we are daily journeying on towards Immanuel's Land and there we will enter into a Rest for the people of God. There sin cannot enter, nor sorrow come, but God will be all & in all, and what perfect peace possesses the soul as we think this earth is not our home; "but then our home will be in heaven, our happiness in the presence of our Redeemer, & Jesus will wipe away all tears from our eyes."

Our garments will be washed pure in the blood of the Lamb; we shall eat fruit from the tree within the gates; and drink from the fountain of living waters, which maketh glad the city of our God.

"Here brief is the sighting,  
And brief is the crying,  
For brief is the life,

The life then is endless,  
The joy then is endless,  
And ended the strife.”

“What joys are in heaven?  
To whom are they given?  
Ah what? and to whom?  
The stars to the earth-born,  
Best robes to the sin worne,” [sic]  
The crown for the doome’d.”

“O Lion! the golden,  
Our eyes now are holden,  
Thy light till we see!”

George was married on the 22d of February, his wife, Jennie we call her, is very sweet looking & affectionate, & I hope, will find warm hearts in her husband's home, to recompense [sic] her for the loss of her kindred; or rather for the sacrifice of leaving them.<sup>345</sup> We gave them a small party, on the evening of the 6th of this month. It passed off very pleasantly, everybody seemed to enjoy themselves, & harmony exerted her gentle influence over those assembled. All three of us were dressed in white, Nannie with red trimmings, Em with blue, & I the simplest of them all in pure white, with a simple

---

<sup>345</sup> Virginia Louisa Yerby (1845 – 1895) was the daughter of Ellyson and Hannah Meredith Yerby. In 1850, they were listed as residents of Henrico County, Virginia, but by 1870, Ellyson and Hannah were living in Fredericksburg with George and Jennie. 1850 U.S. census, Henrico County, Virginia, population schedule, My District, p. 449 (stamped), dwelling 3, family 3, Ellyson Yerby; NARA microfilm publication M432, roll 951; 1870 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 26 (handwritten), dwelling 209, family 211, George E. Alsop; NARA microfilm publication M593, roll 1679.

bandeau of frosted leaves across my front hair, to relieve the whiteness.<sup>346</sup> Loulie staid with us nearly a week, & everybody was just as kind as could be. Miss L. B. very amusing & useful also. "Droll girl!"

"Reminiscences!"

"You had one lover!" "Ah! who was he?" "Do you not know who I mean?" "Yes, I reckon I do." "He loved you so dearly." "But he never told me so." "Because he had not time."

Something like the above commenced a relation of one, who fell, "slain in battle." We were busily engaged "squeezing lemons" & rubbing oranges one night; and amid the pauses of conversation & resting, spells, memory of old times, put us to thinking of past scenes & events, & caused me to hear much that I might otherwise never have listened to.

He said, that the thought of his being in love with you, came over him, one evening as he was lying on a sofa in Lexington; it struck him so hard, he said that he could not get over it at all!" [quote mark without matching close/open quote mark] At the time, she continued, I thought he was faking but he always persisted in it. And he used to regret not having taken advantage of your visit to Richmond, saying "What a fool he had been, to lose so much good time."

He was mightly [sic] troubled at Lt. Hodge's visit; & said he must do something he had not thought of, so he worried me till I went with him to Morton's, and selected those japonicas,<sup>347</sup> & then in the evening he walked all the way back to get another; (he sent you four, didn't he? Tis, well I selected

---

<sup>346</sup> A photograph of Lizzie was taken at this event and is in the collection of the Virginia Historical Society (1982.41). See Appendix A.

<sup>347</sup> An ornamental shrub (*Chaenomeles japonica*) that is native to Japan and cultivated for its red flowers. "Japonica," *Oxford English Dictionary* (1933), accessed on September 29, 2013, <http://www.oed.com.proxy.library.vcu.edu/view/Entry/100787?redirectedFrom=japonica#eid>.



three & he went back for the other.) He would ask for me first thing upon coming in, & would sit down & talk about you, & count how many times he could come up to F— before telling you that he loved you. Then he would get so provoked with “Phil,” & wish he had hold of him, for he would ask for the ladies. “So how can she know that I go to see her?” (I do not know unless you tell her so.) He was so much troubled about the walk you took with him, being afraid you did not want to go, & it worried him so much. Then do you remember the night he & I went up to see you? He was so delighted that you talked to him, & would not to Capt. Jones. Sometimes he would say, “that Phil tells them I want to see the ladies, & I see more of Miss Nannie than of her. When I go at-times when I think she has most leisure, & can most conveniently see me, I want her to know that I go to see her. [quote mark absent from text]

Then he would plan how he would get you to Richmond, saying that he would go away on a visit little [sic] & while he was gone, I must get you here, & let him know, then he could come back. He was afraid, or thought you would not come, because he lived with us. So often he would sit & talk to me about you, & say how he intended to treat his wife. He never ate breakfast with anyone but me, & then he would sit & look at your picture & talk about you. Once he said, Loulie much [next word inserted] as I would prize it, I would scorn to take it; “unless she gave it to me, I would not have it.” I used to leave it on my bureau, so that he might look [next word inserted] at it, when he came in, continued my sister.

That Sunday of the Evacuation, he said “I would not have any Yankee to get this for anything,” and he took it, to save it from them, saying “I will see you again in three or four days & give it back.” Then he wondered how long after leaving Richmond, it would be, before he could go up to Fredericksburg to see you.” [sic] Poor fellow, four days after leaving Richmond, you were lying dead upon the field of

victory; one of the last in the annals of our Country. Yes on April 6th, Thursday morning, a noble spirit took its flight, and “that which might have been,” can never be in this life.<sup>348</sup> God is merciful, & took him from a battle-field of ultimate mortification & defeat; to a Home of rest; & eternal glory; yes he is now sharing

“Thy deep peace unspoken,  
Pure, sinless, unbroken,  
Thy peace beyond strife.”<sup>349</sup>

I dare say anyone reading this, would infer that I loved the object of these “reminiscences,” but journal you & I know better. If he had lived, I cannot say “what might have been;” but of this I am sure, if he had told me of his love at this time a year ago, it would have met with no response in my heart. Still, if he had lived . . . ! I would like to see his grave, & plant flowers low sweet violets, & the fragrant, pure Jessamine above the sod, which covers the earthly remains of a hero, & a patriot. Yes, and to twine a wreath of the white pure flowers he loved, & lay it upon the green grass above him; yet perhaps no grass grows, no flower blooms, nor headboard marks the spot; but there he will be know [sic], in the brightness of our Saviour’s glory, & shine as one of the stars in the heavens.

March 16th

A prediction made by Thad Stevens on March 10th 66<sup>350</sup>

---

<sup>348</sup> Refers to the Battle of Sailor’s [Saylor’s] Creek, fought in Amelia County, Virginia, on April 6, 1865. Long, *Civil War Day by Day*, 667-668. See also Chris M. Calkins, *The Appomattox Campaign, March 29 – April 9, 1865* (Conshohocken: Combined Books, 1997).

<sup>349</sup> Lizzie most likely transcribed this poem from Chapter XII of Elizabeth Rundle Charles’s *Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family*.

<sup>350</sup> Thaddeus Stevens (1792 – 1868) was a member of the United States House of Representatives from Pennsylvania and one of the leaders of the Radical Republican faction of the Republican Party during the 1860s. “Stevens, Thaddeus, (1792 – 1868),” *Biographical Directory of the United States Congress: 1774 – Present*, accessed October 13, 2013, <http://bioguide.congress.gov/scripts/biodisplay.pl?index=S000887>.

“To you who do not desire these reforms, or any of them, I say frankly it is of no importance by whom, or when, or how, reconstruction is effected. [sic] For in (3) three short years, this whole Government will be in the hands of the late rebels, & their Northern allies.” God grant not only that it may be so, but that we may yet be a separate & distinct nation, as we are not in sentiment; it if be His will.

March 21st, 1866

Wednesday night, 3 mins. after 10 PM. Sitting in our room. Kitty [illegible word] N's body. Miss Sarah doing nothing. I writing in my journal.

This night two years ago, we spent the evening at Cousin John's, Capts Fitzhugh & Cooke went with us. Capt Church, Lt. Butler & Lt. Metcalfe met us there. I & Cousin John were married; Mr. Beale & Capt. Church were my groomsmen, and how doleful looking they were! I remember Capt Church & I were sitting on the sofa, by the little parlor window, when he asked me to correspond with [sic]. I refused & he did not like it, so after coming from Cousin John's I gave him permission to write to me once, & consented then to give him a final decision upon the subject. Afterwards I had some nice letters from him. Since then how things have changed. We are at peace outwardly only though. Our hopes are dead. Our Cause is lost; our country no longer our own. Lt. Metcalfe is dead. Col. Crutchfield, Adj. Jones is buried at Trevillian's. Lt. Hampton, Genl Gordon, Lt. Hodges, Genl. Stuart & [next word inserted] many thousand, are no more. Lt. Butler has but one arm. Capt Gregory & Capt Church are married. Mr. Beale & Capt Fitzhugh are no longer my beaux; & Capt. Jones is far away, neither does he care aught for the little maiden, he once so fondly loved, and I too am changed. Then I was just eighteen, now I am twenty years old; & feel sometimes as if ten years or more had been added

to my life since those days that can never come again. But “Thanks be to God, through our Saviour, Jesus Christ,” for he maketh all things to work together to good for them, that love God.” [sic]

April

June 13th, 66

Wednesday Morning

Sitting here in the front porch, this lovely summer morning. I copy a “Reply to the Conquered Banner.”<sup>351</sup> It’s sentiment must cause every Southern heart to glow.

Gallant nation, foiled by numbers,  
Say not that your hopes are fled;  
Keep that glorious flag which slumbers,  
One day to avenge your dead.

Keep it, widowed, sonless mothers,  
Keep it, sisters, mourning brothers,  
Keep it with an iron will,  
Think not that its work is done,  
Noble banner, keep it still!

---

<sup>351</sup> English poet and politician Richard Monckton Milnes, 1st Baron Houghton (1809 – 1885) wrote “A Reply to the Conquered Banner,” in response to Catholic priest and Confederate army chaplain Abram Ryan’s poem “The Conquered Banner” published in June 1865. Ryan suggested that Confederate defeat was final and that the Confederate idea should be put away forever. Milnes poem suggested that the flag should be kept safe and the cause taken up by future generations of Southerners. Donald Robert Beagle and Bryan Albin Gienza, *Poet of the Lost Cause: A Life of Father Ryan* (Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press, 2008), I, 107.

Keep it till your children take it,  
Once again to [illegible word] and make it,  
All their sires have bled and fought for,  
All their noble souls have wrought for,  
Bled and fought for all alone!

All alone, aye, shame the story,  
Millions here deplore the stain;  
Shame alas! for England's glory,  
Freedom called, and called in vain.

Furl that banner, sadly, slowly,  
Treat it gently, for 'tis holy,  
Till that day, yes, furl it sadly,  
Then once more unfurl it gladly,  
Conquered Banner, keep it still.

By Sir Francis H—, of England

June 14th, 66

Thursday evening, four mins. to seven o'clock; sitting by my favorite window in the little parlour, all alone.

The rain is falling steadily, & has that monotonous, heavy sound which a settled rain always has to me; just as if it was determined not to stop, no matter how much it inconvenienced pleasure seekers, and the world generally.

Journal I have not written in you for a long time, for several weeks past, writing has been anything but a pleasure, much as I once loved it.

We have been passing through deep waters. Oh so bitter, so bitter; but God has sweetened them by throwing in branches of the tree of life. At times I have felt as if I would lose my reason; despair almost settled upon my soul, & all I could do was to look away from Earth & Humanity, into Heaven & Divinity, to cry out.

“The way is dark my Father, cloud on [next word inserted] cloud  
Is gathering thickly o’er my head; and loud  
The thunders roar above me. See I stand  
Like one bewildered, Father take my hand.

And thro’ the gloom  
Lead safely home,  
Thy child.”

And now the clouds are breaking & the “bow of promise” again spans the horizon. When we think how wonderfully God answers our prayers, & how truly he proves “I will never leave nor forsake thee,” is it not strange that we can ever mistrust Him, who is our Sun, & our shield? I trust these

recent afflictions have brought me nearer to him, making me feel more sensibly my dependence upon Him. This may be the crisis of my existence, who can say not? I am changed, & changing every day. Oh if leaving the things that are behind, & looking to those which are before, I can only strive each day, to press more eagerly forward, to the [the numbers 5, 3, 4, and 2 appear above the following four words respectively] prize of the mark of our high calling in God, through Christ Jesus, how happy I shall be when He doth appear in the brightness of His coming!

My life is being developed day by day. Sometimes I think God in mercy, may deny me some of the greatest of earthly pleasures; for I am so apt to stray out of the “straight & narrow path.” When I have nothing especial to make me feel my own weakness. Great happiness or excessive grief, causes me to go to Him in thanksgiving, or in supplication, but the ordinary concerns of life are so monotonous, that it is difficult to keep the hope of our calling, so steadfastly before our eyes. Nannie has been away, & Mother is sick mentally & physically, that I have had a trying time.

June 19th

Tuesday afternoon.

Sitting by the parlour window, N— reading. . .

“But may the God of all grace, who hath called us into his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered a while, make your perfect, stablish [sic], strengthen, settle you.”<sup>352</sup>

---

<sup>352</sup> Passage from I Peter 5:10. *The Bible, Old and New Testaments*, King James Version, August 1, 1989, accessed on September 29, 2013. <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/10/10-h/10-h.htm>.

Mr. Hoge's text last Sunday morning, his wonderful face, the melody of his voice, & the deep earnestness of his manner, all combined, exerted a powerful influence over me, & I feel myself heart & soul in that sermon.

He commenced by saying that without revelation, all know man to be a Sinner & a sufferer, the very locks on the doors, the crimes daily committed, the prisons & courts proving the first; and desire & death, the griefs [sic] which all must feel, secret & deep in the heart though they be hidden, yet the suffering was there too.

Then, there is no word in all our language which expresses so well the idea of God &c, as glory, and with that word all must catch a glimpse [sic] of Heaven, & Divinity, glory! it thrills my being, it gives us some faint idea of the the [sic] things preparing for us all.

He said the highest earthly glory, was the patriot returning victorious over his enemies, triumphant in the right of his country; he who fell battling for home & freedom, that was human glory, but up there it was not so. Here it was for a few short hours, there eternal; & spoke so beautifully of the difference between earthly & heavenly glory.

This is human glory. "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass; the grass withereth & the flower thereof fadeth away," but in heaven we would be partakers of his eternal glory. Here must be the tear, there the triumph, here the sigh, there the song [next passage inserted above the line] here the cross, there the crown. We being heirs of God. He being our portion, our strength, & joint heirs with Christ; therefore sharing his glory, the glory of the only begotten son.



After that he spoke of the God of all grace, & how that through grace we lived, & moved, & have our being.

“After that you have suffered awhile.” If there was no sorrow in this world, there would be nothing to wean us from earth, & that proved that God was neither unjust; nor unkind, for we are not punished according to our iniquities, & it is oftentimes our troubles that bring us to see the saving grace of our crucified Saviour. I can remember one illustration of this; [sic] He said suppose this evening you walk in your garden, & pass by any aromatic plant, a Geranium, it will not give away odour [sic] to the evening breeze, or but a faint fragrance will be perceptible as it sways back & forwards in the wind; but pull one of those leaves, bruise & crush it, in your hand, & then its fragrance will make sweet the summer air. The g rock in which the diamond is imbedded, is unsightly, but take it to the great lapidary, & he, by means of knives & sharp cutting instruments, will bring the jewel to light. So the the [sic] human heart when crushed by afflictions will send forth the sweet fragrance of heaven; & so though the human heart may appear hard, & worthless, let the Great Lapidary, by trial & suffering cut off the external covering of human cares & worldly affections, & then the jem [sic] will be displayed in all its brightness, reflecting beauty upon beauty.

Sometimes the trouble may come to one of the children. The little feet that once made the house so lively, the sweet voice that brightened the home with its laughter, & the little face that lightened the fireside with its beauty all these are gone; and, there is the vacant seat at the table, the toys without an owner, the little shoe, just as it was taken from the small white foot, the empty cot, & the little one gone from the family. Sometimes, though it be but a child's grave, & a very small thing; yet it is large enough to throw a cloud over the whole sky, & to darken life earth.

There was a gentleman who had a little son, living on the sea-coast. One day a party of the ladies & gentlemen went out upon the bay, to spend some hours sailing amongst the islands, but as one young lady was made sick by the motion of the boat; she was left upon the small island to await their return, & the child being anxious staid too. The party continued their trip, & spent the hours pleasantly upon the calm waters, when a cloud was discovered, to be rising. They turned & made for the island; but the clouds darkened. The waves rose, the winds blew, & a thick mist hid from their sight the island. They knew not in what direction to stir, nothing was discernible through the fast increasing mists; & the Father filled with alarm, called his little boy by name, again & again. When ~~through~~ above the noise of the waters he heard a sweet calm voice saying, I am safe & happy Father, steer this way, steer straight to me; and soon the little one was pressed to his bosom. A few days afterwards the child died, but said the father when waves of trouble almost overwhelm me, when the winds of sorrow blow around me, and the mist of despair seems about sinking upon my soul, I seem to hear through the storm, that same sweet little voice saying, “steer this way Father, steer straight to me.”

We are required not only to render active obedience to God’s will, but patient submission; and in whatever way God calls upon us to serve him; just so we ought to do it; striving to say “thy will be done.”

Mr. Hoge said in speaking of “Eternal Glory,” that oftentimes we would let some little earthly pleasure, or happiness come between us & God, that we would seize & grant some ~~little~~ miserable bit of human enjoyment so tightly, & hold it so closely before our eyes as to include the whole bright light of heaven; so God would mercifully take it out of our hands, & throw it down, that we might draw our eyes from Earth, & fix then upon Heaven. He also said, that we must not murmur at the weight of our afflictions but bear them patiently & submissively. “O blessed mystery of grace, in bearing the woes, it will bear us.” When it seems to be pressing most heavily on our shoulders, we will find we are not left to bear

the burden alone, for it sustains us most; when we feel ready to sink beneath the load.” Yes, if we will take up the woes & follow Him; He will be near us, to strengthen us as we go step by step, to lift us up when we are bowed down, & to bear us in his hands, when we fall under the accumulation of grief. How loving, how merciful is our Saviour? before his sufferings in the garden; he said, “I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you,” & “My peace I leave with you, not as the [illegible word struck out] world giveth, give I unto you, let not your heart be troubled; neither let it be afraid.” And now surely does He fulfil [sic] his promises. “Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, & lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him & he shall direct thy paths.”<sup>353</sup>

However dark the clouds may look, however madly the storm may rage around me, O my Saviour! just teach & help me to put my trust in thee; and to hear above the roar of the winds, that voice saying, “It is I, be not afraid.” Then the rain may descent, & the storm howl, but we will find refuge under the shadow of thy wing.”

September 1st

Saturday. Time, 12 o'clock & 24 mins. Place, White Sulfur Springs.

I have not either time or inclination for writing much in journal recently, & to-day I feel so restless, that I do not know how long it will be before I try something else, & put aside my writing.

In these last months we have seen a great deal of anxiety, & care. Mother has been very, very sick; & we watched by her day & night for weeks, but now she is better.

---

<sup>353</sup> Passage from Proverbs 3:5-6. *The Bible, Old and New Testaments*, King James Version, August 1, 1989, accessed on September 29, 2013. <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/10/10-h/10-h.htm>.

Sometimes I feel that my life can never be a very happy one, for it takes me constant trouble to keep me close beside the cross. Just as soon as the burden is taken away, my sinful heart becomes filled with worldliness, & I wander out of the Fold, and often, much too often, I do not come back until I feel the stroke, or behold the frown of an offended Saviour. At-times, when Mother has been so troubled, I have felt my assurances to be O so bright! and in bearing his burdens, my own have been much lightened, & I have experienced the truth of the verses.

“Suffering when it weighs severely,  
Stamps the Saviour’s image clearly,  
On the heart of all his friends,  
In the hearts his hands have moulded, [sic]  
Is a future life unfolded.  
Through the suffering which the sends.”

And O my Father, whatever amount, of suffering it may take to keep me by thy side, just give me strength to bear it, to say “Thy will be done,” and then send it in mercy, not in math. To-day I feel as if anything to keep me beside Him, would be my choice, but without his help, my feelings may become hardened, & estranged from my Father, Saviour, Friend.

Sunday evening.

Sept 23d

At Dr. Chancellor's in Charlottesville.<sup>354</sup> And ever so have I found it since writing; engrossed with myself & the things of this world, indifferent to my Xtian duties, prayerless in spirit; I have wandered from His side. The other morning when I was praying, I could not concentrate my thoughts, my life moved in unfeeling petition, and I knew not what to do, being sorry for my sin. When his peace again came into my heart; and I felt indeed that God was sometimes nearest us, when we served him furthest off. Since then I have had sweet communion with my Saviour, and to day feel filled with his peace. Mr. Carter preached upon "pure religion & undefiled." How sweet it is to think that Jesus is near us, and O my God! save me from envy, hatred, malice, evil speaking & judging, and from all uncharitableness. Help me to serve Thee more faithfully, and to give myself body & spirit, to thy service.

At-night I went to church with Mr. Semple, and we parted from him at Dr C—'s door.

Friday morning, Oct 5th

I am now sitting on the bed in Kate's & my room at Kenmore, where I have been ever since last Monday week, the 24th Sept.<sup>355</sup> Mother & Nannie went home the same day that I came here. Mr. Hart accompanying them to the Junction. I have heard from home since. Mother not so well I fear, she has had another chill. She & Nannie have been staying with Jennie, who is sick, she lost her baby, a little girl. I ought to be thankful under the circumstances I suppose, but I do love children so dearly, that I

---

<sup>354</sup> Dr. James Edgar Chancellor (1826 – 1896) began his medical practice at Chancellorsville, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, in 1853, after being educated at the University of Virginia and Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. During the war, he served as a surgeon at in the Confederate General Hospital at Charlottesville until the town was occupied by Union forces in 1865. After the war he re-entered the medical practice and was elected Demonstrator of Anatomy at the University of Virginia on September 1865 until ill health forced his retirement in 1873. Landon B. Edwards, M.D., *Virginia Medical Semi-Monthly*, Vol. I, April 1896 – March 1897 (Richmond: J.W. Fergusson & Son, 1897), 335-336.

<sup>355</sup> "Kenmuir" was the Louisa County, Virginia, estate of Wellington and Fannie Gordon. Their daughter Kate was a friend of Lizzie's from the Southern Female Institute. The two-and-a-half story house was built by the Gordon family about 1855, and is today part of Green Springs National Historic Landmark District. Virginia Historic Landmarks Commission Staff, "National Register of Historic Places Inventory - Nomination Form: Green Springs Historic District," accessed September 30, 2013, [http://www.dhr.virginia.gov/register/Counties/Louisa/054-0111\\_Green\\_Springs\\_Rural\\_Historic\\_District\\_1973\\_Final\\_Nomination.pdf](http://www.dhr.virginia.gov/register/Counties/Louisa/054-0111_Green_Springs_Rural_Historic_District_1973_Final_Nomination.pdf).

would love to have some little darling to play with, & caress; to gladden our house with its cunning ways & merry prattle. No home is complete I think, without at least one little one, a reminder of our own childish days, a sweet loan from Father to nurture awhile in this earthly garden, that afterwards it may come to perfection in the “elysian fields.” And yet what a responsibility! When a little child is given us the forming of its future life is placed in our hands, & we must take care not to slight or mould wrongly its pliable character; for we will surely be held responsible in a great measure for that soul’s career. Then O Mothers! take care how you train the tender plants. They may go to ruin, & be withered in all heart principles before [next three words inserted] the frosts of age blight their leaves, or wither the blossoms, or they will put forth out the sweet buds of promise, and then bring forth the flowers of their prime, or when autumn shall come, changing the leaves from green to brown (telling of a time not far off, when “this mortal must on immortality”) ~~and~~ ~~and~~ these will remain the berries, fulfilments [sic] of spring leaves, & summer flowers.

We have spent our time since here I’ve been, sewing, walking, riding horse back (& otherwise) and reading “Nicolas Nickleby” aloud. Sue & Rebecca are staying with Kate also, Mrs. G— sick, & Mr. G— away, so we young people have the house to ourselves. Last Sunday evening I read the most beautiful allegory, “The King’s Messengers,”<sup>356</sup> [close parenthesis without mate] it represents four brothers, “P, Megacles, Euprepes, & Sophron,” who having an immense fortune left them, are warned that when the “Law of Exile” is executed against each of them, they will be allowed to take none of their possessions with them, out of the city of “Macotiae.” So they must send their treasures by the “Kings Messengers” into the “Glorious City” before they are cast into the dreary wastes outside the walls of “Macotiae.”

---

<sup>356</sup> Episcopal clergyman William Adams (1814 – 1848) wrote *The King’s Messengers: An Allegorical Tale* in 1848. It was soon published and enjoyed numerous printings. Brenda Colloms, “Adams, William (1814–1848),” *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), accessed October 13, 2013.

Peraphry neglects the warning, & sets his heart upon the accumulation of wealth; when the Messengers go to him he sends them away empty, and then when the “Old Man” comes to drive him out of the city, he begs to be allowed to call the Messengers & send his treasures there, but no, he will not wait. Megacles builds a tower of Fame, & thus does not keep his riches idle, but spends them upon improper objects. Euprepes gives to the Messengers, but his treasures are marked with his own name, & he parades his gifts to get praise of men; so he spends his money upon right objects, but with improper motives. Sophron alone, does not seek the applause of men; his treasure bear the mark of the cross, & do not come back to him, so they are sent, but when the “old man” comes, there are pearls of great price scattered over his floor, amber light sheds its radiance around, & soft music fills the room; he has nothing to fear, “his treasures are laid up above,” and the King will restore them to him, when he goes out beyond the walls, into the dreary waste, Sophron gave alms, “not to be seen of men!”

“A Voice from Heaven”

“I shine in the light of God,  
His image stamps my brow,  
Through the shadows of death; my feet have trod,  
I reign in glory now.  
No breaking of heart is here,  
No keen and bitter pain  
No wasted cheek where the frequent tear  
Hath fallen and left its stain.  
  
I have formed the joys of Heaven,

I am one of the angel band,  
To my head a crown of light is given;  
And a harp is in my hand,  
I have learned the songs of those,  
Whom Jesus hath made free,  
And the glorious walls of Heaven still ring  
With my new born melody.

No sigh, no grief, no pain,  
Safe in my happy home.”

“My fears are gone, my doubts all slain  
My hour of triumph [sic] come,  
Oh friends of my mortal years,  
The trusted and the true;  
Ye are walking still in the valley of tears,  
But I wait to welcome you.”

“Do I forget? Ah no!  
For memory’s golden chain  
Shall bind my heart, to the hearts below  
Till they meet & touch again,  
Each link is strong & bright,  
And love’s electric flame



Flows freely down as a river of light,  
To the land from whence I came. [Close quote mark absent]

“Do ye weep when another star  
Shines out in the glittering sky?  
Do ye morn when the noise of war  
And sounds of conflict die?  
Then why should your tears run down  
And your hearts be sorely riven.  
For another gem in the Saviour’s crown,  
And another soul in Heaven?”

Kenmore, Oct 5th, 1866

Lines written of the dearth of Annie Lee, daughter of Genl. R. E. Lee, 1862.

“Earth to earth, and dust to dust;  
Saviour to thy word we trust,  
Sow we now the precious grain,  
Thou shalt raise it up again;  
Plant we the terrestrial root,  
That shall bear celestial fruit;  
Lay a bud within the tomb [sic]  
That a flower in heaven may bloom,  
Severed are no tender ties,

Though within the grave she lies,  
For the lengthening chain of love  
Stretches to her home above,  
Mother in thy bitter grief,  
Let this thought give sweet relief,  
Mother of an angel now [No close quote mark]

“God himself has crowned thy brow,  
With the thorns the Saviour wore;  
Blessed art thou evermore!  
With Him, thou dost resign  
A portion of the life was thine,  
Earth to earth, and dust to dust;  
Sore the trial, sweet the trust.  
Father thou who seest Death  
Gathering grain at every breath,  
As his sickle sharp, he wields  
O’er our bloody battle fields,  
Murmur not that now he weaves  
This sweet flower into his sheaves,  
Taken in her early prime;  
Gathered in the summer time;  
Autumn blasts she shall not know  
Never shrink from winder’s snow.

Sharp the pang that thou must feel,  
Sharper than the foeman's steel;  
For thy purest flower lies hid  
Underneath the coffin's lid.  
O'er her grave thou dropp'st no tear [No close quote mark]

"Warrior stern thou must appear,  
Crushing back, the cruel grief  
Which in tears might find relief.  
Leader, still thy country cries;  
At thy feet it bleeding lies;  
And before the Patriot now,  
Husband, Father, both must bow.  
But unnumbered are thy friends  
And from many a home ascends  
Earnest, heartfelt prayer for thee,  
That as thy days, thy strength may be."

Kenmore, Oct 5th, 66

"A Year in Heaven"<sup>357</sup>

"A year of blessedness wherein  
Not one dim cloud hath crossed my soul;

---

<sup>357</sup> "A Year in Heaven" was written by American poet Margaret Junkin Preston (1820 – 1897) about 1855, a year after her mother's death. The poem appeared in the *Southern Presbyterian* and in the *Southern Literary Messenger*. Elizabeth Randolph Preston Allan, *The Life and Letters of Margaret Junkin Preston* (New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1903), 87-88.

No sigh of grief, no touch of sin  
No pale mortality's control;  
Nor once hath disappointment strung  
Nor care would weary made thee pine;  
But rapture such as human tongue  
Hath found no language for, it thine.  
Made perfect at thy passing, who  
Can sum thy added glory now?  
As on, & onward, upward through,  
The angel ranks that lowly bow,  
Ascending still from height to height,  
Unfaltering where rapt spirits trod,  
Nor pausing midst their circles bright  
Thou tendest onward unto God.

A year of love, thy yearning heart  
Was always tender e'en to tears,  
With sympathies whose sacred art  
Made holy all thy cherished years,  
But love, whose speechless ecstasy  
Had overcome the finite, now  
Throbs through thy being pure and free,  
And burns upon thy radiant brow,  
For thou whose hands' dear clasp has felt,

Where still the nail prints are displayed,  
And then before that face hast knelt,  
Which wears the scars the thorns have made!

A year of tears to me; to thee  
The end of thy probations strife,  
The archway of eternity  
The portal of immortal life,  
To me, the pall, the bier, the sod;  
To thee the palm of victory given;  
Enough my heart. Thank God, thank God;  
That thou hast been a year in Heaven!"

Kenmore, Oct 5th, 66

Fredericksburg Va.

Saturday night

Oct 27th, 66

It is after 11 o'clock, and I have cleaned up the parlour for tomorrow, hope also to fix my lamps for tomorrow before retiring, as the shades are ready washed.

Jennie is with us, and she with the others, has gone up to prepare for bed, indeed I suspect she is snugly tucked away under the cover before this.

I am again at home, Mother is better, but continues to have chills & sometimes depression of spirits also. May God strengthen her to resist these attacks, & give us his grace to bear with them, & comfort her, for Jesus sake we ask! Father is busy sowing wheat at Epsom. Loulie & Willie are fixing up new "Glen Mary," whither they will shortly remove. George & Jennie know not what to do next year, they may live with us. Emm is going to Col Fontaine's school, & seems much interested. She & Arthur are progressing; I verily believe they are engaged, she says she "is going to [illegible word]" tomorrow night, (he comes every Friday, Saturday & Sunday to see her & escort her to church.) Nannie has been in much trouble because of the violent opposition manifested by Father & Mother; but seems somewhat comforted by Mother's softened manner for the last few days.<sup>358</sup> Poor child, I pity her, & do all I can to promote her desires peacably [sic]. As for me, I am as usual; only I do trust I am striving to live closer to God, & to perform the duties of my station more willingly, & if I can only learn to do what ever [sic] he puts upon me with out [sic] murmuring, to bear any cross he may impose, patiently, & to live for His glory! Here recently I have been reading portions of a dear little book, "Rays of Sunlight for Dark Days," & pray that it may teach me much under God's blessing.<sup>359</sup>

To night [sic] I feel indeed as if I could lay down in peace & sleep, regardless of the unpromising future, "casting all my care upon Him, knowing that He careth [sic] for me." How sweet; & blissful is the feeling!

"Saviour breath an evening blessing,

Ere repose our spirits seal;

---

<sup>358</sup> Arthur Ludwell Coleman (1850 – 1872), was the son of Judge Richard H. (b. 1823) and Fannie L. (b. 1825) Coleman of Bowling Green, Caroline County, Virginia. 1860 U.S. census, Caroline County, Virginia, population schedule, Bowling Green, p. 82 (handwritten), dwelling 627, family 627, Richard H. Coleman; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1339.

<sup>359</sup> English theological writer Charles John Vaughan (1816 – 1897) published *Rays of Sunlight for Dark Days* in 1860. The title enjoyed numerous printings. John Roach, "Vaughan, Charles John (1816–1897)," *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*, (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), accessed October 13, 2013.

Sin & want we come confessing,  
Thou canst save, & thou canst heal.”<sup>360</sup>

“Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrows past us fly,  
Angel guards from thee surround us;  
We are safe if thou art nigh.”

“Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from thee,  
Thou art he, who never weary  
Watcheth where thy people be!”

Mr. Bob Gray is a frequent visitor, ask for Miss Lizzie Alsop always, & generally brings me some piece of poetry.<sup>361</sup> He gave me his photograph after an hour or so’s acquaintance. Messrs Hall, Knox & Wallace have been to see us since our return, also Johnnie frequently, Mr. Patton, & Mr. Bob Hall.

I hope I am learning to feel & follow a “Ray of Sunlight,”

“Hast thou a hope, from which thy heart,  
Would deem it almost death to part;  
Entreat thy Lord, that hope to crown

---

<sup>360</sup> A prolific writer of church hymns, James Edmeston (1791-1867) wrote *Savior, Breathe an Evening Blessing* in 1870. Julian, *Dictionary of Hymnology*, 321.

<sup>361</sup> Probably Robert Acheson Gray (1830 - 1915) of Stafford County, Virginia. Gray was a veteran of Company B, 9th Virginia Cavalry, and Company H, 4th Virginia Cavalry. Krick, *9th Virginia Cavalry*, 75.

Or give thee strength to lay it down!”

Oct 30th, 66

Tuesday morning. Jennie & I are in the little parlour. She sewing, & I am going to copy a few verses, whose truth I for one, have experienced.

“Distractions in Prayer”<sup>362</sup>

“I cannot pray; yet Lord thou knoweth  
The pain it is to me,  
To have my vainly struggling thoughts  
There torn away from Thee.”

“Prayer was not meant for luxury  
Or selfish pastime sweet;  
It is the prostrate creatures place  
At his Creator’s feet.”

“Has I, dear Lord, no pleasure found  
But in the thoughts of Thee  
Prayer would have come unsought, & been  
A truer liberty.”

---

<sup>362</sup> “Distractions in Prayer” appears in Lucy Pauline Hobart’s *The Changed Cross and Other Religious Poems*, and it is likely that Lizzie transcribed it from that source.



“Yet thou art oft most present, Lord  
In weak distracted prayer;  
A sinner out of heart with self  
Finds Thee most often there.”

“And prayer that humbles sets the soul  
From all illusions free,  
And teaches it how utterly,  
Dear Lord, it hangs on Thee.”

“The soul that on self-sacrifice  
Is dutifully bent,  
Will bless the chastening hand makes  
Its prayer its punishment.”

“Ah Jesus! why should I complain  
And why fear aught but sin?  
Distractions are but outward things  
Thy peace dwells far within!”

“Theses surface troubles come & go  
Like sufferings of the sea;  
The deeper depth is out of reach  
To all my God, but thee”

## “The Changed Cross”

Still it seems to me, that in prayer our thoughts ought not to wander; and I am sure if we had the love for God, & that pleasure in His service, which a Xtian should feel, that “Distractions in Prayer” would cease. Yet I know too how true it is, that “a sinner out of heart with self; most often finds Thee then.”

I was about to say, that I wished I could always feel in a prayerful frame of mind; but “this treasure is given us in wooden vessels, that the excellency of the power, may be of God.” We will enjoy heaven all the more, for being so frail & sinful here. O! that we would keep close to Jesus, for in no other way can we be happy. Just so soon as we look to ourselves, or cease to walk by faith, immediately deos [sic] our strength fail us, and our “cosses [sic] are multiplied tenfold.”

## “Communion with God”<sup>363</sup>

“The secret pangs I could not tell  
To dearest friend, Thou knowest well;  
Thy claim Thy gracious heart;  
Thou dost remove with tender care,  
Or sweetly give me strength to bear  
The sanctifying smart.”

“Thy presence has a wondrous power!

---

<sup>363</sup> “Communion with God” appeared in Hobart’s *The Changed Cross and Other Religious Poems*, and it is likely that Lizzie transcribed the poem from that source.

The sharpest thorn becomes a flower,  
And breathes a sweet perfume;  
What'er looked dark and sad before,  
With happy light shines silvered o'er  
There's no such thing as gloom!"

Thou know'st I have a cross to bear  
The needful strokes Thou dost not spare  
To keep me near Thy side;  
But when I see the chastening rod  
In Thy pierced hand, my Lord, my God,  
I feel so satisfied.

How, while I tell Thee how, within,  
I oft indulge my bosom sin  
How faithless oft I prove;  
No cold repulse, no frown I meet,  
But tender soul-subduing sweet,  
Is the rebuke of Love.

Oct. 31st, 66

Wednesday night. I alone in our little parlour waiting for N— to return from Mrs. Ficklin's where she has been spending the evening. Jennie has a head-ache & retired early as did Em. Mother went up stairs [next word inserted] almost immediately upon returning from Mrs. Doswell's. Father in his room, so I

have been sitting alone, sewing on my brown poplin, and listening, to see if the gate would not open, & steps be heard in the porch, then the familiar ring of the door-bell; but I listened vainly to footsteps on the other side.” [no matching quotation mark] I have not been lonely, though alone; for thoughts of “one who sticketh closer than a brother” have been my companions, and after sweet holy communion with Him. I feel that this evening’s solitude has been sanctified unto me. My Saviour! but teach me to submit my will to thine, help me O Father! to have no desires, but thy purposes for me. Guide me Holy Spirit! in the ways His feet have trod, & help me in journeying along the highway of Existence, to take no other paths than those that “Tendereth onward unto God!” I know tomorrow’s cares & temptations will had me again out of the Fold, but the Good Shepherd’s voice will recall me, and through Him, can I not be “delivered from all evil?” Each day we can but begin again the service of our Father. “God will help thee for tomorrow, Every day begin again!” O may He always be, “The Strength of my heart; & my portion forever!”

#### Prayer for Strength

Father! before thy footstool kneeling,  
Once more my heart goes up to Thee;  
For aid, for strength, to Thee appealing,  
Thou who alone canst succor me.

Hear me! for heart & flesh are failing,  
My spirit yeilding [sic] in the strife;  
And anguish, wild as unavailing,  
Sweeps in a flood across my life.

Help me to stem the tide of sorrow;  
Help me to bear the chastening rod,  
Give me endurance, let me borrow  
Strength from thy promise, O my God!

Not mine the grief which words may lighten;  
Not mine the tears of common woe;  
The pang with which my heart strings tighten  
Only the All-seeing One may know.

And I am weak; my feeble spirit,  
Shrinks from life's task in wild dismay;  
Let not that Thou the task would spare it,  
My Father, do I dare to pray.

Into my soul Thy might infusing,  
Strengthening my spirit by Thine own,  
Help me, all other aid refusing,  
To cling to Thee, & Thee alone.

And Oh! in my exceeding weakness,  
Make Thy strength perfect; Thou are strong!  
Aid me to do Thy will with meekness,

Thou, to whom all my powers belong.

Saviour! our human form once wearing,

Help, by the memory of that day,

When, painfully Thy dark cross bearing

E'en for a time, Thy strength gave way.

Beneath a lighter burden sinking,

Jesus I cast myself on Thee;

Forgive; forgive this useless shrinking

From trials that I know must be.

“Oh! let me feel that Thou art near me,

Close to Thy side, I shall not fear,

Hear me, O Strength of Israel! hear me;

Sustain and aid! in mercy hear!”

Nov. 17th, 66

Saturday night. I alone in our little parlour, all the others at church. Mrs. Brook, Ella, Miss Kitty & Mr.

Thom have been spending the day with us. Mrs. Lawrence came this evening to stay all night, & Kate is making us a visit. “Ha-ha-ha,” escorted her, & tomorrow night she goes with Mr. St. Geo. R.

Fitzhugh.<sup>364</sup> We have had 42 visits since she came, last Saturday. Wednesday evening Sue Gordon &

---

<sup>364</sup> St. George Rose Fitzhugh (1842 – 1925) was a law student when he enlisted in Company A, 46th Virginia Infantry in June 1861. He also served in the Fredericksburg Light Artillery and the 13th Battalion Virginia Light Artillery. He was wounded in September 1864, and promoted to lieutenant “for valor and skill.” He was captured at the battle of Sailor’s Creek, Virginia, on April 6, 1865. He practiced law in Fredericksburg after the war. Krick, *Fredericksburg Artillery*, 101.

Madge; Johnny, next two words inserted] Col Broxton Mr. Al Forbes, Mr. Bob Hall, Dr. Dabney Herndon, Mr. Bob Gray, Mr. Patton, Dr. Compton, & the trio, Messrs Hall, Knox & Wallace were invited around & Mr. Fitzhugh came in, so we had quite a gathering.<sup>365</sup> They staid till 12. Mr. Gray gave Mr. Patton quite a rebuff, as also Mr. St. George.

Dec. 8th, 66

Saturday night

Three weeks ago I attempted to write some in my journal, but was interrupted; during the interim we have been visiting reading, walking & working, generally having a good many visitors also. We spent one evening at Mrs. Knox', another at Cousin John's; and a whole week preparing for, & attending the "Tableaux." Kate's visit is drawing to a close; she returns home on Monday, & I go down the country a few hours afterwards.

Mr. Gray has been constant in his visits, and has afforded the town generally, much amusement at his own expense. If my name had not thereby have been rendered so public, I should not care very much; but as it is, I object. I scarcely ever see any of my gentlemen acquaintances without being furnished with some new joke. It always lowers a man in one's opinion to hear him declaring his feelings to the world at large! After so lengthy a prelude, I may as well tell you, that this affair has ended as all mine do, in the gentleman's discomfiture & my distress. I never thought I could respect Mr. Gray as thoroughly as I did, when he sat here last night, & told me "the old, old story," then it was impossible to laugh at his eccentricities of character & manner. Once even twice I rember [sic] glancing up at him, & seeing his face convulsed with intensity of feeling, hopeless beyond expression, but somehow I am more used to the ways of the world now, than I used to be; then it used to make me sick, now it

---

<sup>365</sup> Possibly Robert A. Gray (1831 – 1915) of Stafford County, Virginia. Gray is listed as a farmer in the 1860 census and living in the household of Jane M. Gray (b. 1817). 1860 U.S. census, Stafford County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 918 (handwritten), dwelling 751, family 751; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1375.

distresses me, but I go about perfectly unchanged in manner &c. This is the first time I ever [next three words inserted] was able to concealed [sic] such an occurrence, at from Nannie's observant gaze, but I do not think she & [next word inserted] Mother even suspect such a thing at-present. To-day he sent me a beautiful copy of "Young's Night Thoughts,"<sup>366</sup> with a most peculiar little note.

Journal there are some feelings I cannot express to you; so this chat is not very confidential. May be one day with they shall have ~~grown~~ matured, or have passed away. I may tell you something of all that is in my heart & longs for utterance, though now sealed from all eyes save His who seeth all things.

Forest Hill, King & Queen Co. Va.<sup>367</sup>

Monday night

Dec. 17th, 66

I am now visiting Ellen, came on last Tuesday, & expect to return home on next Saturday. Mr. Aubrey Jones drove me over from Tappahannock, & spent two nights & nearly two days, then he came back on Saturday, & left this morning. On Friday he is to join us at Mrs. Hawes', & take me to Dr. Henry Gresham's to spend the night previous to my starting home. I have been treated so kindly by Ellen, & everybody; that I regret having to leave so soon. I have been offered a large party, as inducement to spend Xmas in King & Queen.

Capt & Mrs. Gregory spent Wednesday with us. I felt rather peculiar at the thought of meeting him, for the first time since . . . , & all say that he was more confused at seeing me, than they ever

---

<sup>366</sup> See footnote on page 150.

<sup>367</sup> "Forest Hill" was the King & Queen County, Virginia, estate of William Gresham. His daughter Ellen attended the Southern Female Institute with Lizzie. Alfred Bagby, *King and Queen County, Virginia* (New York: The Neale Publishing Company, 1908), 337.



remembered having seen him; she too manifested considerable uneasiness before I appeared, since though, she & I have gotten along very well together, and my old friend seems to be most kindly disposed towards me. Ellen, Mr. Gresham, Messrs Jeffries & Warring, and myself all dined at Capt. G—'s on Friday, & Saturday evening they came over to meet some friends here.<sup>368</sup> The company Sat. night was composed of Mrs. Mann, Ella & Kate Gresham, Miss Lucy Yates Brockenbrough & Minnie Hawes. Mr. Mann, Mr. Warring, Mr. Aubrey Jones, Mr. Puller, Mr. Williams, Mr. Wat Gresham. I talked with Mr. G—, Mr. P— & Mr. Jones. Yesterday morning was so inclement that they all staid till evening; & Messrs Puller, William Jones & Warring remained until to-day. Mr. William G— entertained us all highly last evening. We laughed heartily over & over again. . . Ellen is just as affectionate as ever, & entirely unchanged. I tell her Forest Hill is a perfect "Liberty Hall." Mr. Lipscomb dined with us to-day, he lost a leg in our army. A Mr. Spindle is staying to-night here. Mrs. Gregory came over this evening; she sings "Fading Still Fading" so sweetly, but sacred music always awakens a chord far down in my heart.<sup>369</sup> We expect to dine at Woodlawn tomorrow; probably Capt & Mrs. Gregory will accompany us.

To night Ellen tried my fortune; it came out

That Mr. . . . was in love with me,

“ “ Wat Gresham [next word represented by ditto mark] was loved by me,

“ “ Capt. Fitz had addressed me,

“ “ “ “ was going to adress [sic] me,

---

<sup>368</sup> Based on Lizzie's shorthand at the bottom of this page, this is possibly Walter Gresham (b. 1841) of King and Queen County, Virginia. The 1860 census lists him in the household of Edward and Isabella Gresham. 1860 U.S. census, King and Queen County, Virginia, population schedule, Bruington post office, p. 524 (handwritten), dwelling 843, family 843, Edward Gresham; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1357.

<sup>369</sup> "Fading Still Fading" was a hymn that first appeared in *Hymns for Vestry and Fireside* in 1841, where it was ascribed to the Sacred Minstrel, a book of tunes, dated 1830. The hymn attained great popularity in the United States. Julian, *Dictionary of Hymnology*, 362.

“ “ “ “ “ “ “ be engaged to me,  
“ I was going to flirt with Capt. Fitz,  
& “ “ “ “ “ marry “ “ .

I wonder how much of it will prove true!!! Mr. Aubrey Jones says he is coming to F— in about a month, so if Dr. Fitz & Mr. [Illegible name] pay their visits; I shall have beaux enough.

I had a most perplexing dream ~~last~~ two or three nights since; with regard to Tupper. I rarely ever saw anybody more reluctant to accept a decisive answer, than he appeared. Mr. Bob Hall told me the day before I left home, that “he opined his friend Bob’s pulse was at an unhealthy beat. Kate left us on Monday morning, Col B— acting as her escort to the junction; Johnny & George both got up to see her start. Sunday before she left, Messrs Jim & Bob Knox, (the latter 3 times) Johnny (2-) Mr. St. George Fitzhugh, Mr. Patton, & Ha-ha-ha- all came to see her; also Mrs. Knox, Sue G—. She went to church with Cousin [Illegible name], I with Johnny. I anticipate little or no pleasure Xmas, & yet I am anxious to spend it with the home circle, for it is the last time we can be together exactly as we have lived this year of 1866. But I know my Father will direct & overrule the future, ever as He has done the past and

“The changes that are sure to come,  
I do not fear to see.  
But I pray Thee, for an [sic] humble heart  
Intent on pleasing Thee.”

Saturday night

Dec 22d, 1866

Yesterday was such a cold day, that Mr. G— said he was unwilling for me to venture out, besides being certain that no boat would go to F—, so I am still at Forest Hill, not knowing when I will be able to return to Fredericksburg.

When it ~~is~~ was decided on yesterday not to go; no one can know how disappointed I was. I felt such a longing to see my precious Mother, & all the dear ones & then the thought of being away from the family circle on Xmas, made my heart sink within me. Perhaps too another reason influenced me. I have prayed God to make me willing to stay contentedly where I am, if it is his will; or if for my good, & the furtherance of His purposes to open the way for my return, & having submitted the matter to Him, I am going to try to wait patiently for Him. Little Herbert Gresham has been & is still very sick, sometimes we think him better, but then unfavorable symptoms appear, and we again become uneasy.<sup>370</sup> I have passed the time during my visit very pleasantly, sewing, waiting on Hubert, receiving visitors, writing home sometimes, & helping a little about making good-things.

Capt & Mrs. Gregory have been over quite often; they are very kind & cordial.

I think so much of the family at-home, & of the dear associations connected with old Fredericksburg; that I wonder if they think any at-all of me. Waking & sleeping I am with them; and if it is night, I do so long to be with them on Xmas day. Sometimes I wonder why I ever want to visit; for I invariably get homesick before starting, and then want to go back before my visit is half accomplished.

---

<sup>370</sup> Herbert Gresham (b. 1859) was Ellen Gresham's brother, and the youngest child of William D. and Harriett M. Gresham of King and Queen County, Virginia. 1860 U.S. census, King and Queen County, Virginia, population schedule p. 447 (handwritten), dwelling 185, family 185, William D. Gresham; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1357.

“Home, Home, Sweet Sweet Home,  
There is no place on earth to me,  
Like home, sweet home!”

Ellen says I must put down that she & Mr. Dew are sitting up kissing, each other. I wonder if I will ever have anybody to love & caress! Anybody, who will love, cherish & protect me, yea who will love me above & before all things save God! I think if I marry the right sort of a man, then I will make him a right sweet wife, by the help of my heavenly Father. I know that I can do all things ~~by~~ through Christ, which strengtheneth me.

Jan. 20th, 1867

Sunday evening.

The atmosphere is thick with the fast falling snow; and the ground is thickly covered already. Indeed this has been a severe winter, more so than any since the beginning of the war.

Dr. Stiles, a famous Presbetyrien [sic] Divine, has been preaching here recently. I heard seven of his sermons, one of which, “Decide this day whom you will serve, God or Baal.” He divided his discourse into three parts, which he illustrated as follows.

A man is drowning, I am the only person in sight; he cannot swim, his strength is exhausted, if he does not obtain my assistance he must perish. 1st Shall he call me to his aid, he cannot help himself. 2d While he hesitates, he is drowning. 3dly The moral obligation upon him to be saved, he has a wife & 10 children at home, dependant upon his exertions, I think his heads were. The sinner’s inability to save

himself. 2d The danger of indecision. 3d The moral bearings in the case. Now Dr. Stiles is a powerful fluent & most earnest speaker, I never had any very definite recollections of his sermon. I cannot remember how he argued exactly, but I remember some one or two illustrations which were very striking. I suppose he supported the first point upon, Justice demanding the destruction of man, who so defied & rebelled against God's authority, for I know he compared the sinner's ~~course~~ fate, to the never ceasing revolutions of a great machine, ever revolving & destroying with resistless force the sinful souls of men. When Christ throws his body into it, that man may have a moment's respite, in which to decide whether he will submit to God's will or not. Another time he illustrated the case thus. ~~Man sins & refuses to yield~~ Man sins against God; justice compels him from before his Father's face, & closes the gates of the celestial city forever upon him, when Christ the God-man, the well beloved son, rushes forth, & thows [sic] the whole weight of his body against the fast closing portal, to afford man one moment in which he can seek forgiveness of his offended maker.

Friday evening.

Jan 23d, 67

Nannie counting out clothes.<sup>371</sup> I writing. Francis about to retire. Jennie & I went to hear Dr. Armstrong to-night; his sermon was about the conversion of Cornelius. One thing he said was in substance, if not in words, as follows.

Rest assured if there is any art in which you persist, or any duty which you steadily refuse to perform, (after carefully investigating the matter & seeing that the decision of your conscience a just & right

---

<sup>371</sup> In Lydia Ray Balderston's *Laundering*, she wrote that in preparation of the wash, "if goods are sent to a commercial laundry, may be made easy by good laundry list pads. Two lists should be made, one for the laundry and one for reference. Be careful that the count is accurate, as this is the only way to avoid loss." Lydia Ray Balderston, *Laundering* (Philadelphia: L.R. Balderston, 1914), 67.

one,) contrary to your consciencious [sic] convictions upon the subject; you will not get to heaven until you resolve to abandon, or perform it. . .” He cited two incidents, in one of which a young lady, persisted in reading words, being fully persuaded in her own that it was injurious; & could not understand why all her seriousness resulted in nothing. She never found Jesus till willing to take the very steps he appointed for her. So he says, we can only get to heaven by treading the path the Holy Spirit points to us, for He is a sure guide. God knows what is the best way, & if he will not follow Him, but mark out & pursue our own course; He will not be with us, but leave us to ourselves. I am quite sure one thing in which I come far short of my duty is; failing to urge others to take the best means of securing to themselves a safe retreat from the cares & turmoil of life. I so often want to talk with Madggie about her soul’s salvation; but when I try, it seems that my utterance fails me, & I say nothing. May God help me in the discharge of this duty; for before I found “His peace,” how often I longed for words of council & sympathy from those who know where he might be found. Another great sin of mine is, the readiness with which my heart becomes puffed up. If I do anything good, perform a kind action or even one which a humane, sympathizing person would so naturally do, I am so sinfully elated that I fear it is often swallowed up by pride & vanity. Father give me an [sic] humble heart! O that I could, would learn humility ~~of~~ at the feet of my blessed Saviour. Often in looking into the dim, uncertain future, I dread its coming; for hopes which now are dearest to my heart, may vanish, yea I can scarcely hope that they will be realized for I fear even now, treasuring them up, interferes with my duties to my Father. But then when sad forebodings of their prostration come over me, I remember that there is One, who sticketh closer than a brother, and He has said my grace shall be (no uncertainty there,) sufficient for you.” [sic] “Lo! I am with you always, even to the end of the world.” Precious words of a precious Saviour, he will surely perform his promises and so putting my trust in Him, I can go forth calmly even joyously, being confident that “He knoweth the way He taketh, and I will walk with Him.” When I can feel Him near me, I do not fear “the changes that are sure to come,”

for I know “that all my future lot” [sic] is portioned out for me.” My Saviour, but teach me to do thy will. Lead me. Keep me from evil, & to Thee, Father Son & Spirit be all praise evermore. Amen.

### The Gracious Answer<sup>372</sup>

The way is dark my child, but leads to light  
I would not always have thee walk by sight.  
My dealings now, thou can’st not understand  
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand  
And through the gloom  
Lead safely home  
My child!

The day goes fast my child! But is the night  
Darker to me than day? In me is light!  
Keep close to me, & every spectral band shall ~~illegible word~~  
Of fears shall vanish. I will take thy hand  
And through the night  
My child!

The way is long my child! But it shall be  
Not one step longer than is best for thee;  
And thou shalt know at last when thou shalt stand

---

<sup>372</sup> “The Gracious Answer” appears in Lucy Pauline Hobart’s *The Changed Cross and Other Religious Poems*, and it is likely that Lizzie transcribed it from that source.

Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand

And quick & straight

Lead to heaven's gate

My child.

The path is rough my child! But oh! how sweet

Will be the rest, for weary pilgrims meet,

Where thou shalt reach the borders of that land

To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand,

And safe & blest

With me shall rest

My child!

The throng is great my child! But at thy side

The Father walks; then be not terrified,

For I am with thee; will thy foes command

To let thee freely pass; will take thy hand

And through the throng

Lead safe along

My child!

The cross is heavy child. But there was one

Who bore a heavier for thee; My Son

My well-beloved. For him bear thine



~~And stand with Him at last and stand~~

With Him at last. And from thy Father's hand

Thy cross laid down

Receive a crown,

My child!

February 4th, 1867

Monday evening, just a little before twilight, in the little parlor alone; raining some little; though a dim red cast is spread over the western sky.

"He will keep the feet of his Saints" and,

"Hold up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not." The portions of "Daily Food" for this 4th day of February. The first a blessed assurances. The second a prayer my heart has need to echo; for unless he keeps me, how continually my footsteps slip. Here recently I have been reading a little book called "Words of Jesus," it is most comforting, would afford all believers much sweetness of reflection.<sup>373</sup>

One of these words is, I think,

"I am the good shepherd, & know my sheep and am known of mine." It says, we cannot see why Jesus should forsake the Sunny Valley, and the flowery paths; and lead us in the narrow paths, over the bleak, rough mountain heights; but He does not call us to try an unknown path, endured the cold blasts;

---

<sup>373</sup> Most likely *The Words of Jesus* by Scottish minister John Ross Macduff (1818 – 1895) and published in 1853. This volume enjoyed multiple printings. *Appletons' Annual Cyclopaedia and Register of Important Events*, Vol. 20 (New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1896), 613.

suffered from all the obstacles that hinder us, in short “He was made like us in all things!” Blessed thought that for each sorrow, he has a solace! That since He has suffered being tempted, he is able to succor us who are tempted. Trusting in Him, how light seems every care; for if He does not remove the thorn, he will give us strength to bear it! If He does not “crown the hope; he gives us strength to lay it down! [missing close quote mark]

Capt Cooke has been to see us twice recently. Mr. Jones & Mr. Gresham also. What did they (Messrs J & G-) come for? However I was glad enough to see them. I wonder if some body's coming will ever fill me with delight; if it is God's will, I hope one of these days, there will be one, whose step will bring the warm colour to my cheek, & the soft light to my eye; and cause my heart to beat with joy, because he is near. But I try not to plan & look forward a great deal to the future, for My Heavenly Father knoweth, that I have need of all these things, if He sees these very blessings would carry me away from Him, he will deny them to me; but not without grace, all sufficient for my day!

Feb. 10th, 67

Sunday Evening

At Mother's chamber window.

To-day I saw Madgie make a public confession of faith in the Lord Jesus. And O what a blessed sight! Ever since my heart has been echoing, my God, I thank Thee. How comforting it is to think that another of those so dear to our affections has left the service of Satan, & enlisted with us in the service of the Prince of Peace; to think that she too will henceforth live for God's glory; to think that another sinner for whom Christ died, has accepted the reconciliation so freely offered in His blood; to think that our ranks are increased by another young, ardent soldier of the Cross; to think when Christ comes there is one more to sing hosannahs to His name. God be praised! God be praised! Father bless

her, & grant O Saviour that through Thee she may successfully struggle against the world, the flesh & the devil. Guide her, Holy Spirit, & grant her to lead a life devoted to the promotion of God's glory.

Father keep her through the short journey of life, & when its night closes around her, be Thou near to receive her soul into endless day. And Holy Father will not Thou grant others to follow her example; for though one precious soul is saved, Father we would plead for others, that thy word might win and be glorified, till all shall know Thee, from the least to the greatest.

Wednesday Morning

Feb. 14th, 67

Mr. Gray has just left; I was not very much surprised at seeing him for Johnny told me he had started to come on yesterday. When I was getting ready to go down, I could not suppress a feeling of agitation, but when I entered the room & noticed his confusion, mine fled instantly, and my salutation was as of old. Verily I could not help feeling sorry for the man, for I believe he still has a sort of tender feeling for me, though a week ago I denounced him as all other men; fickle in the extreme. He asked me if I believed him to be earnest in his attentions to Nannie S—?Of course I said certainly, whereupon he explained that he waited on her, merely to spur up another dilatory lover, in whom he thought her interested. Now if I did not think Mr. Gray an honest man, I should certainly think it a fabrication for my benefit, & as it is I can scarcely credit it.

Louie told me of quite an amusing incident with regard to Mr. Gresham's & Mr. Jones' conversation being over-heard; one said "I have dreamed of her, & her bright smile haunts me still; though he thought he was progressing slowly." The two were here a fortnight ago. We had quite a pleasant visit. I believe Mr. Jim Knox is a true friend of mine, a friend it [sic] the right sense of the word. Mr. Ryland

came to see [illegible word] yesterday; also eight ladies, afterwards Miss Evy Smith too. Johnnie at-night & Mr. Tyler Tuesday night.

Nannie & I have been attending church regularly this week, at night & in the morning a little after sunrise. I hope I have been benefitted & taught some things by hearing the word of God & going to the "House of the Lord so often."

Madge & I had a nice talk Monday morning, she too has been making new conquests. I wonder why & how girls can like being courted. (Not that she does, but some I have seen really prefer it.) to me it is excessively disagreeable. By the way; nothing! Here recently I have been trying & gain a victory over self. Sometimes I think I am succeeding; but then again I know I am just where I began. I know though, however it may end, there is One who will help me to conquer at-last, through His grace, if according to His will.

I would like to write down in you, my journal, an expression I noticed in a pair of eyes, nights since; but forbear, for my summisings [sic] may be wrong; yet I did not think the look was there when I first saw them, but it seemed to come & rest in thin debths [sic] for a moment. Not a look of love, but it seemed to be rather one of respect, perhaps admiration too was mingled with it.

Just [sentence ends and remainder of page blank]

Feb 18th, 67

Monday Evening

Just now I was glancing over some of the back pages of my journal, & re-read a few pages styled, "Reminiscences." Since then I have heard a few other little thoughts in connection with their subject. She who told me, what I then wrote, was talking about him again not long ago, & said, "He told me after he went back to the Army I must get violets & send them to you in his name," & then she went on to say how dearly he loved me, & how he would put my picture on the table beside his plate at breakfast; never coming down until the others were through; so as to talk of you Lizzie. Truly when he was killed, I lost a lover. If he had lived, who can tell?, perhaps I might now be the loved & honored wife of one, first in the rank of intellectual men. Yet I feel sure were he now alive, & should say to me "Come, be my wife," my heart & lips would answer, "No, I do not love you," so I am glad he did not live to feel the mortification, & heart sickness of "unrequited love."<sup>374</sup>

Feb 22d, 67

Dr. Fitzhugh is in town came on Tuesday, & will remain some days longer. Journal I know it is wrong, & un-lady-like, but I can scarcely bear to stay near him. If he was only in love with somebody else, I believe I would like him very much; but as it is, his presence is disagreeable in the extreme; he looks at me, as if his whole soul was wrapt up in me. The other night I asked very innocently "Do you remember how wretched I was then? (speaking of Genl. Lee's Surrender,) [next two words inserted above line] & added I can't bear to think of those days." Such a look as I encountered upon rising my eyes! Madge & Jimmie say they never saw such an expression of surprise, love &c &c. I will be so thankful when he leaves, for I think he wants to talk of the same old subject; and O! I do not want him to.

---

<sup>374</sup> Here Lizzie refers to her journal entry of March 13, 1866, and her relationship with Col. Stapleton Crutchfield.

If girls hate being courted as much as I do, the beaux must cause a great deal of annoyance & misery. This morning, the curiosity of curiosities came in shape of a letter from Mr. Gray. It amused me, at the same time arousing feelings of indignation. I accidentally left the following lines in one of his books, whereupon he bethought himself to infer, that I was in dust & ashes about discarding him. Much I care about it. I always did think him an honest man, till his last visit; but now I know he courted Nannie Smith, & it is scarcely credible that he was so magnanimous as to like being refused, for the sake of another. If I am wrong I trust God will forgive me, through Jesus Christ; and O may He ever help me to say from my heart.

“Not Mine, but Thine”<sup>375</sup>

Thy way, not mine, O Lord!

However dark it be,

O lead me by thine own right hand,

Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be, or rough,

It will be still the best;

Winding or straight, it matters not,

It leads me to thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot,

I would not if I might

---

<sup>375</sup> “Not Mine, but Thine” was written by Scottish churchman Horatius Bonar (1808 – 1889). Julian, *Dictionary of Hymnology*, 1176.

But choose Thou for me, O my God!

So I shall walk aright.

The Kingdom that I seek

Is Thine; so let the way

That leads to it. O Lord be Thine,

Else I must sorely stray.

Choose Thou for me my friends,

My sickness or my health;

Choose Thou my joys and cares for me

My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice

In things or great or small,

Be Thou my Guide, my Guard, my Strength,

My Wisdom, and my All!"

Monday evening last Madge, Jimmie & I walked down the Lane, as we were coming up Hale's square, Mr. Wallace joined me; & we walked some distance further. Afterwards had quite a pleasant talk at the gate. Madge has been staying a good deal with me since Mother went to Richmond; & helps beguile away the tedious hours of Dr. F's stay. I had a sweet letter from Ellen, another from Kate & yet another from Col B—.

Saturday

Feb. 23d, 67

This morning it came! I knew Dr. Fitzhugh's visit was for nothing else, than to see if I had not changed my mind. He loves me so truly, that I know his grief is real & lasting. Poor man, he says he shall never marry. (??) From most people I should regard this as an idle declaration, but he is one of those who love but rarely, & then also too well! [Following inserted above the line, "Poor deluded being to waste sympathy upon a man; not long afterwards he declared he did not come here to see me!"] Perhaps if he meets the right soul of a woman, he may learn to love another; but I fear as long as I am single, he will remain as he is. He says he will always be glad to see [bottom of page torn out]

I do believe the pain I so unwillingly occasioned this morning, has been good for me to-day; for I have been able to hold sweeter communion with God, than for a long time; and it has given me a tender feeling of sympathy for others.

To-day while standing by poor Mrs. Goldman, I thought how precious in Thy sight is the death of thy Saints. I do not think she can live a great while longer, and when she is called to pass through the dark Valley, she will have no evil to fear, for thou will be by her side. One who has the keys of Hell & Death; then [bottom of page torn out]

March 1867

Friday night

March 1st, 1867



All alone in my own room. Mother is still in Richmond, Nannie in Caroline, Jennie & George in their room, Em entertaining Arthur in the little parlour Father reading news-papers or asleep. Madge has gone to hear Dr. Burrows, but I expect her to spend the night with me. The Ladies of the Episcopal Church are holding a festival, & I have wanted to go very much. This evening I felt the desire again, but with God's help, have resisted it, & spent the evening much more profitably I believe. Doing one's duty is not always pleasant, but it always brings the answer of a good conscience, and I do thank God for the performance of two more duties before the record this day's work is ended.

The political horizon never yet clear, has recently become so dark & threatening, that I shudder at the bare possibility of the troubles in store for us, but then I know that "He doeth according to His will in the Armies of heaven, & amongst the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay his hand, or say unto Him, what doesth Thou?" [No matching quote mark] "I will not fear what man can do unto me, since the Lord is on our side!" and so I pray God to help me from taking thought for the morrow, and to help me to "fear not, only believe." Ah how precious is that belief! and I think I can say truly

My times are in Thy hands,

My God I wish them there.

My soul, my friends, my all I have

Entirely to Thy care." He that pitieth us, like as a father pitieth his children, will surely take care of us when all is dark around us, for "the very hairs of our head are all numbered." "He knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust," and it is sweet to think that he too has felt all the weaknesses of our flesh, yet without sin; in that He hath suffered being tempted He is able to succor those that "are tempted." Sometimes I wonder if He was tempted as (in the same way) I am, but then I know that

whether the Son of God could have felt the same kind of temptation or not; He knows full well the frailty of the human, & can feel for me in my trouble. At-times I am reconciled to it, & believe it helps me in the discharge of my Xtian duty, then again, the flesh is so weak that I find it entirely insupportable. So it always would be without His Grace.

“I dare not choose my lot,  
I would not if I might,  
But choose Thou for me O, my God!  
So I shall walk aright.”

May I always be able to say, “though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.” To-night I feel how little are earthly pleasures in comparison with those of Eternity; and still how prone we are to forget it in our practice; striving to please ourselves in worldly things, instead of doing the will of Our Father in Heaven. “I came not to do mine own will, but the will of thine that sent me,” said the Divine Master; and O that we too might try to walk worthy of the Lord, unto all pleasing; abounding in every good work, & increasing in the knowledge of God.”

Mr. Gilmer preached from the tent. “Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called.” By studying God’s word. By practicing it, growing in grace. He said we ought not to indulge our passions at home, being all smiles & good humor before company, that these little sins were a great hindrance to the Xtian’s growth in grace. He said too so truly, how careful we ought to be about our every action, for frequently the brevity with which God’s people went into His house & left it, was a stumbling block to those out of the Fold, or but just entered. I know how often it has been the case with me, that going into God’s House, with my mind unprepared for worship, how I have come away

unblessed; or having heard with attention the blessing has been lost, by trifling conversation on the way home. Sometimes I think this is why, when I am in the right frame of mind, God does not permit me to have an escort to & from church, and I am glad. I do not always feel so though. Last Sunday night, Mr. Gilmer preached from the tent. "And besides this giving all diligence." I Peter 1st 4 & 5

In four ways

1st. By taking a decided stand.

2d. By finding out our besetting sins, & carrying them to a Throne of Grace, to implore help for our time of need.

3d. By avoiding those things liable to lead us into temptation.

4th. By watching unto prayer.

Another thing he said was, running with patience, the race set before you, meant not the passive quality, but the active; perseverance [sic]. "Gird on the whole armour of God." &c &c.

Those two sermons were simple searching truths; such as I wanted to hear. Mr. Dunnaway preached upon the words "He though [next word inserted] was a Son yet learned the obedience by the things which he suffered; and being made perfect (~~by suffering~~) he became the author of eternal salvation unto all that obey him."<sup>376</sup> Hebrews . . .

The Question is, "Is your life one of obedience?" The right sort of obedience is that which proceeds from the fact that He is God, & has a right to command the performance of such & such, any, duties; then he spoke of moral & positive law; the one being a law because it was right; the other being right

---

<sup>376</sup> Thomas S. Dunnaway (fl. 1866) served as pastor at Fredericksburg Baptist Church from 1866-1898. Fred Anderson, *Out of Our Hearts: A History of Fredericksburg Baptist Church, 1804 – 2004* (Fredericksburg: Fredericksburg Baptist Church, 2005), 88.

because it was a law, also he discussed, taking one of God's command, & performing it in a way, different from that He appointed. What struck me most was his remarks upon the parable of the talents. He said that he who received five, & increased them; likewise he did the same with his two talents, had the same words of encouragement spoken to them. "Well done thou good & faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make the [sic] ruler over many; entice thou into the joy of thy Lord." To we who have less ability, & a more limited sphere of action, will be rewarded even as they who have greater talents & wider scope for their development. And it is indeed encouraging to think that however humble our station in life, if we but improve it, giving all diligence to increase our amount of talent, he will rewards us even as those who do greater things having more ability. He doth not require of us more than we can do or bear, but from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that that he hath. Should my talent be found "hid in a napkin" at His appearing how dreadful would be the sentence. "Depart from me ye wicked!"

[Leaf torn from journal]

Visits from Nov 10th, 66

Nov 10th. Mr. Gray & Mr. Dickenson.

Nov 11th. Mr. Bob Hall, Mr. Bob Gray (3) Messrs Knox, Hall & Wallace, Johnny (2), Dr. Dabney, Col Brenton. [illegible character]

Nov 12th. (I rode with Col B & Miss L—)

No 13th. Johnny, Mr. Al Forbes, Dr. Herndon, Mr. W. Wallace, Col. Branton, Mr. M. Hall, (I went to Reception with latter.)

Nov 14th. Mr. Bob Gray (2), Dr. Compton (2), Johnny, Messrs Forbes, Patton, Hall, Knox, Wallace, Col Branton, Dr. Herndon, Lt. Fitzhugh.

Nov 15th. Dr. Compton

Nov 16th. Dr. Compton, Mr. Gray (2), Johnny.

Nov. 17th. Mr. Bob Hall, Johnny, Col B—.

Nov 18th. (Sunday.) Johnny (2.) Mr. Bob Hall, Capt. Wistar Wallace (2.) Col Branton, Mr. Fitzhugh.

Nov 20th. Johnny, Messrs Wallace & Hall, Mr. Shriver, Mr. Gray, Mr. R. Knox.

Thursday March 28th, 1867

In my room, all alone.

Nobody knows how trying these last few days have been to me. Every gentle word has cost me an effort, and few, very few have they been I fear. God alone has seen the secret workings of my heart, and even I cannot bear to look into its troubled depths [sic]; to-day however if I do not feel perfect peace, & resignation, I think I am willing to submit to God's will. Even this little peace is only through the Strength of Him, who bore our weaknesses, & I dare not think of the life before me, even of the present, but by looking with the eyes of faith. If it were not for the precious promises in God's word. What would become of us feeble children? So help me, my Father to fear not, only believe! [Leaf torn out of journal at this point]

[The following is written in pencil in the left margin of the page "[illegible word] Rappahannock to hold [illegible word]" ]

“Joys that we’ve tasted”<sup>377</sup>

Joys that we’ve tasted  
May sometimes return,  
But the torch when once wasted  
Ah, how can it burn,  
Splendours now clouded,  
Say when will ye shine?  
Broke is the goblet  
And wasted the wine.

“He knows the way He taketh,  
And I will walk with Him.”

May 2~~dt~~<sup>th</sup>—1867

Thursday night. In the Library. Em getting her lessons, Nannie writing, and I, writing too, though my mind is busy with reminiscences of joys we’ve tasted in the past; and how far back it seems! What an unseemly blot dear journal have I left upon your last page but one.<sup>378</sup> And this is indeed [entry ends abruptly and is not picked up later in journal]

Hush’d was the lute-string  
And vacant the chair,  
Lips of love’s melody

---

<sup>377</sup> “Joys That We’ve Tasted” was a song written and published by F. D. Benteen of Baltimore, Maryland, in 1843,

<sup>378</sup> Lizzie is referring to an ink blot left on the page.

Where are ye borne,  
Never to smile again,  
Never to mourn.”

“There’s Nae Room for Twa”<sup>379</sup>

It was in summer time o’ year,  
An’ simmer leaves were sheen  
When I & Kitty walked abraid,  
An’ Jamie walked a tween  
We reached the brigg o’er yon wee linn,  
Our bonny brig saw sma;  
“Jenny” said Jim, “maun walk behin,”  
There’s nae room for twa.”  
“There’s nae room for twa” said he  
“There’s nae room for twa”  
O! Jamie’s words went to my heart  
“There’s nae room for twa.”

2d

A weel a day my heart leaped high  
When walking by his side;  
Sic thoughts alas! are idle now,

---

<sup>379</sup> “There’s nae room for twa, Scottish ballad” was published by A. Fiot of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in 1852. “There’s nae room for twa, Scottish ballad,” *Library of Congress*, accessed October 1, 2013, <http://www.loc.gov/item/sm1852.511580>.

For Kitty is his bride.

He could na', an' be wed hae baith

For that's forbid by law;

In wedded life, an' wedded love,

There's nae room for twa,

There's nae room for twa, ye ken,

There's nae room for twa,

So! hae gang'd my gate alane

There's nea room for twa.

3d

The creeping years hae slowly pass'd

An' I hae struggled strang

Wi'a broken hope, an' broken heart,

But it's nae now or lang;

My thread o'f life is a' but span,

And I maungang a-wa';

And moulder in the clay cauld ground,

Where there's nae room for twa,

There's naw room &c.

The narrow bed where all maun lie

Hase nae room for twa.



4th

Dear Kitty on thy bonnie brow

The simmer sun shall shine;

While wintry clouds, & winter's gloom

Are gathering dark o'er mine,

I'll gie to God my lingerin' hours,

An' Jamie drive a-wa,

For in this weary wasted heart;

There's nae room for twa;

There's nae room &c &c,

The heart that's gien to God and heaven

Has nae room for twa.

Books, Religious

"The Changed Cross," "Testament with Notes" A.B.N.

"The Call to Prayer," [Next title preceded by small "x"] "The Pathway of Promise."

[Next title preceded by small "x"] "The Throne of Grace," [Next title preceded by small "x"] "Able to Save.

"Patience of Hope," "The Changed Cross,"

"Rays of Sunlight for Dark Days,"

"Words of Jesus," "Stepping Heavenward."

Letters received at "White Sulphur Springs."

August/66

Emm. Aug 23d, 30th, (2) Sept 14th.

Kate G— Aug 24th, Uncle Thomas 29th.

Lucy C. Aug 26th Mrs Knox 28th.

Genl Kershaw, Emm, ~~Mrs. Knox~~ & Phennie 30th.

Nenna & Madge Sept 1st, Father Aug 30th.

Mrs. Caldwell Sept 3d, Col Wallace Sept 14th.

Mr. Anderson Sept 15th, Kate G— Sept 17th.

Kenmore, Madge 26th, 27th.

Carrie Fleet 27th.

Nannie 27th

Dolie 26th, Cousin Pyne 26th.

Oct. Written Mr. Powell 1st Aunt Ellen Oct 1st Father Oct 3d, Mother Oct 3d, Nancy Oct 3d, Mrs.

Brooke Oct 3d, Carrie Fleet Oct 3d Mr. Powell Oct 3d, Carrie Fleet, Oct 3d.

#### Received in Oct.

Mr. Cutler Oct 1st.

Col B— Oct 2d

Mother, Nannie, & Em 3d

Letters written from “Dug Creek”

Emm, Aug 17th 18th 19th, 21st (N) 23d, 25th, 27th, 30th.

Dr. Scott, Aug 21st, Mrs. Marye Aug 21st Mrs. Knox Aug 21st

Nenna, Lizzie & Madge (separately) Aug 21st.

Father Aug 18th, 21st (N.) Aug 23d, Aug 30th.

George Aug 18th & 19th (notes).

Lt. Butler Aug 20th, Mr. Cutler Aug 23d

Mrs. Severing Aug 20th, Lucy Chandler 26th.

General Cutler 18th Aug, Jane [next word represented by ditto mark] Chandler 23d.

Uncle Thomas 22d Aug, Dolie & Aunt E— 26th.

Berta 25th Aug, Fanny P. 27th Aug, Harriet 28th.

Margaret Roane, 28th Aug, Mag Davis 28th.

Kate Harrison 30th Aug (?).

From Stanton, Charlottesville.

September.

Emm, 7th 19th, 23d.

Genl Kershaw 5th, Kate G. 11th & 21st, Louie 11th or 12th.

Nenna, 8th, Madge 8th, 18th.

Father 10th [next word inserted] or 11th, Phennie 14th, (?) Ellen G— 17th, Madge L 20th.

Fennie 22d, Aunt E—22d, Mrs. Knox 22d.

Capt Cook 22d, Aunt E—24th (note), N—29th.

Kenmore, Mother 26th, Madge 28th, Carrie Fleet 27th, Aunt E—

Dolie 28th, Col Wallace 28th, Mr. Cutler 27th, Dr. H—29th Mr. Butler [Next leaf is torn from journal]

[Written on inside of back cover]

“For Love is only a flower of June,

The warming light of an autumn moon;

The tender notes of a tender time  
That breaks in a dreamy afternoon;  
Charming the heart & senses away,  
Alluring us with childish play,  
That endeth very soon.”

On the Beach.

Lady's Book.

June 65.

## CHAPTER FIVE

June 17, 1867 – August 4, 1869

Lizzie's fifth volume begins on June 17, 1867, and ends on August 4, 1869.<sup>380</sup> The blank book is 7.5-inches high by 6.25-inches wide, with twenty-four lines per page in blue ink, and ruled at 1/4-inch. Each page also has five columns marked in red ink—two on left margin, one in center, and two columns on right margin. The covers, fore edges, and top edge are marbled and contain seventy-nine leaves. Stamped in blue on the frontispiece is C. P. Curtis / Book, / Music and Stationery / Store, / Fredericksburg, Va.

Lizzie began with the observation that “all the volumes of my journal seem but links in the chain of life, not distinct & separate episodes.”<sup>381</sup> That this volume of the journal was a continuation of the last was proven by the fact that sister Nannie was still trying to obtain her parents' permission to marry Col. Braxton, her brother William's drinking continued to be an embarrassment to the family, and Lizzie expressed serious concerns about his eternal salvation.<sup>382</sup>

Between November 1867, and January 1868, Lizzie often returned to the question of whether she would find someone to love. During the winter of 1868, she learned that her first suitor, Mr. Jones, had become a “perfect woman hater” and refused to visit Fredericksburg for fear of seeing her. That winter she was also addressed by her fourth marriage proposal, this time from Walter Gresham. “My answer was not one of encouragement,” she wrote. Although he said that he would always love her, she remarked that she hoped not, “for he would be much happier married.” Lizzie confessed that although she once believed that men sometimes continued to love a woman “as long as life lasted,” she was now unsure. “Mr. Beale loves me tenderly and always will . . . but Dr. Fitzhugh is married, and not

---

<sup>380</sup> Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop Wynne. *Journal of Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop Wynne, 1862 – 1926*. Wynne Family Papers, 1809-1967. MssI W9927 a 36. Virginia Historical Society. Richmond, VA.

<sup>381</sup> Alsop Journal, June 17, 1867.

<sup>382</sup> *Ibid.*, July 8, 1867.

a year ago, he almost worshiped me.” She concluded that it is fortunate that men “can recover from such things, for if they loved as deeply as women do, the misery of unrequited love, would be doubly great.”<sup>383</sup>

A year later, Lizzie took stock of her love life: “Here I am, twenty-two; & apparently as far from finding my heart’s desire; as I was five years ago.”<sup>384</sup> She later wrote that “I do not think I ever felt as much in my whole life hitherto, the need of somebody to love me; as I have this Fall,”<sup>385</sup> As the New Year dawned, Lizzie remained despondent about not having any suitors and wrote that “I do not think I am at-all popular with gentlemen; they generally care nothing for me, or else love me.”<sup>386</sup>

Lizzie became an aunt—George Yerby Alsop was born to her brother George—and a sister-in-law to Carter Braxton when he and Nannie married on March 26, 1868. Nannie was one of Lizzie’s closest companions, and she was conflicted by the loss of her sister’s companionship. But it is impossible to know her deepest feelings as the pages in which she probably relates them are torn from the journal.<sup>387</sup>

In October 1868, at the age of twenty-two, Lizzie wrote that “all the child is gone, & even the joyousness of girl & maidenhood has left me, but I do not regret it much. I am a woman, and O so far from being such a one as I desire!”<sup>388</sup> Her mother’s continued illness was a source of both concern and frustration for Lizzie. She prayed to God to make her a better daughter to her ailing mother, but in February 1869, she wished she were more patient with her, writing that “I do not think I ever was as far from being a Xtian as I am now.”<sup>389</sup>

Mentions of Alexander “Fred” Fleet began to appear more frequently in Lizzie’s journal, but in May 1868, she wrote that “he comes for me to go to church right often, but I do not know that he

---

<sup>383</sup> Ibid., February 1, 1868; March 2, 1868.

<sup>384</sup> Ibid., December 10, 1868.

<sup>385</sup> Ibid., December 20, 1868.

<sup>386</sup> Ibid., January 1, 1869.

<sup>387</sup> Ibid., March 4, 1868.

<sup>388</sup> Ibid., October 31, 1868.

<sup>389</sup> Ibid., June 9, 1868; February 25, 1869.

even likes me as an acquaintance.”<sup>390</sup> In July, he escorted her to Charlottesville, Virginia, to attend the commencement at the University of Virginia. Mr. Fleet who, according to Lizzie, “feels more than he desires,” confessed that he could fall in love in “three minutes,” but she laments that if he yielded to his emotions his dreams for a professorship and position of eminence would give way to a simpler life as husband. Her wish for him was that God would guide him and fulfill his promise that “all things shall work together for good to them that love God.”

Four years after the war, the Alsop family continued to struggle financially. In March, Lizzie mentioned that the women of the family talked about financial matters and that her “father is so pressed, & the boys nearly distracted about meeting their engagements.”<sup>391</sup> “I would not make it appear as if Father was to blame,” she wrote, “he is like thousands of our countrymen; suffering from the war.” Like many southern women, Lizzie channeled her Confederate patriotism into action by working with a Ladies Memorial Association, and in June 1869, participated in the decoration of the graves of the dead.<sup>392</sup>

After attending a Baptist Convention near Fredericksburg, she feared that she was not as spiritually minded as she had been the last winter, and the contents of her journal support that assertion.

---

<sup>390</sup> Ibid., May 13, 1868.

<sup>391</sup> Ibid., March 12, 1869.

<sup>392</sup> Ibid., June 19, 1869.

Lizzie M. Alsop

Lizzie M. Alsop

June 17th, 67

Monday

June 17th, 1867

My Journal! I am glad to write in you again; for though this book is new, yet I do not feel as if it was a strange thing to me. No, all the volumes of my Journal seem but links in the chain of life, not distinct & separate episodes.

“Whatsoever you do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus; giving thanks unto God & the Father by Him.” So I will not commence another volume of my Journal, without asking God’s blessing upon its progress. May it not be closed, finding me as far away from my Father in spirit as now, but grant for Christ sake that as its pages are filled with the record of my life, I may grow in the knowledge & love of God.

Wednesday night

July 3d, 1867

From some cause or other, I do not seek so frequently for opportunities to write the history, partial to be sure, of my life, as I used to, & why so? Echo answers why?

I have accomplished a good deal of work this Spring & Summer, though there is still so much to be done, that I scarcely feel as if I had made a beginging [sic]. Nannie still remains in uncertainty about her



marriage. Col. B— urges his suit, but Mother has not released her from that promise, made without knowledge or forethought. Sometimes I get to thinking of next Winter, how lonely I will be. Nannie at another home; Em at school, but I do not like such musings; for the reality will be hard enough, without destroying the pleasures of the present, by anticipating evil. Even now I feel Nannie's engagement, it separates her in so many ways from me. Col B— is here constantly if in town; & of course no one can take pleasure in being a third party to an engaged couple; then her wishes & feelings, & hopes are all different from mine; & God only knows how silly & vain yea! even wrong, are mine! I dream a great deal, more than is good for me perhaps, & my whole life is passing away in dreams of a future, so uncertain!

Mr. Temple is my most frequent & constant visitor now; & even he is at his country home; I enjoy laughing & talking with him right much; but we would never suit for each other. Madge says; "I would like to see who you will ever love, Lizzie." I wonder if she will see & know him!

Journal to-night I cannot commit my thoughts & feelings to paper, and it is as well so I reckon, for it might be a subject of regret hereafter, & could not be of benefit to any.

July 8th, 1867

It has been raining to day [sic], & this evening is delightfully cool after the warm long days of the past weeks; but Journal I feel so depressed, not so much with what is, but with that which is to come; & yet I know that by taking thought I cannot add one cubit to my stature. "If ye cannot do that which is least, why take ye thought for the rest? O Ye of little faith!" So many years have passed away since we have had any great affliction, that I look around upon the loved ones & tremble, for I know we cannot

always be exempt from sorrow & death, while others are passing through the vales of affliction; but I also know, that we have a Father in Heaven, who will guide us even unto death, and O! how vain for us “to rise up early, to sit up late, for so He giveth his beloved sleep.”

Willie has been drinking again. Poor boy, my poor brother! If I was sure that he would be saved, how [next word inserted above the line] almost gladly I could see him removed from this scene of temptation & grief, & yet I have so little hope in his life, & should God see fit to take him now, none in his death. I do not know how to pray for Willie. I used always to pray that he might be saved, until I heard some one say, that we ought not to pray for the Salvation of Sinners, for it is not our Father’s good pleasure to save them, unless they turn from the error of their ways.

There is one duty I neglect so constantly, that I scarcely know how to think about it, except that I am much to blame; & that is talking with others upon so serious & mighty a matter as their eternal salvation, “but what I would, that do I not.”

Wednesday Morning

July 17th, 1867

Sitting by my favourite [sic] window alone. The bed covered with work, but I so barely take time to write upon these vacant pages, that I must snatch a few moments from the days [sic] duties, for writing in my journal.

Last Friday, Madge, Mother, Louie, Nannie & I spent at Smithfield.<sup>393</sup> M. returning with me, the others going over to New Glenmary. Saturday the [illegible word] party, except Madge, dined at “[Illegible name],” had a pleasant day. Col Braxton, & the trio were here at-night. “The Trio!” It will be pleasant in after years to look back upon their visits; they are really friends of Nannie’s & mine I believe, and if they are not, I hope we will never know it; for I do not like being disappointed in one’s friends. May their friendship be cemented as time passes on, & may their usefulness as Xtians be enlarged as the record of each year is written by the hand of God, and may He always bless them & make them happy!

Mrs. Cunliffe & the Misses Barnet spent yesterday evening with us. I am so glad they came; for few rays of sunshine penetrate the dull monotony of their lives; & surely it is our duty to try & make others happy. At first I opposed their being invited, as we scarcely knew them, & were under no obligations to do so; but afterwards this verse (I had read it in the morning) “My bretheren [sic] have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of Glory, with respect of persons,” occurred to me; & though mother had consented to invite Mrs. Cunliffe alone, I sent her word to ask all if she wished to. Now yesterday I asked God to bless me in the reading of “His word,” and so He did. He hears even the faintest cry of his hungering children.

Thursday Morning

July 18th, 1867

---

<sup>393</sup> “Smithfield” is located four miles south of Fredericksburg, Virginia, in Spotsylvania County. The property was purchased by John Pratt of Caroline County in 1814, and after the original dwelling burned down, the current house was constructed. In 1861, Thomas Pratt died and left Smithfield to William Carter Pratt of Camden in Caroline County. William Carter Pratt never lived at Smithfield. Instead he leased the property during his thirty years of ownership. It is possible that the Alsops were one of the leasees. Deborah Walters Pederson, “From Great Virginians to Gloria Swanson: A History of Smithfield and the Fredericksburg Country Club,” in *The Journal of Fredericksburg History* (Historic Fredericksburg Foundation, 2009), 11.

Sitting in my window. Nannie reading over a letter to Dr. Hicks; both of us expecting to start at [next word inserted above the line] any moment for Smithfield.

Two casual remarks, not even addressed to me, have given a different direction to my thoughts; & perhaps changed the whole purpose of my life, & “Yet I murmur as God will, And in the hottest fire, hold still,” and even now it is not so hard to do this, I could not have believed it to be so easy.

Hilton

Aug 16th, 1867

I am staying with Jennie & George this week. All of last I was at Sunny Side at night, except twice, once here & once at Aunt Jane's, the days being spent at Berea, where Mr. Cutler was holding a protracted Meeting. When I knew we were going to have one, I felt as if it was so useless, & though I tried to pray for God's blessing upon our efforts, there was little faith in my petitions I think. But God surely did bless us! Eight were baptized upon their confession of faith; & one, who had long been out of the church, united with us; besides, I think the church was strengthened. For one, I know that I was, not of myself, but through “Him that loved me & gave himself for me,” and then we hope & pray that others not of our number, also derived benefit.

Mr. Cutler preached well all the time, but [next word inserted] his sermons the last Sunday were better than any of the others. In the morning ~~his~~ he preached from Matt. 28, 19th & 20th verses & Romans 1 & 16th verse, & it was the plainest sermon I ever heard. He showed that it was necessary to believe the gospel in order to be saved, & be baptized, afterwards lead a holy life &c. “He that believeth & is baptized shall be saved, he that believeth & not shall be damned.” A man's salvation does not depend upon his belief in Calvinism [sic], nor [illegible word]; but upon the gospel, Corinthians 15th, 3,

& 4. I have wondering [sic] ever since how those of other denominations who were present; acknowledging the truth of his preaching, as they were obliged to do, if they believe God's word; felt. It is a mystery to me, how any [illegible word] mind can fail to see & understand the truth as it is Jesus."

[No matching open quote mark]

~~was~~ [illegible characters struck out] In the evening his text [next word represented by ditto mark] was Cor. 5 – 15; "They which live, should not henceforth live with themselves, but unto him, which died for them & rose again." I remember some of the ways in which he said one could live with one's self, viz: by failure to discharge any or [next word inserted above line] all of the Xtian duties.

"Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together." Company is no excuse for staying away from the Lord's house; but we should inconvenience ourselves to wait upon our God. By refusing to give to the support of our Master's cause, we might live with ourselves.

He preached well from the parable of the rich young man, [next six words of sentence on next line] also that of the 10 talents, [next thirteen words of sentence on next line] & from the passage "Deny thyself, take up thy cross, & follow me."<sup>394</sup>

God grant that we who for a whole week were so privileged in Xtian enjoyments; may carry in our hearts the precious seed, yielding fruit; & learn "to live not unto ourselves, but unto Him which died for us."

---

<sup>394</sup> The parable of the rich young man is from the Gospel of Matthew 19:16–30, the Gospel of Mark 10:17–31 and the Gospel of Luke 18:18–30. The parable of the ten talents is from the Gospel of Matthew 25:14–30. *The Bible, Old and New Testaments*, King James Version, August 1, 1989, accessed on September 29, 2013. <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/10/10-h/10-h.htm>.

Thursday

Aug 29th, 1867

At home again. Mother is sick in bed, I sitting in her room; have written to Aunt Ellen, made Mr. Cutler a cravat, & attended to some other little matters this morning.

Sunday we had a perfect [illegible word]. Col. B. & Mr. Temple spent the day. The latter did some skirmishing I think; then [sic] out his picket force to ascertain the strength & disposition of the enemy. He wrote Lizzie Maxwell Temple on an envelope & said he thought it prettier than my name. I told him I did not care to change mine, we did it all in a jesting way, but he meant more than a mere looker on would have supposed. Though I do not think he will ever make a more decided demonstration, that is it is very possible he will not.

How silly things seem after they are written. I have not the slightest idea of that Mr. T— will ever be a beau of mine; he likes me & I will miss him, but there it will end; and before he comes back, possibly I may be pledged to another.

I believe my intention in beginning to write was to narrate the events of Sunday, so back to the day.

It was not a “day’s march nearer home” with me I fear; Mr. Taylor’s sermon in the morning struck me as being good, but poorly delivered, & at-night Mr. Maury preached very well, contrasting “the marriage in Cana of Galilee” with that of the “sons of man, when the five wise virgins went in & the door was shut, & the five foolish were left out,” but some how [sic] I did not feel very religious, or have not since, & so if I did have forgotten.

Just then Col. B & Mr. Temple, Uncle Thomas, Johnny & Mr. Ambler Brooke, Emm & I walked a square with Uncle T—, & continued to the end of the pavement on our side returning, when Mr. Wallace & Mr. Hall joined us & came in, they staid till church time, when the former went with me. Mr. Savage also came for the same purpose, but went alone; Emm & Arthur, Col. B & N, Mr. Hall in it will make no difference a hundred years hence. Johnny too came to see if we wanted to go to church, next time I reckon there will be no escort at all. Mr. S, Col B. Arthur & Johnny after church. M

Monday Mr. Bob Beale came for me to go rowing, but I did [sic], for I knew Mother would be uneasy. Mr. John Beale spent the evening. Mother had a severe chill, had to send for Dr. Scott in the night. Nannie went home with G—.

Tuesday. Mother sick in bed. Nenna, Cousins Ellen & Ann Eliza Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Marye & Mrs. White. Mr. Williams in morning. Johnny to tea. Sam Beale & Graham Harrison to see Emm, but she spent evening at Judge Coleman's. Col B— Arthur.

Wednesday. Kate Harrison spent day with me. Mr. Bob Beale read "Culprit Fay" aloud.<sup>395</sup> Mrs. Marge took dinner. Cousin Ellen. I took tea at Mrs. Beale's being caught in a shower. Dolie & Aunt E—.

Thursday, to-day, Col. B— Johnny & Dr. [Illegible name] to tea, Col B this morning. Dr. Scott & the 33 miles, Northern Neck. Minnie Beale & I went to see Mary Coleman, had to stay till after the rain.

I have been in such a contrary mood all day, and all my own fault. How unhappy we make ourselves for nothing.

---

<sup>395</sup> *The Culprit Fay and Other Poems* was written by American poet Joseph Rodman Drake (1795 – 1820) and published posthumously in 1835. "Drake, Joseph Rodman (1795-1820)," George B. Perkins, Barbara Perkins, and Phillip Leininger, *Benet's Reader's Encyclopedia of American Literature*, Vol. I (New York: HarperCollins, 1991), 273.

Sept. 24th, 67

Before breakfast. Tuesday.

Journal I do not think I was in a very good humor when I last soiled these pages with my expression of impatience if nothing more, but here lately I have been happier & more contented, I think; & pray God to keep me so. Surely I ought to be so, for all His gracious promises are for me, & if I will but trust in him, he will direct my path. Aye it is very sweet to know that a Father's love has marked out that path, that though our feet be "all torn & bleeding by the way," we will forget the pricks & snags, & see how no other could have been the way home, and then all disappointment ended, all temptations over; we shall have the victory through Christ our Lord. Blessed promise! sweet hope of rest!

Nov. 4th, 1867

Monday night. In our room. N— & I. Mother is in Richmond with Emm, who has been sick for nearly a month. So we are having a quiet time together. Nenna & Madge came to spend the evening, but "the trio" coming in, insisted upon returning home before eight o'clock. I enjoyed talking with Mr. Hall & Mr. Knox very much; but Mr. Wallace & I rarely ever exchange a word; from always conversing a good deal together, we have grown generally silent; & yet I do not know why, if misunderstanding there is; it is more felt than expressed. I right often wonder if he has gotten to dislike me; but I can think of nothing I have done or said to offend him. Perhaps I guess at his reasons more than he imagines, or perhaps knows; yet I may be wrong.



This Fall I have sewed a good deal; helping to get Emm ready &c, for my own wardrobe is scarcely commenced. Most of the time I am very happy, knowing “that peace which floweth as a river” to soothe every troubled thought, to heal every wound, & to wash away every doubt; then again the clouds come over my soul, & the spirit of evil takes possession of my heart [illegible characters struck out] & all [next word inserted above line] the light seems to go out; but by God’s mercy it is again fanned with brightness. Mr. Fleet called on us Friday evening, he is pleasant, & I should have enjoyed his visit more but for one thing, & that one circumstance has cast a shadow over me ever since. How frail we are! so prone ever to go astray! But it is a comfort to think that even Paul said, “The things I would not, those I do,” & to remember that “in that He hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succor us who are tempted.” It takes all the precious promises, & constant stirrings, to get along at-all. Thank God “He” did not leave us comfortless!!

Nov 28th, 67

Tuesday morning.

Bessie & Tip were married last night. Madge stood with Mr. H. Wallace, & I with Mr. Bob Willis. The party was rather dull. How little does the excitement of one evening repay a whole weeks work & care!! Madge looked beautiful, & all the girls looked well. I wore a white musling [sic], gored & about a quarter of a yd trail.<sup>396</sup> My body is just a french waist, trimmed across the bosom with wide lace, & the sleeves tucked. My hair was crimped in front, coiled behind, & dressed very prettily with a white rose & [illegible word] pearls. To-day I feel stupid & sleepy, and in a fit state to moralize upon the vanity of this life. But there is a life beyond, & after the grovelling [sic] things of earth, a glimpse of that better, brighter Land is refreshing to the soul; the thirst created by the heat of care & vexation, is slaked in the

---

<sup>396</sup> A gore is any wedge-shaped or triangular piece of cloth forming part of a garment and serving to produce the difference in width required at different points, esp. used to narrow a skirt at the waist. Muslin is most typically an unbleached or white cloth, produced from carded cotton yarn. “Gore,” *Oxford English Dictionary*, First Edition, 1900, accessed September 29, 2013; “Muslin,” *The Oxford English Dictionary*, Third Edition, March 2003, accessed September 29, 2013.

river of the water of life. My Father cause the streams of thy mercy & love to cleanse away the accumulations of earth, & lead me in the way thou choosest, safe home to thyself.

“My home above” how sweet are thoughts of thee, when “wearied by the conflict & the strife” we look above ourselves. Thou to share

“Thy deep peace unbroken,  
Pure, sinless, unspoken,  
Thy peace beyond strife.”

Our feet all “torn and bleeding” cease to smart, our hearts take fresh courage, & that peace wh. passeth all understanding cools the fevered brow, & quiets the impatient heart. How people can live without a hope in Jesus, is more than I can tell. He is worth more than all the pleasures of time, for at his right hand thou are pleasures for evermore, for evermore. Sweet thought! Pilgrims though we be, let us know that we will soon reach that city which hath foundations! Soldiers though be; soon shall all our conflicts end in everlasting rest, weak and restless though we be, He is our strength & shield!

Wandering & sinful we, He is the same yesterday, to-day & forever, forgiving our sins for Jesus’ sake.

Mr. Dunaway preached yesterday, a very good sermon. At first I felt that I could not go, but He helped me to overcome the fear of the world’s opinion, & my rebellion to the powers that be; & go & worship & fall down to kneel before the Lord our Maker.

January the 2d, 1868

67 has gone, & this is the second day of a new year. Journal I am going to try & make this year's campaign a victorious one, not in my own strength, but trusting in Him who is able to keep us, & present us blameless at his appearing. And I know too that I must ask him to help me exercise this same trust, for depending upon myself how dark is the record. The old year died hard! Snowing all day, but Nannie, Jennie & I had many hearty laughs together; & altogether had a very amusing & agreeable time. I did a good deal on my new poplin; finished it except a belt, & casing for whalebone; & to-day I entirely completed it.<sup>397</sup> Few of the gentlemen observed yesterday, so I understand, & only Messrs Hall, Knox, & Wallace, Col. Braxton, Arthur, & Mr. Beale came to see us. Johnny & Ambler Brooke were here for a minute or too [sic], only stepped in to say that the party at St. Julien would be last night.<sup>398</sup> None of us went. Col. B— gave me a nice "Psalmist," more appreciated because so unexpected. In the evening I suffered very much with neuralgia, & altogether I do not believe it was a very happy day, not as much so as I anticipated.<sup>399</sup>

To-days portion of daily food was two verses one a promise, the other a prayer.

Just keep me humble, dependant [sic] upon thee, leading me from "height to height," until I arrive safe at home. When I pray for what thou seeist is not best for me, "hearken & answer not as I would wish, but as thou wilt. Bless me for thy mercies sake; & All blessings, all strength we beg through Christ our Saviour, & May thy Spirit dwell in me [illegible word] unto all wisdom.

---

<sup>397</sup> A plain-woven fabric with a fine horizontal rib, produced by weaving with a warp thread finer than the weft, originally made of silk and worsted. "Poplin," *The Oxford English Dictionary*, Third Edition, December 2006, accessed September 29, 2013.

<sup>398</sup> "St. Julien" is an estate located seven miles from Fredericksburg, in Spotsylvania County, Virginia. The main house was built by Francis Taliaferro Brooke (1763 – 1851) in 1794. By 1868, Brooke's son, Francis Edward (1813 – 1874) was the owner of the property. It was added to the National Register of Historic Places in June 1975. Janie Preston Boulware Lamb, "Saint Julien," *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, Vol. 45, No. 4 (Richmond: Virginia Historical Society, 1937), 346-352.

<sup>399</sup> Neuralgia is a stabbing or burning pain in the area served by a nerve. "Neuralgia," *The Oxford English Dictionary*, Third Edition, September 2003, accessed September 29, 2013.

Jan 7th, 1868

Madge spent yesterday & last night with me. It was a day all wrong, or rather I was all wrong all day; & by commencing in a wrong mood first kept on, & wasted a precious day, which ought to have been for good. God help me to be better to day!

Mr. Beale was here last night. Mr. Fleet came to see us Saturday evening. I do not know him yet; but am going to try to find him out, if he gives me the opportunity.

Mr. Cutler preached plainly, & truthfully to the church day before yesterday. I belive [sic] his text was, "Hold fast the faith once committed to the Saints." Mr. J. P. Herndon communed. I do trust he may be consistent.

Sometimes I get in such sinful moods, so perverse, & all the time knowing I am doing wrong, truly the Spirit warreth against the flesh, & [next word represented by ditto mark] the flesh [next three words represented by ditto marks] warreth against the Spirit; & these are contrary the one to the other." [matching quote mark missing] It is sweet to think that we will one day cease from sin, for sin alone causes us all the misery we endure. I do not want to live nearer to God & at-times my heart can & does say,

"Nearer my God to thee,

Nearer is thee!

E're though a cross it be

That raiseth me,

Yet all my cry shall be,

Nearer my God to thee!"<sup>400</sup>

then again it is hard to feel, so let it be, ere through a cross.

Journal at-times I verily believe I get [illegible character struck out] sentimental, though I suppose all young people feel the same indefinite longing, for some one to travel with, hand & hand, through the years to come. Then I think how unworthy a companion I would make a noble nature, & I trust never to take any other; but if God sees it is best, I hope some day to find one I can love, honour & obley with my whole heart; some one to whom I can look up, & find in him through better or worse my hearts home. Journal! I would never marry a man, I considered inferior to myself, but if I ever become a wife, & I hope to have such love & reverence for my husband, as we are taught should be in God's word. He must. It would be sweet to think that you were unfolding [illegible word] quality in imitation of a better higher nature!

Monday night

Jan. 27th, 1868

Journal my eyes are smarting now, & I am growing more & more sleepy, but so rarely have I time & inclination for you, that I must devote a few mins to writing before retiring. Well, I am not going to tell you the half that is in my heart, for feelings are too variable to put down upon your pages, but I believe I am trying by God's grace to be submissive to his Will, & to say in faith nothing wavering, "Choose thou our changes for us." Not that I always succeed, but I do want to "trust in Him with all my heart, & lean not unto my own understanding," knowing that if I "in all my ways acknowledge Him, He will direct my paths." Last night Mr. Dunaway preached about Jacob's vision, & I hope it may at least have

---

<sup>400</sup> "Nearer, My God, to Thee" was written by Sarah Flower Adams and published in W.J. Fox's *Hymns and Anthems* in 1841. Julian, *Dictionary of Hymnology*, 792.

done me some little good, after the sermon Mr. Anderson prayed such a fervent, suitable prayer, & I believe during it, I felt in closer communion with God, than throughout the whole of the other exercises. I did enjoy Sunday School very much, had eight present. Saturday Arthur & I went to Falmouth Bridge, saw all four of my scholars there.

Emm returned to school this morning, & I have felt sad & lonely all day. Poor Arthur saw her depart with a heavy heart. I believe he loves her devotedly. Emma Forbes & Mary Little spent Saturday night with us. Mr. Beale here in the evening. Cousin Mary Jones died rather more than two weeks ago, & the shock so affected Uncle Thomas; that he had two attacks of Paralysis since. I have written a good many letters recently, have six waiting for stamps now, at present have on hand three pieces of work, remodeling the mousline [sic] Mrs. Allen gave me, altering some things for Annie Cary, braiding & embroidering a skirt for my niece. Am reading "Marie Antoinette," "Jean Ingelow's Poems," "United Netherlands," & "Thinks I to Myself."<sup>401</sup> Sometime or other I trust to finish them all.

Feb 1st, 1868

"My sun" has again arisen, though obscured for so many monthes.

Mr. Hillyard & Mr. Gresham have been on a visit to Fredericksburg, the latter insists though that he merely called on his way elsewhere. Arthur spent yesterday evening with them here, & we laughed until we were tired. Mr. Gresham gave me a note he had written, which, much to my surprise, contained an offer of marriage. Journal I knew that he liked me, but the idea of his courting me never

---

<sup>401</sup> Probably English poet Jean Ingelow (1820 – 1897). Her first volume, *A Rhyming Chronicle of Incidents and Feelings*, was published in 1850. *Thinks I to Myself* was written by English historian and theologian Edward Nares (1762 – 1841) in 1811, and enjoyed numerous printings. Multiple titles existed at the time with titles that included "Marie Antoinette" and "United Netherlands" to make identification possible. Bruce A. Castner, "Jean Ingelow," *Victorian Poets After 1850*, ed. William E. Fredeman and Ira Bruce Nadel (Detroit: Gale Research, 1985); *Dictionary of Literary Biography* Vol. 35. *Literature Resource Center*, accessed October 2, 2013; Nigel Aston, "Nares, Edward (1762–1841)," *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), accessed October 13, 2013.

entered my head. As it is, I think I shall pass it off as a joke, & make him believe that I think him in jest. Still I do not know whether it is quite right to do it; at any rate he did not ask me to answer the note, & I will bide my time. Mr. Hillyard departed in fine spirits.

During the evening, Mr. H— said he had asked Mr. Jones about coming to F—, & immediately such a change passed over his face, as if he had heard the name of some dead relative. As Mr. H. made the above statement, Mr. Gresham said, “Hark from the tomb, a mournful sound,” & such a laugh as we had. Arthur was nearly convulsed.

Journal they say Mr. Jones is a perfect woman hater, & instead of saying “Miss Lizzie,” now speaks of me as Miss Elizabeth Alsop; and if they attempt to tease [sic] him about F—, seems almost disposed to fight. He was one of my beaux last winter, but fared no better than all before & since.

Saturday night

Feb. 8th, 68

Arthur spent the evening. Emm Marye walked up & down the pavement for a long time, had an exceedingly pleasant conversation. Surely it is a pleasure to be with sensible people. Mr. Fleet called, but staid only a very short time, he asked to go to church with me tomorrow night. I assented.

Good night Journal. Father enable me to banish from my mind all thoughts not in accordance with the duties of thine approaching day, enable me to be faithful at-home in the Sunday School, & O my Father, help me by thine own Spirit, to worship thee aright when, by thy mercy, we shall go unto the house of the Lord. All blessings for ourselves, & those dear to us, forgiveness for our sins, & perfect submission to thy will, we beg for Jesus sake. Amen.

Monday night

Feb. 10th, 1868

Again I am sitting alone in my room, Mother is at Uncle Thomas or Mr. Marye's. Father downstairs. Nannie in the country. Telling the whole truth Journal I have not had a very pleasant evening & why? because I have been disappointed. You see Saturday night Mr. Fleet came & asked permission to escort me to church; I gave it. Yesterday was very rainy, I was at Sunday School & church, so was he. Night came, & no bells rang, but I have not yet heard one word of my escort that was to be. So unaccustomed to such things am I, that it annoys me a good deal. Now he ought certainly to have come & informed me that there would be no church. I ~~am~~ can think of no excuse for him unless he was, & is still sick. Sincerely I hope he is. Not from any feeling of revenge, but I had a good opinion of this young man, & I do not want to be obliged to change it. All this evening I have been expecting some explanation, but have received none. Nevertheless I will try with God's help, to suspend judgement [sic] until I hear the true state of the case.

At any rate Journal I feel better, & more willing & able to forgive the slight for telling you & "My Father," & though my pride is wounded, still I trust it may be sanctified unto through Him. Yesterday morning Mr. Ryland preached from, "Be ye holy in all manner of conversation." (more properly conduct.) He spoke of God's holiness, & that we were commanded to be holy even as he is holy, then of the extent; in all manner of conversation, & truthfully did he speak of the danger from evil thoughts. Afterwards he spoke of the motives to holiness, "because he hath redeemed us from all iniquity & purified unto himself a peculiar people," and that as [illegible word struck out] life in heaven is necessarily holy, we should endeavour [sic] to prepare ourselves for its enjoyment by being pure even as he is pure.



Friday night

Feb. 21<sup>st</sup>, 68

Journal I am not going to write much to night, only to tell you the end of that church going matter.

Well, the whole week passed & Mr. Fleet never came near to apologize or excuse himself till Saturday evening when he appeared. I suppose my manner was cool (I did not feel enthusiastic), & he did not pretend to give any reason [illegible characters struck out], but after being in the room a short while, asked if I had an engagement for the next morning. I said no. "Then I'll call around & go with you." I said nothing; then he added "Last Sunday night was so bad that I didn't come, there was no church." I merely said, I heard no bells. Before he left, he said again something about calling, & I told him very well. But Journal he was certainly wrong & I intend to tell him so, I do not care whether he likes it, or not; and I know I will not feel right till I do; for I do not like to have anything against a body.

Last night Carrie Hall was married. She looked well. Mr. Beale went with me, Johnny & Mr. Ambler Brooke came to see us afterwards. The latter again to-night. Carroll sent me a valentine. Lt. Butler is in Baltimore. Mr. Sam Gordon died Feb. 22d. Poor Sue!<sup>402</sup>

March 2d, 1868

About a half hour since I received two pictures from Brandon; one of Emma & another of her boy, Dabney Holmes.<sup>403</sup> Journal, seeing her face, looking so much as it used to do in the old time when we

---

<sup>402</sup> Possibly Samuel Gordon (1844 – 1868) the youngest son of Samuel (b. 1804) and Patsy Gordon (b. 1808) of Caroline County, Virginia. Susan Gordon (b. 1840) would have been his sister. 1860 U.S. census, Caroline County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 734 (handwritten), dwelling 1266, family 1266, Samuel Gordon; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1339.

<sup>403</sup> Sarah Emmeline Graves (1842 – 1923) married Frederick Anspach (1840 - 1900) of Bedford County, Virginia. Emma and Frederick had eleven children including Dabney Holmes Anspach (b. 1865) who was born at their home "Brandon" in Rankin, Mississippi. *Bryant/Matthews/Welch/Hoggard/McBee/Dillard Family Information Center*, last modified March 24, 2012, accessed October 2, 2013. <http://www.enolanet.net/turnernames/fam01027.htm>.

were all together at the Institute; & tracing the same nervous expression about the mouth which characterized the younger of the sisters, brought back past scenes & associations. My friend! how kind & true she was and so dear to me. I never had a dearer; & now though she has been laid away from our sight these four years & more; nearly five now, how fresh is her image upon my heart. She was not pretty in feature, but her beautiful Christian soul made her life & friendship beautiful to me. So humble, honest, and as I sit & write of her the old scenes are so vividly before me. My darling! My darling! You are now “safe in your happy home,” & I thank God for it. Much as I loved & mourned your loss, I would not have you come back to us. That last session we spent together at school, how inseparable we were, we sat, walked, ate & slept together. We were in the same classes, liked the same girls generally, but she was far better than I, so lovely & meek; I do not remember her ever giving me one cross word in my whole intercourse, but oftentimes I was cold, proud & impatient; though I do not think I was often so to her, for I could not. How we used to laugh over “Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme,” & puzzle our brains with the “false systems” of Jourfroy’s Ethics, patiently working over formulas in Trigonometry, translating “Vicar of Wakefield” into french [sic].<sup>404</sup> Then Saturdays what time we would have writing “compositions,” & how nervous we would be handing them to Mr. Dashield. Sweet long walks we used to have those spring evenings, way out by “Mrs. Riche’s Cottage,” & “City Spring.” Then too at-night we would lie awake till one & two o’clock, talking. In looking back to that year, it seems to me that we two were always together. To be sure other dear friends did add to the happiness of the days, but upon none did it depend as upon her. When we said good-bye in “Miss Nette’s room” which of us two thought we were looking for the last time upon each other, & yet not for the last time for Hannah darling we will meet again where the sound of parting will be heard no more. Often you must look down upon me here in my earthly home, & think without sorrow of our friendship! Who can say that you are not one of His ministering Spirits? and sweet thought, that you still hover around me, who

---

<sup>404</sup> *Introduction to Ethics: Including a Critical Survey of Moral Systems* was written by French philosopher Theodore Simon Jouffroy (1796 – 1842). Lévy-Bruhl, *History of Modern Philosophy in France*, 349-357.

so fondly & truly you loved on earth. Good-bye my Spirit friend; may the sweet fragrance of your blessed memory, always ascending, with its purifying influence, ever remain in my heart, hallowing the affection of time, & sanctifying it with the pure love of Heaven.

Journal, Mr. Gresham came again on Friday. Nannie was sick, but he staid between three & four hours. He repeated what he said in his note of a month since. Of course Journal my answer was not one [next word inserted above line] of encouragement. I could hold out no hope, for if I do not love a man when he tells me of his feelings, I am not apt to love them afterwards. He was very dignified, & said while he deeply regretted my decision, he was perfectly prepared for it; for he knew how prepostrous [sic] the idea was, but his feelings forced him to speak. Then he begged me not to let it make any difference in my friendship for his family, & asked me still to visit them. He also said that he thanked me for being candid, & would not annoy me with a repitition [sic] of his feelings; but would always love me. I hope not, for he would be so much happier married I think. I felt truly sorry for him, and if I could have prevented his confession & subsequent disappointment, would a lady have spared him the pain. Journal, once I did believe that men sometimes continued to love a woman as long as life lasted, even if she cared naught for him; but now I do not. Mr. Beale loves me tenderly & always will, I believe, but Dr. Fitzhugh is married, and not a year ago, he almost worshiped me, this I know. It is fortunate that they can recover from such things, for if they loved as deeply as women do, the misery of unrequited love, would be doubly great. Some of these days Journal, I trust I will have some one [sic] to love me, above all earthly things, but in all things, "His will" for me.

Mrs. Ficklin, dear "Aunt Jane," has been staying with us every night for a week tomorrow; Jennie & Mrs. Yerby came in nearly three weeks ago. Mother is just recovering from a deep cold. Arthur comes once a week to spend the evening, a noble boy he is. How many a change there'll be before he & Emm

are grown! It is sweet comfort I looking forward to years of doubt, to be able to lay them all into the hands of God; and wait His good pleasure.

“Father I know that all my life  
Is portioned out for me;  
And the changes that are sure to come  
I do not fear to see;  
But I ask thee for a present mind  
Intent on pleasing thee.”

Last week I was happy in my inner life, because I tried to live for Him! Help me my Saviour to try & make this week one of good deeds, noble purposes & sweet communion with thee. Enable me to put away all envy, hatred, anger, strife, clamour [sic] & evil speaking with all malice; and to be kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ sake hath forgiven us. Teach me to walk humbly in the path thy feet went over; & this I ask for Jesus sake.

Saturday Night

March 4th, 68

This evening I walked with Mr. Fleet around “the Falls.” I enjoyed it; the air was bracing, the scenery beautiful, the company good. Mr. Fleet seemed to think I was too quiet to be happy, but stillness is frequently indicative of pleasure with me. He gave me an outline of Goethe’s Faust, which I told him I had never heard, but it seemed strangely familiar, and I think Mr. Powell had perhaps given us a sketch, or we read a criticism on it before. In talking with most of the town young men, I feel that my reading has been more extensive than theirs, but when I meet with a man having any pretensions to literary

tastes, I feel keenly my ignorance, and something of the sort probably helped to keep me quiet the latter part of our walk. Journal, I like Mr. Fleet better than I did; he is not so conceited, & is more what I imagined him to be before ever coming here, than I at first thought him. Last Sunday he came home with us from Sunday School, then escorted me to church, & desired permission to go with me at-night. I told him certainly if it was not too cloudy for him; and he really did not seem to understand the allusion at all; & when he did, seemed to think he had done nothing whatever amiss.

“Our Baby” is now three weeks & nearly three days old, he is a beautiful boy, has blue eyes, a sweet mouth & pretty nose; but I cannot enter into detail, for in my eyes, he is the loveliest, smartest, best baby I ever saw, is named George Yerby.<sup>405</sup> How soon the “little innocents” twine themselves around one’s heart! I try to feel that he is given us for a time only, & be willing for God to take him when He sees best; but I think it almost an impossibility to be reconciled to an affliction before it comes, and why should we? has not our Father promised, that our strength shall be as our day??

Nannie was married the 26th of March, 1868. She wore ashes of roses alpaca-poplin suit, with bonnet & gloves to match as nearly as she could. Was very calm, & looked lovely to me. And Journal though in these few words I record my sisters marriage, it is not because I do not feel. I have never told anyone what bitter pain it was to me to resign her; and though I try to bring philosophy and religion to my aid, yet I cannot help missing her, & feeling her absence sensibly.

Mother too will be happier now that it is over I believe. She & Dolie are in R—, so I am head of the house. For nearly a month I have been constantly occupied, in a hurry [next word inserted above line]

---

<sup>405</sup> George Yerby Alsop (1868 - 1957) was the eldest child of Lizzie’s brother George Edward Alsop. Alsop, *Genealogy and Traditions*.

most all the time! but Mother has given me such sweet assurances of her love & confidence during that time, that I am fully repaid for all trouble.

Journal since Nannie has left me, I feel more than ever that I will not be satisfied to lead this [Journal page torn out at this point]

[illegible word] of the broken emblems of our Saviour's body; pardon all our sins, & accept us through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen, & amen!

Thursday night

April 9th, 68

To-night I went to hear Dr. Beauvoir's [sic] read different poems, scenes from domestic life, enjoyed it. One most ludicrous incident occurred! I appreciated so much the dear "boys" thoughtfulness in coming for me, and went simply to prove it.

Last night I went to hear Dr. B— preach with Mr. Fleet, we arrived after the sermon was commenced, it was a beautifully worded discourse; though not so powerful ~~sermon~~ as I have heard from his lips. I gained some new ideas. After church Mr. Fleet came in, but I fear found me not very agreeable.

Mother is having a delightful time, so is Dolie. Louie is with me. The baby becoming more interesting each day. Nannie & the Col. seem most happy.

Monday night

April 27th

I have written five long & one short letter to-day; consequently now feel quite fatigued; so after all Journal will suspend my talk till tomorrow.

April has passed away without my even devoting half an hour in you my old friend.

May 2d, 1868

Saturday Morning

My poor neglected Journal; it is not because I do not value you, that you are shut up in silence for weeks & days, but only because of, well I do not know exactly why!

This second day of May is very lovely, & as I sit by the Library window writing, & listening to the birds singing; truly I can enter into the sweet psalmists exclamation, "What is man that you art mindful of Him!" How kind our Father, who never onces ceases to watch over us, warding off danger, & bestowing blessings upon us, and how unworthy are we. How proud our hearts, how unthankful our lives! I know that I do want "to be like Jesus;" but oftentimes the evil spirit takes possession of my heart, and instead of illustrating by a beautiful example, the purity of the Christian profession; I rather bring reproach upon his name. Journal I do not think this has been one of my good weeks. I have part of the time done my duty; but Our Saviour teaches us to say after doing all these things, "we are unprofitable servants, we have done but what was our duty;" and a good many times I have neglected it; being unmindful of others, speaking unadvisedly, year even unkindly, and how often has my heart been cold to Him, how often have the lips moved alone in prayer! Thank God, not in our own righteousness must we come; but in the name of him, who redeemed us by his own blood.

May 13th, 1868

It is Wednesday evening & I am sitting by the Library window writing once more, in my too oft neglected Journal, but Journal forgive me. Young girls or maidens are not very reliable beings.

I do not feel at-all like writing now that my desk is in my lap, my diary open, & the ink in the pen. So I have half a mind not to keep on, but don hat & cloak & run around to see Madge; if it was not for the last half of the walk would certainly go!!

Jennie & the baby spent last week with us; the latter is the noblest child I ever saw in appearance for one so young. I went out home with them Sunday evening to stay a few days, but Mother became sick, Mrs. Gregory sprained her ankle, we changed servants &c &c, so Father went out & brought me home.

Morally, I have felt better for the last few days; for more than a week my heart kept so cold, & my life was so far away from Him, whom my soul loveth, that I feared it never would soften again, but He had compassion upon, & heard the voice of my supplication. To-day's portion of "daily food" is, "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me, shall not walk in the darkness, but shall have the light of life," and also "The Lord my God, will enlighten my darkness." and So it must ever be, following Him we cannot walk in darkness, when [illegible word] so ere the way. "In His presence is fulness [sic] of joy, at His right hand there are pleasures forevermore." Help me gracious Father, through thy Son, to say, not mine, the choice, "but choose them for me O my God, so I may walk aright!! Help me to rejoice in thee! Although the fig tree shall not blossom & there shall be no fruit in the vine; the labour [sic] of the olive shall fail, & the field shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold; and there shall be no herd in the stall; yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." How sweetly as his precious promises come home to our hearts, when we see the disappointment of earthly hopes;



the failure of human plans, and O, what wealth could bring me half the comfort & peace . . . of the words, "All things shall work together for good to them that love God!" Praise the Lord!

Physically, I am not entirely well, though better.

Intellectually, not much improved, read a few of Coleridge's poems, & one of the "Astronomical Discourses" lately.<sup>406</sup> Carrie is anxious for me to go up to the Commencement at the University, and I have been exceedingly anxious to go; still desire to do so, if it will not be for harm to me or others.

I have not a single beau now. Mr. Fleet comes for me to go to church right often, but I do not know that he even likes me as an acquaintance. Sometimes I like him mightly [sic], & then again I do not. He went with me two [illegible word struck out] weeks from this night, to hear Mr. [Illegible name], the following Sunday night he accompanied me to Baptist church; & then came home with me from lecture last Wednesday. When he offered to escort me to Charlottesville, if I went the last of June, but he never makes me a visit just so; always comes to ask me either to go to church; or else makes his visit afterwards.

May 14th, 68

Thursday Afternoon. Mother sick in bed, I by the window of George's room.

Well to-day is drawing to a close; and what has been accomplished? Little for the good of others, or for God's glory. This morning I wrote to Emm, kept house, &c, went to the Depot with Madge; then to Mrs. Bradley's with Nannie to get some flowers, came home found that Mrs. Gregory was going out to

---

<sup>406</sup> Lizzie is referring to English poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772 – 1834) and Thomas Stackhouse's (1756 – 1836), *Astronomical Discourses: Intended for the Use of Schools and Families*, published in 1831. A.C. Goodson, "Samuel Taylor Coleridge." *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), accessed October 2, 2013.

Fairview; & Cousin Ellen & Nenna with Mother; they staid some time; then Mr. Herndon was here a while. After they left I read my Bible, had dinner, studied my Bible lesson for ~~Me~~Sunday, read a chapter in Astronomical Discourses, & am now writing this page in [next word inserted above line] my diary. I also hemmed one side of pocket handkerchiefs.

Journal I fear Mother's trouble is not over as much as we hoped. I have talked so much & so often with her, that now I feel like avoiding the subject. Yet if I can say one word of comfort, how freely bright I [illegible character struck out] do it in His name! Help me Holy Father, to act for our mutual benefit, & to thy praise for Jesus Sake. Keep me humble. "Restrain us from temptation, deliver us from evil." A little while ago I was sitting just feeling too depressed & overwhelmed, fearing a return of Mother's distressing condition, when the following simple lines came to me.

"And what tomorrow's cross may be,

I never seek to find.

My Saviour says, "leave that to me,"

And keep a quiet mind!"

Even so would I this evening come to the foot of the Cross, & pleading the neglectfulness of a "crucified Saviour," ask for strength to lay aside every weight & the sin which doth so easily beset us, that we may run with patience the race set before us; looking with Jesus the Author & Finisher of our faith." And surely looking unto Him, does bring peace to the troubled soul!

May 16th, 1868

Saturday Evening. All by myself in the library. To-day I have kept house &c, walked a mile this morning, hemmed one side of a handkerchief; sewed up seams in two pairs pantaloons; this afternoon walked again, & paid a visit to one of my S. S. Scholars; called on another; also finished a letter to Carrie Fleet. This morning Mr. Fleet came for a short time, he asked to go with me to church tomorrow night. Nannie, Cousin Ann E—, Aunt Susan & Mrs. Hall have been to see Mother to-day. The latter left her love for me, says she will always love me dearly on “Stape’s Account.”<sup>407</sup> I have often fancied that she was more tender in her greeting to me, than others but never felt certain that it was not my imagination. She says he loved me so dearly, & really believe he did, and now though I do not love him, my heart saddens at the thought of his early death. So young so talented! Yet at times I think perhaps it was from an unworthy fate our Father removed him, & now he is safe in his happy home.” Not one of my lovers ever remembered me as he did. He told Loulie “when he went back to the field, she must get violets & send them to me for him.” Poor fellow, little did he think that his going to the field, was but the path of death, and that the crushing blow of a nations freedom lost, would so soon descend upon his beloved country & people. Little thought he that the first tidings from him to me, would be “Slain in battle!” Poor Mr. Beale looks very wretchedly. The last time he was here he told me he would not see me for anything, if something should ever happen. I knew so well he meant if I were to engage myself to anyone. Journal I wonder if I ever will? I try to put my future in God’s hands & leave it there, but it is so hard “to wait patiently for him” sometimes!

Tuesday evening

May 19th, 68

In my room, by the window over the bed.

---

<sup>407</sup> An abbreviation of “Stapleton” and a reference to Col. Stapleton Crutchfield.

I kept house &c, this morning, read a few pages of “Macaulay’s History of England,” staid with Cousin Em Browne all the time she was here, then took my work & paid quite a long visit at Cousin John’s.<sup>408</sup> Afterwards took dinner with Nannie, & so have not been home long.

Arthur spent Saturday evening with me, he seems very anxious for me to go to Charlottesville.

Mr. Fleet went to church with me Friday night, came in & staid till quite late. We had a long talk on the subject of members of different churches being married, both thought it must detract from the usefulness of each, and I believe he left, wishing he knew his duty. Unless he should ere we went Sunday morning, in all probability we will not meet for a week or ten days or perhaps two weeks.

Saturday Morning

May 28d, 68

In the Library.

I have just finished a long letter to Emm, & a note to Aunt Ellen, have kept house, fixed lamps, and now it is only a little after ten. Yesterday evening we had the family from Cousin Johns [sic], Rose Winston & Johnny. Nannie & Col B— to tea, the time passed very pleasantly. Arthur & Mr. Herndon also came, the latter gave me a kiss when we met, said he always felt like it. When Arthur came & saw the hats &c in the passage he told our new girl, Nancy, to ask me to step there, whereupon she turned & asked him, “Are you Miss Lizzie’s lover?” I suppose she thought I ought to have one.

---

<sup>408</sup> English historian, essayist, and poet, Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800 – 1859) completed the five volume *The History of England from the Accession of James the Second* in 1848. William Thomas, “Macaulay, Thomas Babington, Baron Macaulay (1800–1859),” *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), accessed on October 2, 2013.

Last night before they came from Cousin John's I was fixing cake in the plates for tea, when Mother came in & said something about her attending to supper. I told her everything was ready, when she said "you certainly are a great help to me, and I am determined you shall go to the commencement & have some pleasure." She did not know that those few words gave me more real pleasure than even being at the "commencement" would perhaps, but Journal sometimes, far too often I am so impatient that I fear I will never learn to forbear one with another, but what is impossible through the weakness of our bodies, is all easy to Him, with whom we have to do. This morning I can come with gratitude & thanksgiving, to my Father's arms, for the sweet hope that if he ask anything in Jesus name, He will do it. Now through the darkness, is dawning the fulfilment [sic] of two of my daily prayers, two which God alone can answer, and by his goodness in time past & present, I will trust Him in time to come. If he has heard these two, will he not also listen to a third & a fourth. "And we have this confidence, that if we ask anything according to his will, he doeth it."

Grandma used to say "Delays at the Court of Heaven were not denials!" and how true every Christian must find it, "it is good for a man can only hope, & patiently wait for the salvation of the Lord. May I learn to trust in Him, though he slay me! & not to doubt his love & mercy, because, it may be, he refused my petitions, or answers them in a way seen but by his all searching eye. Even in my short experience have I had cause to thank Him, for withholding the desires of my heart; for if he caused pain, I found his grace to be sufficient; and [next word inserted above the line] over what then seemed so hard to bear [next word inserted above the line] there now lingers only soft memories of his mercy, and not a shadow of regret, only thankfulness that He withheld what he saw might be hurtful. Whenever I ask for things wrong for my soul, listen & grant not according to my wishes; but supply me with needful strength in Christ Jesus, to submit myself entirely to Thee!

This week I have dined with Nannie twice, spent [next two words inserted above line] part of a morning & a day with the family at Cousin John's, and an evening at Cousin George Minor's, have written several letters, or some at any rate; & been to Uncle Thomas, Col. Fontaines, old Mrs. Slaughter's, Mrs. Beale's, & six other places. Have had no gentlemen visitors except Johnny & Arthur since last Sunday. I wonder if Mr. Fleet has yet found out his duty!

Tuesday night

June 9th, 1868

I am lying on the outside of my bed, & am all ready for retiring, but as I am too much occupied to write in the day, Journal; I will give you a little of my time for sleep, so as not to neglect you altogether.

Mother is sick again, and though so weak, in other respects is not as poorly as she frequently is, still unless she improves I do not intend to go from home, if other things suit. If in accordance with God's will, I do trust she will be able to go from home during the Summer; & get well, yet in this I strive to be submissive to Him, & first to pray that in sickness or in health, her soul may find sweet peace in a Saviour's love. We are taught always to pray & not to faint, and if we ask anything according to His will, we know we have the petitions we desired of Him. She is so kind & sweet to me, that I really feel humbled to see her love, & feel how little I merit it; how often I have failed to be forbearing; how quickly I have taken offense; and yet I believe she loves me more than all. Help me O Lord to be a better daughter; to serve Thee more faithfully; keep me humble for Jesus sake, & help me to imitate his example, remembering that "if any man have not the spirit of Christ; he is none of his." Mr. Case preached from this verse the fourth Lord's Day in May. I want to write down some time soon, the principal thoughts of his sermon. I enjoyed it so much. Last night I asked Father if he thought he would

be able to let me go to the “Commencement?”<sup>409</sup> He was just as sweet & kind as could be, says if he can possibly make arrangements to spare the money I shall have it; that he had not the slightest objection to my going except that; says he wishes he had the means to give us what we want, & hopes to be able to get a little beforehand. The crops are promising, & if God sees best will relieve much of the want throughout our country. I earnestly pray his blessing upon them everywhere, especially in our beautiful South; but pray likewise in this, if He sees fit to blight the bright prospects, that we may be enabled through his grace to restrain every murmer [sic], & meekly bear the disappointment.

Arthur spent Saturday evening with me, after he left Mr. Fleet came & sat on the poarch some time, asked me to go to church with him next evening. Sunday Mother was sick, so Father alone went to Berea. Mr. Hillyard accompanied me to Sunday School & back, sat a while, then came to tea. The night was threatening & Mr. Fleet did not come as soon as he ought to have done; so I told him I supposed he did not expect me to go as he was so far behind the time.

He thought however it not at-all too late so I excused myself to Mr. H—, who said he had no objection to going. I fancied Mr. Fleet was a little annoyed by Mr. H—’s endeavouring to keep up, & talk with us, & coming home he deliberately got separated from him. It may have been fancy, but I do not know. Going to church Mr. F— gave an explanation of his lateness. Nannie, Mother & all are doing what they can to forward my work. The former sent me the money to employ Miss [Illegible name] three days to help me. Johnny spent day before yesterday evening with us, he comes more frequently now. Arthur came to offer himself as my escort to church Sunday night. Emm expects to come home the 27th inst.

---

<sup>409</sup> Lizzie is referring to the commencement ceremonies at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville.

Journal good-night; what may happen between now, & when I shall again write upon your fair pages, only the All Wise can tell; but we know he maketh all things to work together for our good.

Charlottesville, Va.

July 1st, 1868

I am sitting by the parlour window. Carrie, Emma [Illegible name] & Miss Haynes are upstairs. Sue B— & Annie Owens, Mr. C. Fleet, Mr. M. Broaddus, Mr. [Illegible name] are all at the University, gone to the “Inauguration of the Jefferson Statue.”<sup>410</sup> Mrs. Broaddus & Nannie being in the room we talked away the hour, which I had intended devoting to you my Journal, so now it is after dinner and I am sitting by the passage window.

Now I really am at the Commencement! that to which I have looked forward with so much pleasure, and as it is I am realizing my anticipations to a considerable extent, not quite in the way I expected perhaps, but still pleasantly. I left home last Wednesday, just one week from to-day. Miss Pattie Minor, Mary Slaughter & her Father, Mr. Fleet & myself forming the party.<sup>411</sup> We stopped nearly five hours at the Junction, but they passed more pleasantly than we anticipated. Mr. Fleet sat by me most of the way, & I thought he seemed to prefer it for next both of the other ladies there were vacant seats, & he nearly always came back to me. Since we reached this place however he seems to take especial pains not to talk with me before others. Last Sunday night he escorted me to church, & though we walked a good deal out of the way, after we reached home he sat by Laura Welch & was all devotion. She was

---

<sup>410</sup> The Jefferson statue was completed by the sculptor, Alexander Galt, in 1861, and remained in its packing crate through the Civil War. On April 25, 1867, the Virginia Legislature appropriated funds for the installation of the statue in the library room of the University of Virginia Rotunda during the Commencement of 1868. Paul Brandon Barringer, James Mercer Garnett, Rosewell Page, *University of Virginia: Its History, Influence, Equipment and Characteristics*, Vol. I (New York: Lewis Publishing Company, 1904),

<sup>411</sup> Mary Slaughter (b. 1851) was the daughter of Montgomery (b. 1818) and Eliza Slaughter (b. 1826) of Fredericksburg, Virginia. 1860 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 267 (handwritten), dwelling 113, family 113, M. Slaughter; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1380.



mightly [sic] pleased with him. Monday evening he went with me to the “Ugly Club,” & at night to the Washington Society.<sup>412</sup> After the Celebration of the latter was over we went to Dr. Davis’ & promenaded a good deal about the lawn, then sat on a bench by the University Book Store for about half an hour, before the train started. That night the cars were detained a long time coming down. I was so much fascinated by the [illegible word] assembly & the novelty of everything that I was not very agreeable I fear. We commenced talking about the same old story of human love, & the misery or happiness as may be that it brings, while sitting waiting for the cars. Journal probably both of us revealed to each other more of our real feelings than was wise but now it has been done, & time alone can vanish from our remembrances the recollections of the evening.

As I said we were talking of loving and so Mr. Fleet was led to speak of his plans & hopes. He said he was almost afraid to trust himself to in Fredericksburg next session, that he could not tell whether he would be able to resist his feelings. And you know should he yield to them, in all probability, his ambitious dreams for the future must pass away, & life become so different from what he desires. He told me he could fall in love in three minutes did he permit himself to act upon his inclinations. Journal he feels more than he desires, & but for being in all probability obliged to abandon his trip to Germany, & seeing his bright hope of a professorship & position of eminence, fade into a simple, quiet teacher’s life, would yield to the emotions of his heart. Yet while resisting, he fears all the while that he may be passing the current which alone may lead to his earthly happiness, & really suffers from the struggle of love against ambition. We talked on, & from all that he said, what I have just written was my conclusion. After he paused, he looked right at me & said “You understand me!” & such a look I never

---

<sup>412</sup> The *Washington Literary Society and Debating Union* was created from a merger of *The Association for Mutual Improvement in the Art of Oratory* and *The Academics Society* in 1835, at the University of Virginia. On June 29, 1868, this boisterous event held on the Lawn at the University of Virginia featured oratory. Entrants vied for awards given to “the man with the homeliest countenance,” “the prettiest man,” “the smallest man,” and “the vainest man.” The prize for being the ugliest was a pair of boots. Virginius Dabney, *Mr. Jefferson’s University: A History* (Charlottesville: University of Virginia Press, 1981), 21. “Society History,” *The Washington Literary Society and Debating Union*, accessed on October 2, 2013, [http://pages.shanti.virginia.edu/Washington\\_Society/](http://pages.shanti.virginia.edu/Washington_Society/).

met. [Illegible character struck out] I tried to meet it & partially smiled, but he never lowered his eyes or looked away once, so I was obliged to veil mine. That night I told him something about myself viz: the probable influence, one now dead, would have exerted upon me. He seemed so much puzzled & astonished & said "Miss Lizzie I will not know whom to trust." Seems to think I must be fastidious, & insisted upon knowing my requisites. Coming from the Depot we were both silent; but I fancied . . . something! I am not going to say what! Carrie asked him out in the poarch how he enjoyed himself, & he said "he was perfectly miserable." She thought it was all in fun though, & so it might have been. Since then I have seen him for only a few minutes, the next morning at breakfast, & after dinner he was in the chamber & as I passed by he followed me in the poarch for a few moments & talked. I wonder if he has thought of Monday night since it passed away. Our Father bless & guide him aright all along his pathway, & fulfil [sic] to his sanctification thy promise that "all things shall work together for good to them that love God."

Help me to remember that if thou makest sore, thou canst also heal, & that for every woe [changed to "wound" in pencil] there is a balm in Gilead, for every sickness, there is a physician there, keep me his mind that we were put here to be made holy, rather than to be made happy. Father bless me, strengthen me, & finally save me for Jesus sake Amen.

Go with me this evening, bless to our improvement & enjoyment its exercises, grant us thy spirit in all its enobling influences, & help us to exert ourselves for thy glory, our companion's pleasure, & our own peace & eternal happiness. Be with all dear to our hearts, & bless them in thy love. Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; restrain us from temptation, deliver us from all evil, & Father grant that no word of prejudice or pride may issue from our lips, nor any sinful thought arise in our hearts, but for thy son's sake, help us to cultivate his spirit of obedience & humility. Hear

us, leave us not nor forsake us O God! Grant our petitions only as in accordance with thy most holy will, & pardon us evermore Amen.

Melnotte

Nay, dearest, nay, if thou wouldst have me paint,  
The home, to which, could love fulfil [sic] its prayers,  
This hand would plead thee, listen! A deep vale  
Shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world;  
Near a clear lake, margined by fruits of gold;  
And whispering myrtles; glassing softest skies,  
As cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows,  
As I would have thy fate!  
A palace lifting to eternal summer  
Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower  
Of coolest foliage musical with birds,  
Whose songs should syllable thy name! At noon  
We'd sit beneath the arching vines, and wonder  
Why earth could be unhappy, while the heavens  
Still left us youth & love! We'd have no friends  
That were not lovers; no ambition, save  
To excel them all in love? We'd read no books  
That were not tales of love, that we might smile  
To think how poorly eloquence of words  
Translates the poetry of hearts like ours!

And when night came, amid the breathless heavens  
We'd guess what star should be our home when love  
Becomes immortal; while the perfumed light  
Stole through the mists of alabaster lamps,  
And every air was heavy with the sighs  
Of orange groves and music from sweet lutes,  
And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth  
I' the midst of roses! Dost thou like the picture?

Pauline

When I loved thee thy fate became mine  
Triumph or danger, joy or sorrow, I am by thy side.

O Woman! Woman! Thou shouldst have few sins  
Of thine own to answer for! Thou art the author  
Of such a book of follies in man,  
That it would need the tears of all the angels  
To blot the record out!

Melnotte

I dream'd not of a future that did not wear her shape.<sup>413</sup>

---

<sup>413</sup> Transcribed from *The Lady of Lyons; or, Love and Pride*, a five act romantic melodrama written in 1838, by English writer and politician Edward Bulwer-Lytton, First Baron Lytton (1803 – 1873). Andrew Brown, "Lytton, Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer, first Baron Lytton (1803–1873)," *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), accessed October 2, 2013.

Saturday Afternoon

July 4th, 1868

Another weeks record will soon be added to the past; & how little do we remember that in the commission of sin, in the gratification of unholy thoughts & desires, time cannot destroy thine impression, but they must be written in the "Book of Remembrance" till this mortal shall put on immortality.

Journal I hope & believe that through one higher than I, this Saturday afternoon finds me with more of that peace which passeth all understanding in my heart, than I have had within the past day or two, and O! I thank Him who doth not leave us comfortless; but from whose gracious lips now, as in the older time, still fall the sweet words of consolation & promise. "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God believe also in me!"

Father prepare me for the coming of thy tomorrow, help me to partake of the emblems of our Saviour's broken body & shed blood in entire consciousness of my unworthiness and of thine abundant grace & truth; purify me in whatsoever way thou deemest best for thy glory & my good, & help me to rejoice in thee. Be with thy people wheresoever they shall assemble to worship thee, grant that thy word may be more fully understood & obeyed, until thy kingdom may come, thy will may be done on earth as it is done in heaven! Bless the Sunday Schools all over this land, and those abroad; enable us through thy spirit to better discharge our duties as teachers, and keep us from being conformed to this world!

Bless those dear to our hearts everywhere, but especially at home. May the unconverted be turned to the Lord, & the feeble strengthened in the [illegible word] man. And O may all of us love thee more

faithfully, leaving the things which are behind, & pressing forward to secure the prize of the mark of our high calling, which is of God in Christ Jesus.

Father thou knowest for whom, I would especially invoke thy favour, & how freed from all selfish motives, I would beg thee to direct his path, so that he may follow in thy footsteps & at last rest in thy presence. Search me O God, & know my heart, try me & know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me & lead me in thee way everlasting! We thank thee for every blessing, & praise thy name for thy goodness which is renewed every morning, and thy faithfulness every evening. We would be more thankful, & more humble; for only thou seest the pride of our hearts.

All needful blessings we ask in Jesus name, & beg the fulfilment [sic] of thy precious promise, if ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father, give the Holy Spirit to those who ask him.

Last night the moon shone so brightly I could not sleep well. Mr. Hull left this morning; Mr. Willie Broaddus, Eliza Haynes, yesterday.

Night before last Mr. Hull, Emma, Nannie and myself all started down to get some soda water, Mr. Fleet met & joined us, he came back, & with Mr. Williamson staid till after eleven, then Carrie & I did not come up for an hour or so. Mr. W— amused us with “Artemus Ward’s Threshing Machine.”<sup>414</sup>

---

<sup>414</sup> Charles Farrar Browne (1834 – 1867) was an American humor writer, better known as Artemus Ward. The only known reference he makes to a “threshing machine” is: “Before you go for an Editor, young man, pause and take a big think! Do not rush into the editorial harness rashly. Look around and see if there is not an omnibus to drive--some soil somewhere to be tilled—a clerkship on some meat cart to be filled—anything that is reputable and healthy, rather than going for an Editor, which is hard business at best. We are not a horse, and consequently have never been called upon to furnish the motive power for a threshing-machine; but we fancy that the life of the Editor who is forced to write, write, write, whether he feels right or not, is much like that of the steed in question. If the yeas and neighs could be obtained, we believe the intelligent horse would decide that the threshing-machine is preferable to the sanctum editorial.” Charles Farrar Browne, *Artemus Ward, and Other Papers* (New York: G. W. Carleton & Co., 1867).

[Illegible word]" &c &c. Mr. Fleet told us all good-bye, & yesterday morning he left for home. Mr. Charlie Taylor came too, & Mr. Williamson of Baltimore. I missed them all mightly [sic] yesterday, but not so much to-day. Mr. Bob Temple is in town.

Kenmuire Va.

July 25th, 68

The sun has just sunk beneath a bank of clouds, so beautiful in thin blue, crimson & golden glories as to make me doubt whether even the soft atmosphere of Italy could have added to its [Illegible word]; and now all over the sky the clouds are still reflecting its vanished loveliness. While above the belt of woods rises in distinct bold relief the "[Illegible word] Range;" & just above it, the Blue Ridge, in that azure hue [illegible word] by distance, losing its outline imperceptibly in the overhanging clouds.

My visit to Charlottesville is over, & I have been in Louisa for ten days, in a few more I expect to turn my face homewards with regret at leaving my friends & the mountains; but with more of joy, I believe than sorrow; for I do want to see the home faces very much. My visit has been most pleasant but for my treatment of Mr. [Illegible name], & something else, without alloy in its enjoyment; but there is always something to mar even our happiest moments.

Mr. Beal [sic] died last Monday morning. Not without hope; but trusting in a Saviour's Mercy & Atonement. A joyful release to him for ~~of~~ one or more years he has been such a sufferer. As I remember all his constant devotion, kindness & forbearance towards me. I can but appreciate that affection so entirely my own, & acknowledge that scarcely will any one else ever love me as loyally as he did, for the years we knew each other. Nothing I did ever angered him, or lessened the love he bore me!

The week is about ending, with little to mark it especially.

Kate & I have read “Vanity Fair” together, & commenced “Stuart of Dunleath,” walked & ridden.<sup>415</sup> A week free of mercies, & with what action? Father prepare me for thy service, life-long & entire; & help my thoughts to be in accordance with the holiness of thy Day.

Fredericksburg Va.

July 31st, 1868

I am again at-home, sitting by my own pet window & writing, as I have so often done before in the same chair, & under pretty much the same circumstances, in my Journal.

I left “Kenmuire” Wednesday at 3 A.M. Kate & Mrs. Gordon were so reluctant for me to leave, that I felt reproached for getting home sick while with them. I had a lonely time at the Junction, & could not contrast it with the day we spent there going up. Nenna, Cousin Ellen, Johnny, Cousin Ann Eliza, Dr. & Mrs. Scott, & Nannie have been to see me. ~~Yesterday evening~~ Mr. Fleet came to see us yesterday evening; Emm not knowing he asked for the ladies left the room, so I had to entertain him alone. He only came in the morning, & left on the night train, so of-course he staid but a short time, ~~but~~ I enjoyed his visit very much.

Aug 25th, 68

---

<sup>415</sup> *Vanity Fair* was written by British novelist, Valerie Grosvenor Myer (1811 - 1863). *Stuart of Dunleath: a Story of Modern Times* is a novel written by Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton (1808 – 1877) and published in 1851. K. D. Reynolds, “Norton, Caroline Elizabeth Sarah (1808–1877),” *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), accessed October 2, 2013; D. L. Kirkpatrick, ed., *Reference Guide to English Literature*, 2nd Edition (Chicago: St. James Press, 1991).



In the back porch. I have matured my flowers, & as Mother has Mrs. Barbour with her & Emm is in her room too, felt that I am neglecting no duty by sitting out here alone, for a few precious moments to myself. Since I came home with the exception of a week spent between the Bowling Green & Berea, my time has been consumed with household cares, company & nursing the sick ones, so very little leisure has been left me for writing or reading, however I must take some exercise so generally late in the evening, I walk around the upper terrace & attend to my flowers, which latter occupation now forms one of my chief pleasures. And I try to make them a means of grace, if I may so use the term, for no joy is too small for His smile, no sorrow too insignificant for His Mercy. To-day I have felt particularly how little my mind is improved by this sort of life; & how many duties are to be performed, even after spending most of the day just in meeting ordinary demands upon my time, and that too perhaps with something of regret & want of submission I fear; but I thought of the “Angel over the Right Shoulder,” & the promise “that all things shall work together for good to those that love God” was brought to my remembrance, & strengthened me some in the sweet assurance of grace for the day.

Father I know I am weak & erring; always wandering astray; full of pride & evil thoughts; impatient  
[Page torn out at this point.]

my eye were.” First in the Lord at all times ye people, pour out your heart before him; for God is a refuge for us, and comfort came. Now though “Memory” can only retain “fond regret,” yet I trust by leaning upon the Rock, higher than I, to learn the lesson, “Peace be still; It is I be not afraid.” And O how blessed the thought “He knoweth the way he taketh” & how calming the trust “And I will walk with him.” Help me gracious Father to consecrate myself more wholly to thy service. Sanctify me to

thyself. Enable me to live for thy glory, & the happiness of those around me. Restrain me from temptation. Deliver me from evil; & finally save me in thy kingdom. All for Jesus sake. Amen.

Flowers given me by Mr. Williams in October. Their fragrance recalls only pleasant memories.

Oct. 31st, 1868

Again it is the last day of the week. I am alone in my own room; Emm down stairs with Arthur; Mother & Mrs. Temple in the chamber.

Journal I do not like to talk with you as I once did; & yet I know the fault is all my own, but I cannot tell even you what I think & feel. All the child has gone, & even the joyousness of girl & maidenhood has left me, but I do not regret it much! I am a woman, and O so far from being such a one as I desire! Instead of growing better I verily believe I get more & more sinful & worldly; life farther off from the Cross, and sometimes so far, that I cannot perceive its shadow upon the paths around me. But indeed I do earnestly desire to be an humble, submissive, bright Xtian; & whatever means are necessary to bring me to my Father's throne, in deed & in truth his child. I pray that he will rise.

Mother has been sick & so nervous all this Fall; but now I trust is better. Altogether the weeks & months go slowly, & I can scarcely realize that only one month & eleven days have passed since the 20th of September; and yet each day is so fully employed that I rarely even have time for being lonely, in dwelling quietly upon subjects so full of pleasure & regret. Enough, enough! I will not be morbid, but strive, by God's help, to "rejoice in hope," & have a thankful mind. May He teach me to desire, not the fulfilment [sic] of vain wishes; but a spirit of perfect submission to His will.

Tomorrow is Mr. Cutler's day at Berea, & if right, I do want to go very much. Last 1st Lord's Day Emm & Father went; Mr. Charlie Crutchfield & John Lyman joined the church, & May His name be magnified more & more! May their light so shine before men, that they may glorify their Father in heaven.

Lately we have had Tableaux & Charades for the Memorial, cleared nearly \$390.00.

Mrs. Broaddus has come back to live. Carrie is as sweet as ever; I see them right often. Walked beyond Falmouth Bridge with Mrs. Fleet yesterday evening. Nannie Austin shewed [sic] me a part of a letter from her brother in Texas not long ago; containing some surprising information to me!<sup>416</sup>

[Illegible name] Slaughter & I walk right often together. Journal good-night.

Nov. 17th, 68

Monday morning

I have just written to Mr. Cowardin on business for the Memorial, & before closing my desk somehow the spirit moved me to write a few words in my Journal. I have not much time though, for I have yet to read, & count the clothes and put others away before setting down for the day. I am very busy now trying to fix my winter wardrobe; so as to have some leisure for reading, visiting & other social duties, for it is not always pleasant to be pressed with work & taxing to one's brain [illegible word] [illegible word], [illegible word] & the like.

Journal by God's help I am going to make this a happy winter, for myself & others too, and now I ask him to help me & strengthen the resolution; to be good & to do good, for his name's sake. Of myself I

---

<sup>416</sup> Nannie V. Austin (b. 1841) is listed as part of the household of Rev. William F. Broadus (see footnote on page 48). 1870 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 386 (printed, 85 handwritten), dwelling 650, family 662, Wm. F. Broadus; NARA microfilm publication M593, roll 1679.

am powerless, but “I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.” I so desire “to walk worthy of our vocation,” & to “be holy in all manner of conversation,” but alas how transitory our efforts; how evanescent our impulses.” May our Father enable us to be guided by principle, not passion! and above all things, keep me submissive, humble, loving! All for Jesus sake. Amen

but struck with admiration. Says he thinks of me as of the distant stars, so unattainable in their loveliness,” [no open quotation mark to match] and a good deal more in the same strain.<sup>417</sup>

Dec 10th, 68

Thursday. In my room alone. From Tomorrow, just two weeks to Xmas. I think of it only to wish it was over. Yet we must not think from work & trouble.

I have been very busy getting some of my winter work done here recently; but have not finished, my best dress is my silk, dyed, eight years, or seven & a half old; my cloak I had nine years ago, but my bonnet is new. It is green velvet, with white lace bridle; crossing the back, & trimmed with a cluster of rich green velvet leaves on the outside; and a bunch of green & wh. velvet [illegible word] on the inside.

Journal I am happier now than I have been as a general thing; heretofore. Why I cannot tell, for I fear I do not love God & communion with him as much as I have done, and somehow I have not been improving myself, or doing the things I ought to have done, it seems to me. I am afraid my happiness in part, comes from the fact that my dreams are all of the future; and I scarcely live in this present life at-

---

<sup>417</sup> Although the dates on this page are in the correct order, this passage doesn't seem to be consistent with previous page..

all. But for all this I know, I would rather give up all earthly happiness; than the hope, of being ever with the Lord hereafter.

Dr. & Mrs. Fitzhugh spent last Saturday evening with us, not Dr. & Mrs. Thadeus, but his brother & wife. Mrs. F— says, brother Thad is “very comfortable.”

How thankful I am I did not marry him! but I never had any idea of doing so. He was not a man to suit me, and though if I ever marry, my choice may be very faulty; but surely he will not have such grave faults; or at any rate the same.

When I was at Hilton, Mrs. Temple said, Lizzie they tell me Charlie courted you, or was in love. I do not remember which she said. I told her, I liked him mightly [sic]; but we were always quarrelling when together; when Mr. G— spoke up. Some people make love that way! I did not bet him I thought so too!

Of all my beaux, Capt. Gregory, Dr. Fitzhugh, Mr. Gray are married. Mr. Beale dead. Mr. Jones courting. Mr. Gresham, Capt Jones, & Mr. Hillyard still single. Two others, who were said to love me, & that one did I am sure, & then the other did, I believe, were slain in battle. A third my ftall, fair, harried friend is away in another State. An now, woe's Me! no body loves me. Journal I do not exult over my conquests. No for I would have had a heart for each, or any, but here I am, twenty-two; & apparently as far from finding my heart's desire; as I was five years ago. Five years ago! Then Rosser's Brigade was near us; and what a winter of delight was that my first winter in Society. Rosser's & Loring's Brigades!!

There is another somebody too who likes me. I wonder if he thinks of me at-all? & how often. May God bless him, & make him happy, in this love. What would he think, if he knew I prayed for him night & morning?

After ten o'clock P.M. This evening I went to ask after Mollie Guy; paid Mrs. Ficklen a short visit; & then quite a long one to the family at Cousin John's. While there heard that Mr. Fleet was coming back to Va; being quite tired of Missouri, but I do not believe it; for I am very sure under the circumstances he will at-least remain through this session, his pride will prevent his coming back so soon; I feel sure.

[Illegible name] Slaughter & young Mr. Ficklen of Danville came to see me this evening; but I was out. I have three invitations for Xmas from [Illegible word] Fauntleroy, Ellen Dew, & Sue [Illegible name]; any & all of which I would like to accept. Today I have sewed none, but have written to Mr. Smith, twelve pages, Berta thirteen, Ellen eight to nine, Kate nine; Mrs. Lacy four; & five pages in my Journal. Last night I finished a letter of eight or nine pages to Aunt Eliza. Mr. Watkins & Mr. Davis came to see me about two weeks since; also Mr. Willie Carmichael.

Dec 13th, Sunday night.

Alex Knox died between six & seven o'clock this evening.<sup>418</sup>

"Then why should your tears run down

And your hearts be sorely riven?

For another gem in the Saviour's Crown,

And another soul in Heaven?"

---

<sup>418</sup> Alexander B. Knox (1845 – 1868) was the son of Thomas F. and Virginia Knox of Fredericksburg, Virginia. 1860 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 333 (handwritten), dwelling 626, family 616, Thos. F. Knox; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1380.

Dec 20th, 68

Tuesday Evening, before tea.

Journal I do not think I ever felt as much in my whole life hitherto, the need of somebody to love me; as I have this Fall. My heart pleads for love, and how hopeless the thought; that I may never [illegible word] such as would satisfy its charms; its necessities. Tis true many have professed to feel real affection for me, & I believe in most instances have done so; but from some cause, not one of them ever inspired me with the tender passion, & so at [next three words inserted above line] the age of twenty two [next word inserted above the line] years, eight months, & three days I am still unpledged to any one. I have not been unhappy these last few months; far from it; but as happy, quite as happy, as ever before for any long period I think. Yet my soul yearns for some one to love through all, & above all, under heaven. Often I imagine that perhaps God in his providence, does not design me to be a faithful, loving wife, and surely if he sees best that I should not, it is well! This I try to remember & be still, but sometimes impatience & self will, rise over all submission, & it is very hard to submit. I know if God sees best to withhold from me the love of a noble, manly heart; he will certainly give me grace all sufficient to walk alone this pathway, sustained & strengthened by him, who is the foundation of Love, & then at times it is easy to contemplate the lone traveller [sic] going home, with none but God to love & shield her. Easy because his will! Again poor weak humanity cries out for sympathy & affection here.

Since I have commenced writing; I feel ashamed to have done so; "out of patience with self," because of distrust, & yet if God, our Father implants within us the desire ~~of~~ for companionship, it cannot be wrong Unless, we permit this wish, to overrule Deity, & cause us to be discontented with our plain

homely lives. Every woman at some time of her life, must feel these same yearnings for a heart to beat in unison with her own! But enough! father is coming to tea.

Dec 28th, 68

To-day Mr. Charles Goolrick was buried. He died conscious that he must be lost through all eternity. What a contrast his last hours form with those of Alex. Knox, and how dreadful for those left to mourn.

Years ago when he & Willie united in a pledge to abstain from drinking, Willie said to Loulie, "If we ever break this pledge, both of us will "die drunkards." One has alas! May God grant that the other shall not.

1869

Jan 1st, Friday night.

I am all undressed, & nearly ready for bed, but as I want to write more regularly in my Journal, will begin the new-year as I wish it to continue; at least in this one respect. To-day I have had no visitors, but as I expected none, can hardly be said to be disappointed, yet if they had come, of-course I would have been gratified like any other woman. I do not think I am at-all popular with gentlemen; they generally care nothing for me, or else love me. Still some few have liked me, & so I have two or three right good friends. Mr. Charlie Fleet; & Mr. Bob Temple for two.

My work to-day has consisted in dressing a doll for Maria & scalloping some of little Eleanor Chew's skirt. Nenna came & sat all the evening with us. She sent me a New-Year's gift, a hair-pin-holder, wh.



pleased me so much; more because it showed me that she remembered me, even than for its utility. Helen told me something she said about me, & perhaps it was silly, but the compliment gratified me.

Mr. Cowardin is coming to lecture for the Memorial next week. Col. Farrar divided the proceeds of his two lectures with us.

Dolie, Willie, Loulie, Jennie, George, Nannie & Col. B— spent Xmas day with us, then Mr. & Mrs. Fulton were here two or three days. Last night, I went to Tableaux at Col. Fontaine's, & dined at Mrs. Ficklen's with quite a large party, also spent last Tuesday with Nannie. So though quiet, the Xmas has not been unpleasant. Uncle Thomas sent me a pencil, & beautiful little needle case, from Mother I rec. a vial of cologne & cake of soap. Nannie gave me "Mind & Words of Jesus."<sup>419</sup>

Mother has not been so well these last few days, and sometimes my heart sinks within me, when I think she may never be well. I can only try to trust her to his care, "who has cured us & washed us from our sins in his own blood," for the thought is too terrible to reflect upon.

Journal I am not anything like I ought to be. Father help me to be more like thee!

Sunday night.

Jan. 17th, 69

I have just heard something that rejoiced & saddened me; but which I hope, through the grace of God, may prove an incentive to a better life. Emm has been going down to Mammy's for several Lord's Days evenings past, reading as we all thought for her & others, but we find that is not all, but she has been

---

<sup>419</sup> Presbyterian minister John R. MacDuff (1818 – 1895) wrote *The Mind and Word of Jesus*. It was first published in 1853. Josiah Miller, *Singers and Songs of the Church* (London, Longmans, Green, and Co., 1869), 516.

conducting regular prayer-meetings, praying herself. Journal you cannot know how it touched me! & humbled at the same time; for it is more than I have ever done. I read for the sick & poor, but never have I once with them approached the Mercy Seat for grace to help in time of need. Yet I resolve with God's help it shall not be so in time to come, but when circumstances are suitable I too will pray with them; going in my weakness to the Fountain of Strength. Saviour hear & help this determination, & grant unto me the influences of thy spirit. I think Aleck [sic] Knox's death has had a deep influence upon Emm, & O Father may the memory of the devout young Christian inspire all of us, with a true desire; & a finer purpose to serve thee, so that he being [next word inserted above line] dead, yet may speak.

I am so full of sin, evil desires, worldly thoughts & pride, that were I to be saved of myself, how fearful would be my doom; but "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;" and to-night coming with confession of sin, & supplication for pardon, I ask God for Jesus sake, to help me to a holier, more consecrated life, that I may be humble, dependant [sic] upon upon [sic] him, doing nothing to be seen of men, but remembering that I am bought with a price; & whether I live or die am the Lord's. This evening I went with Emm, & after reading thought I would like to pray, but she was there, & cowardice kept me silence, still I believe in my heart was a sinful idea of my progress in divine life, a feeling, "I am holier than thou." Gracious Saviour let it not be so; but help me to be meek & lowly of heart, & take thy yoke upon me & learn of thee.

Even in our most holy hours; when these poor mortals are striving to worship, the tempter comes, encouraging wandering thoughts & all manner of worldliness, & what we would not, that we do. . [sic] Let me not know Father, the intensity of my wickedness, of my heart's corruption, for [illegible word] were hopelessness; despair, but humble, penitent help me to come, bringing only thy Cross as my

peace offering to the "High & Holy One!" Sweet & gracious are the consolations of thy words, & precious to my heart this [illegible word] is the assurance, "He knoweth our frame, he remembereth we are not dust."

"I am all righteousness. Thou art full of grace & truth!" Father bless & guide my little sister, helping her in the conflict against sin; strengthening her in her efforts to serve thee, and Oh enable her to be so sympathizing in her trials, so gentle, so unselfish, as that we may walk together in the path thy Son ordains for us. Restrain me from temptation, & whether thou seest well to gratify or deny my heart's desire, keep me to say "Even so Lord, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." Bless all whom I love, & keep them beneath the shadow of thy wing, and by thy Spirit, I will leave all, all with thee; trusting thee for time, & for eternity, taking no thought for the morrow; knowing & believing that our father knoweth we have need of all these things. May all of us walk by faith, & in love! Hear us, & save us at last through thy Son, Amen.

Jan 21st, 69

Thursday night.

Monday Mother & I spent the day at Mrs. Broaddus'. I staid all the evening, & had such a cosy [sic] time. Last Saturday we dined at Mrs. Slaughter's.

I am reading Macaulay's England; & am very much interested. Read Col Preston's Speech at the University, a night since.

Journal I can not transcribe upon your pure pages even, my feelings. God only knows them; & ~~even~~ so I wish it generally. A few nights since I heard something that made me so happy.

I have not been a bit good to-day; but all perversity & sin. Father forgive me for Jesus sake; & grant that thy Spirit may dwell more & more in my heart! [illegible character struck out]

“In my hand no price I bring;  
Simply to thy Cross I sling.”<sup>420</sup>

Jan. 28th, 69

Thursday Morning.

Waiting for Mother to open her door I have a few minutes a spare, and so will give them to you, my Journal.

I am afraid I am not any better Journal. Every day I am so impatient & full of wrong thoughts, feelings & actions, that I wonder how “my Father” can bear & forbear with me, but Saviour my gracious Saviour, I do not want to grieve thee, and I pray for grace to be pure in heart, that I at last may see thee, “as thou art.” “Then shall I be satisfied, when I wake with thy holiness.” Glorious moment, when dropping the robe of erring humanity, I shall be like unto the Love of God. An heir of God, & joint heir with Christ. Now however thou hast promised to be with us awake & asleep. Never to leave nor forsake us. And so trusting thee, I beg for Jesus sake, that this day my life may be hid with Christ in God.

Lucy Temple has been staying with us since Saturday, expects to go home to-day. Mother seems rather better. Dr. Carmichael has been visiting her recently, and I am afraid my fear of Dr. Scott’s being hurt, has caused me to be unkind & impatient. Madge spent last Friday & night with us, & took tea Tuesday

---

<sup>420</sup> Lyrics from the hymn “Rock of Ages.” The hymn was originally written by the Anglican cleric Augustus Montague Toplady (1740 – 1778) and originally appeared in the October number of the Gospel Magazine in 1775. Julian, *Dictionary of Hymnology*, 970.

evening, came in while Miss Shepherd was here. Berta Thorburn, Miss Mason, Ms. Colins, Emm Marye, Madge Bessie, & perhaps others have been to see us this week. Messrs Watkins & Davis have been to see me twice within the last ten days, both times I was out. My only other gentleman visitors [sic] this months have been Mr. Arthur Taylor, Mr. Willie Carmichael, & Mr. Randolph Fitzhugh.<sup>421</sup>

Nannie gave me some envelopes, & paper yesterday. She is very kind to me, as is everybody. Mother presented me with a nice basket, with [illegible word] pockets for my New-Year's gift.

Feb 3d, 69

By my favourite [sic] window, Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. Cutler came yesterday & will remain till Friday I reckon. Nannie & Col. Braxton are spending the day with us. A few mins. since a note came from Loulie, begging that Father would try & get Willie out of town! Poor woman, dear sister! how truly I feel for your mortification, & distress. But it seems so hopeless, that I can scarcely hope it will ever be any better; and yet we know that God willeth not the death of a Sinner, but is willing that all should be saved, and so trusting in him for mercy, when all human means fail. I will pray that my poor brother may be saved for Jesus' Sake. And who can tell, that at-last he may not enter into the heavenly rest?

---

<sup>421</sup> Authur [sic] Taylor (b. 1845) is identified as a bank clerk in the 1870 Census. He was born in Washington, D.C., and lived in the household of his mother, Harriet M. Taylor (b. 1808). William B. Carmichael (b. 1834) is listed as a store clerk living in the household of Virginia Carmichael (1813). Randolph Fitzhugh (b. 1823) is listed in the census as a school teacher. 1870 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 85 (handwritten, 386 stamped), dwelling 647, family 659, Harriet M. Taylor, NARA microfilm publication M593, roll 1679; 1870 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 66 (handwritten, 376 stamped), dwelling 475, family 503, Virginia Carmichael, NARA microfilm publication M593, roll 1679; 1870 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 79 (handwritten, 383 stamped), dwelling 604, family 615, Randolph Fitzhugh, NARA microfilm publication M593, roll 1679.

Yesterday was an awfully snowy day. Father & I went to the Court-House with Uncle Tom Anderson's remains. A few days before he died, he expressed himself as anxious to go; & stretched out his hand to clasp those of his children who died long before.

Monday evening, Nannie Austin, Carrie & I walked around the Falls. I had been in only a few minutes when Mr. Watkins & Mr. Davis arrived. I enjoyed their visit very much.

Emm overheard Eva Dunnaway tell someone the other day, that if reports were correct, our Missouri friend would soon be her (Emmie's) brother.<sup>422</sup> How such a rumour [sic] was ever started, it more than I can tell; unless his escorting me to Charlottesville gave rise to the suspicion. And how silly it seems, when I doubt whether he has ever thought of me since good-bye's were spoken. The general impression is that I am engaged; I think, and simply because I am so little down Lover's Lane, & care less than most girls for beaux. Journal but I do like gentlemen, when they are intelligent & agreeable; but every body in pants does not fascinate me, unless they possess some other recommendations [illegible character struck out]. I wrote to Kate G to-day.

Night. Sitting on the outside of my bed, just ready for retiring.

I thank thee gracious Saviour for dying that we might have life. I would bless & adore thy name, that unworthy though we be, thou came to save the lost; & as often as we sin, art our advocate with the

---

<sup>422</sup> Refers to Alexander Frederick Fleet (1843 – 1911) was the son of Dr. Benjamin Robert Fleet (1818 – 1865) and Maria Louisa Wacker (1822 – 1900) of King and Queen County, Virginia. After the war, he returned to the University of Virginia and after graduating in 1867, taught at Kenmore Academy in Fredericksburg. In 1868, he moved to Missouri, where he was a professor of Greek and German at William Jewell College. Afterward, he became president of the Female Baptist Institute, and then professor of Greek at the University of Missouri. In 1890 he organized Mexico Military Academy in Missouri; when that burned, he became the first superintendant of Culver Military Academy, where he remained until his retirement in 1910. 1860 U.S. census, King and Queen County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 32 (handwritten), dwelling 258, family 258, Benja. Fleet, NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1357; Benjamin Robert Fleet, ed. Betsy Fleet and John D.P. Fuller, *Green Mount: A Virginia Plantation Family During the Civil War* (Lexington: University of Kentucky Press, 1962).

Father. Oh I would not trust in myself, for in me dwelleth no good thing, but I do pray for strength, in my weakness, for humility for perfect submission to my Masters will! Lord thou alone knowest “the secret thoughts I would not tell, to dearest friend.” And though now I cannot see the future enable me so to be filled with thy Spirit; as to have no wish, but whatsoever seemeth good in thy sight. Help me to have more love for thee, & for my neighbor, and to keep my eyes ever upon thy dear Cross; knowing that there alone can I hope for salvation. Cast me not away, but [illegible word] me that I may bring forth more fruit. Lord thou knowest what I need; & let thy will be accomplished at whatever cost to me. Pardon me for thy Son’s Sake; & at-last let me dwell with thee forever more. Amen.

Feb 4th

Thursday.

I have written to Berta, read some in Macauley, & am now going to sew. Was invited to dine with Nannie, but declined.

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver; and so by my Saviour’s help I will him the service of a submissive life, cheerfully.

Feb. 25th, 1869

Thursday afternoon.

Journal I come again to write; no better, but always doing so wrong; saying things I ought not to say, & leaving undone those things I ought to have done. Truly “there is no help in us!” If it was not that I know Jesus was delivered for our sins; & rose again for our justification, that He is just & faithful to forgive us our sins, & to cleanse us from all unrighteousness, that in him there is no change, but he is the same; yesterday, to-day and forever. I would despair of ever reaching the prize of the mark of our

high calling of God in Christ-Jesus, but as it 'tis, he promises that his blood shall cleanse us from all sin; & what a precious word it is! Not only pardoned, but purified, made white in the blood of the Lamb. I thank thee, Father, for the words of encouragement in thy word; for the promise of a crown,

“For those with sin who’s e striven.”

Every day I pray for patience, for humility, for charity, and each night the same petition.

“Saviour breathe an evening blessing

Ere repose our Spirit’s Seal,

Sin & wan we come confessing;

Thou canst save & thou canst heal.”<sup>423</sup>

I do not think I ever was as far from being a Xtian as I am now; never farther from home, in Spiritual progress.

Mother’s health is so bad now; worse than ever I think. And I do want to be gentle, patient & forbearing with her; God only knows how I fail. What a miserable attempt to serve him, & glorify his holy name, is my daily life. After all there is no remedy but to confess & be forgiven.

Help me my Saviour to cast my burden upon the Lord, knowing that he will sustain me! Enable me to abandon all “self-dependance,” [sic] & pray to be kept by the “power of God.”

---

<sup>423</sup> “Saviour Breathe an Evening Blessing” was written by English architect and surveyor, James Edmeston (1791 – 1867), and appeared in his *Sacred Lyrics*, 1st set, in 1820. Julian, *Dictionary of Hymnology*, 995.



Mr. Broaddus had a letter from Mr. Bob Temple yesterday, In [sic] which he says, "I wonder if Miss Lizzie Alsop has an invincible objection to a trans-Mississippi lover. After a careful survey of the entire matrimonial horizon, I have discovered more that would ~~fill~~ answer my ideal of a [illegible word] so fully as Miss Lizzie. If you will investigate the matter, & find out whether or not another has a prior claim, and the investigation should prove satisfactory and you would lay the train; I will come on next Summer & spring the mine. But however I doubt very much whether I can be in Virginia next Summer. The trip is expensive and besides the report would immediately be current in Mo. that we had abandoned the College. Therefore Fred & myself have almost finally determined to stay in Mo. during the coming Summer.

Fred is on the marrying list as well as myself, and possibly matrimonial necessity may compel us to make a desperate effort during the holydays. Interest Carrie in my behalf; & represent to Miss Lizzie that more than half of the people & the largest proportion of wealth & social influence are with the "Christians." Our hostess & host, indeed all the family including several boarders are of that denomination. We have fierce discussions, especially with the old lady our hostess. Enclosed you will find, I will not copy the rest for it is of a private nature.

R.B.S.

On the margin in red ink, we find

[Illegible word] Aunt L.A.

Tell Carrie to prepare Miss Lizzie A— for hearing something of a peculiar nature from me next Summer. Bob is mistaken in thinking it is himself.

Love to Carrie & Uncle B— also to all friends.

Success to your fair. Yours affectionately

[Illegible word] F. Fleet

Lower still is written.

Tell Carrie not to be “grilled” by Fred’s flights of fancy. I am the man.

R.B.S.

The way they came to mention me at-all was; Mrs. B wrote a joint letter to [next word inserted above line] them asking for help for the fair, & promising a sweetheart provided they sent her something (not meaning any one especially.) She says she reckons they thought me the most attractive girl amongst her acquaintances, & so wrote. She enjoys the joke very much, Nannie says “Well Lizzie you are obliged to me [sic] my Sister some way or other! [illegible word]

Tuesday

March 9th 68

I have read some of Macaulay kept house, taught Caroline & Maria, to-day; but how much work?

Mr. Cutler came Monday & left this morning. I know who he would like me to marry, though of-course I do not let him know I have any suspicions. Mr. Williams came to see us yesterday; gave me his photograph, upon condition of getting mine sometime. When I made the promise, it was very [illegible]

word] I fear; for my mental reservation was; "When I am married, or when you are." I did not think to tell him when he actually gave me his. Wish I had.

Dolie has staid right much with us recently. Loulie & Willie about ten days, besides any quantity of other company. I am making some candy-ruffs for Mrs. Broaddus' table at the fair, the last of March.

Last night I dreamed Sue Bradley was going off on a journey with Mr. Stebbins, & told me she hoped I would enjoy myself upon some occasion, as much as she did at commencement last June. Miss Jane [Illegible name] gave me quite a pressing invitation to her house for next June. I have no idea of going, for my desire is to spend the Summer at-home; but if brother can possibly love, I hope the way will be opened, and of-course there go I must. With God's help cheerfully too! Her health is so delicate. One day quite sweet, the next so sick. I try just to leave it with my Father, & wait particularly on him. Help me to learn of Jesus, & live as I learn, O Lord, for his sake; & take not away thy holy spirit from me.

March 12th, 1869

Friday night. Loulie, Willie, Mother & I in the chamber. We have been talking about debt, and it seems to me there never was a time of such pressure in money matters. Father is so pressed, & the boys nearly distracted about meeting their engagements. We have been hoping he would agree to Mr. Herndon's proposition about this year's payment, but it is doubtful whether he will. As I was thinking about it all, & so worried, it struck me that perhaps we did not pray as we ought for a way out of our troubles; and so I asked God to take it all in his own hands & do as was best for us, and now I think I am willing to let it alone & wait upon him. Surely it would be wrong to be troubled about it, after asking God to give or withhold it as he saw was needful; and now I am going to try & be contented in him; even if I cannot answer my letters for want of stamps & paper. Journal if Father had the money, he

would certainly give it to us, for I know he feels deeply not being able to supply the necessities of his family. I merely write this because after I am dead somebody may read my book, (it will hardly be that any shall as long as I am alive,) & I would not make it appear that Father was to blame, he is like thousands of our countrymen; suffering from the war. If I get my part of the bond may He help me to use it not selfishly, but for him & others.

Mr. Watkins & Mr. Davis came to see me last week. Ms. Coleman & Mary also spent an evening. Nannie Austin, Miss Emm Browne, Helen, Mary Little, have all spent one or more nights with us lately. Dolie too has staid with us a good deal, we were all sorry to have her go away. Loulie & Willie have been with us about a fortnight at night, & some during the day. Indeed we are scarcely ever without company. Mr. Cutler, dear man, staid two days & nights with us this week. I have made 17 little candy-ruffs for Mrs. Broaddus, done some work for Nannie, and Mother, made & am making cuffs for myself, & have finished five aprons with ruffles, a little [illegible word] sacque for Mrs. Conway in exchange for my dew drop, &c.

Little Georgie is a year old to-day, & I have nothing for him.

Mr. Watkins called this evening & though I was out, came in to await my return. I enjoyed his visit quite much, more than when Mr. Davis came with him. It is hard for me to be interested or interesting when I have to talk with more than one; especially if I ~~de~~ am not well acquainted. Mr. W— asked me to walk with him soon. I feel quite easy in his company, for he & Mary are engaged, it is thought, and so we may be right good friends & not spoil the whole thing by feeling more.

This evening Mr. Dunnaway brought Mother “The Blood of Jesus.”<sup>424</sup> In glancing over the introduction I read, “Christ is the end of the law for righteousness, to every one that believeth.” . . . “he has in my stead satisfied all the ends of the law,” “He has filled it up with his satisfaction from one end to the other.”

Precious truth! it never seemed so clear to me either before. In him is my pardon, my justification, my all! The author said he had been listening to a sermon, from which he wished to devise good but felt no benefit, when in closing this verse was repeated. And so with us all, if we really desire good & ask it; shall we not receive?

To-night I took Mr. Beal’s picture out of my album. It seemed cruel to keep it there on the parlor table for any body to look at, and he so long in his grave. I always think of him so tenderly, thoughts of the past like music at twilight; sweet & sacred, but so sad and yet I never loved him for a moment, loved his gentleness & goodness towards me; & felt so for his sorrows & sufferings. The night before he went into the army, he wrote in my album.

Can you forget me? My whole soul was blended  
At least it sought to blend itself with thine,  
My life’s whole purpose winning thee, intended  
Thou meet my heart’s sweet home, my Spirit’s shine,  
Can you forget me? When the fire-light burning  
Last sudden gleams around the quiet room  
How would thy words to long past moments turning

---

<sup>424</sup> *The Blood of Jesus* was written by Rev. William Reid (1814 – 1896) and published in London as early as 1865. Edwin N. Cross, “Rev. William Reid M.A. (1822-1881),” *Brethren Archivists and Historians Network*, accessed October 14, 2013, <http://brethrenhistory.org/qwicsitePro/php/docsview.php?docid=766>.

Trust me with thoughts soft as the shadowy gloom,  
Can you forget them?

There is deep truth in love, what e're the seeming,  
And heaven itself can scarcely seem more true,  
Sadly did I awaken from the dreaming  
Whose charmed slumber, sweet one, was of you,  
I gave my inmost being to your keeping  
I had no thoughts I did not seek to share  
Feelings that hushed within my soul lay sleeping  
Waked into voice, to trust them to your care,  
Can you forget them?

Can you forget me? This is vainly tasking  
The gentle heart where I alas am not,  
Too well I know the idleness of asking  
The missing of, why am I forgot?  
Still I remember hours of quiet gladness,  
When if the heart had truth it spoke it then  
When thoughts would sometimes take atone of gladness.  
And then unconsciously grow glad again  
Can you forget them?<sup>425</sup>

---

<sup>425</sup> The poem "Can You Forget Me?" was written by Letitia Elizabeth Landon (1802-1838). Lizzie wrote that these are "original" lines, but the text is nearly identical to Landon's published work. Letitia Elizabeth Landon, *The Poetical Works Of Miss Landon* (Boston: Phillips, Sampson, And Co., 1853).

[The following is written in pen in the margins]

Mr. Beal wrote these lines (original) in my autograph book. Said true was another verse which he thought best to omit.

Sunday evening

March 10th, 1869

In reading the "Blood of Jesus" I came across this idea, "the fruits of righteousness wrought in us by the Holy Spirit are precious as evidences, but cannot be trusted as grounds of salvation, unless with spiritual detriment." "Our Salvation is not because we do well, but because He in whom we trust hath done all things well" "For conviction you must look at yourself, but for comfort at your Saviour.

This evening my heart is heavy; & yet I do not lament it; for this very heaviness hath brought me nearer to my Saviour. O keep me close by thee, hold me from roaming; & be with me to help, comfort, pardon. Father thou hast promised never to leave nor forsake us, & I will trust thee; but pity & love me for Jesus Sake. He scantify [sic] my life to me, realizing in myself, "that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared to the ~~sufferings~~ glory that shall follow. [close quote mark missing]

March 16th 69

Tuesday night.

I am all undressed, sitting down on the floor before the register in our room, but Journal I yield to the impulse & proceed for the last time to trace a few lines upon your remaining pages. Not the last time either I hope, but only the last time; for tomorrow I will be twenty three.

As I recall to-night the various changes of this past year; how plainly visible is the goodness forbearance of God visible, for it seems to me that in no other year have I made such little progress in the spiritual life. No! A fearful record of broken resolutions, neglected duties, & all manner of unrighteousness must this night carry to my Father, and O how terrible had we to be accepted for works of righteousness; but he knows (for His word is sure.) that “the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. And so coming in his name with confession of all our short comings we arise comforted & strong. Looking back, how little do I remember of the sorrow & care; all seems [illegible word struck out] full of joy & peace! Even this memory sheds its bright radiance o’re the past, as the sun reflects its glory upon the departing day, and brightened by its smile we forget the morning gloom, the noon-day storms, and dream that its beauty is but culminated in the glories of the sinking majesty. In Twilight all the rough edges, & sharp points near off, & we see but the soft outline of the perfect whole; in memory we behold but the joys of our past, so radiant all else with their gladness, that sorrows seem but to have been for their brighter setting.

Journal I am afraid to begin with new resolutions; but from my heart I pray for grace to grow like unto my Saviour. “Father I thank thee for all the past; its pleasures & its pains; not one of these would [next word inserted above line] have I removed nor one of those increased; but forming my soul to the dust in remembering thy loving kindness; I would say humbly, “Not my will, O Lord, but thine be done. Bless me, guide me, keep me, Father & by thy Spirit, for Jesus sake. Amen. [Close quote mark missing]

March 17th

Wednesday night, nearly 12 o’clock.



A day of shadows & sunlight has this been. I hardly know of which most composed; but this I know its happiness will outlast its sorrow. Nannie brought me an elegant cake & dear brother Carter sent me "Jay's Morning & Evening Exercises." When I opened it though & saw written "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," I cannot tell how humble I felt; for I am so far from being so. Emm gave me a kiss & violet. She was mighty sweet, offered to ~~give me a~~ attend to dinner for me. Mother gave me some cologne.

Loulie, Cousin Mercer [illegible character struck out] Nannie, & little Nannie spent the day. Helen left after dinner Mr. Forbes & Willie, Nannie Austin all night. Journal I hope I am thankful to God for his mercy, but I am sorry for my sinfulness. Blessed be his Name, that we are not to be saved for our own merit.

This morning I got up with such good resolutions; I did not think in my own strength either, & thought I would try & be good, & patient. Before twelve they were broken; I was sinning & impatient. The Lord forgive me, & help me for Jesus' sake to be better tomorrow. Keep me humble, meek, patient, charitable, & cheerful by thy Spirit & for thine. Amen.

March 22d 1869

Monday evening, by the window in Mother's chamber. Miss Sallie sewing, Mother reading, Mrs. Foulke looking for "gray hairs."

I am not going to write very much Journal, just a few lines to keep in the way of it. The snow is coming down in large flakes, and were I to indulge in memories of the past, my spirits would sink with them down, far down; but this winter I have~~ing~~ been trying to be [next word inserted above line] more equal

in my words, and by help from above have succeeded some. My first, great desire is to learn to live for, & like my Saviour, but so often I fail. He only knows how puffed up my heart is, how impure my motives are, how unhallowed my every action. And He alone can make me able to overcome at-last. O help me to be humble, patient, gentle, trusting, hopeful, & loving.

These dark evenings somehow always suggest others long since gone, and which it were wiser perhaps, to forget, but sometimes these sweet, sad thoughts will come with their weight of sadness. I think I am a little sentimental; and if yearnings for love, to have for my own; is sentimental; I am guilty. I do want some one to love me for better, for worse; only always if God's will, and I know that this, yea even this desire of my heart he will not withhold, unless it must "needs be." This is my comfort in all my trouble, in all my hopes, in all my fears; just to come & tell Jesus; "Lasting all my burden upon the Lord, knowing that he will sustain me." And surely his promises are a help. What would we do without them? We thank thee our Father that thou hast not required us to grope in the dark, but looking to Jesus lest we be wearied & faint in our mind, we can always find strength & comfort in his cross. At times I am so cast down about Mother; but I try to say "thy will be done," & be patient. Help me for I am weak & sinful in Jesus name.

I wrote Aunt Ellen a long letter twelve pages to-night.

Friday afternoon.

March 28th, 1869

"A habit is a habit," as Mr. Broaddus so often tells the children; and I suppose I must be getting into the habit of writing in my Journal first thing upon opening my desk, for it seems very natural to do it.

A year ago Nannie was married. How quickly it has passed; & how many blessings have crowned it for them, and for us all. Were it left to me, though I would not recall it; notwithstanding the loneliness following my sister's departure, and the many, very merry, sweet associations connected with the past twelve months, a part of the time was ~~was~~ full of delightful fancies, & enjoyments as any of my life, but what fears, doubts, & cares darkened days which should have been bright! and what real pains & suffering darkened many of the hours! No, I thank God it has gone, and we are living further & further into the short life left us! Not that I want to die, for the future is far too full of hope; & love (& may I not add?) trust, to feel like resigning all so soon; Yet if it should please God to take me, I would pray not my will, but his be done, and He would then be near to strengthen my tottering feet along the cold pathway, leading through the dark valley. Blessed be his name, for all his mercies & promises; not only now, but throughout eternity will be able to say, "I know whom I have believed;" & ascribe praises unto Him, who hath loved us, & washed us in his own blood.

Every body is so kind to me; & I make such poor returns. Father help this poor fallen nature, & leave me not alone! Nannie is good & sweet as she can be; always wants to gratify me, & Col. Braxton is a brother indeed. I love him very much. Emm too is sweet, very sweet to me, dear child, I feel so tenderly always towards her. My Mother & Father are far, far better than I deserve. So often I follow my own inclinations, am fregtful, & disrespectful at-times. Journal Mother seems to be in such a calm, peaceful frame of mind now, and I am so thankful for it. God only knows how she has suffered in body & mind for years; but "at evening time it shall be light." I have so often thought in connection with Nannie's approaching trouble, that; should she be taken from us, how desolate life would be to him who loves her so truly, and to us; and when trying to decide which of the dear family wide could be but spared; I could never determine, only that I had no one absolutely dependant [sic] upon me for happiness. Arthur & Emm are as sedate as if they were thirty & had been engaged two years. I am

teaching Caroline & Maria, they are learning some I think. Last Sunday I had a new S. S. Scholar. Mollie fell. No one knows how dear my dear my [sic] little class is to me, & what real pleasure it is to see the sweet young faces week after week. Only I know how pitifully I come short of doing my duty to them.

This morning Loulie & I went down street & I bought a silk grenadine, a white ground with a bunches [sic] of green leaves & white blossoms over it, and a beautiful calico; got Emm two pretty dresses.

Wednesday evening I walked around the Falls with Mr. Watkins, the same walk Mr. Fleet & I took a little less than a year ago, and enjoyed it; he came in & paid me a visit afterwards. As we were crossing the basin-bridge, he commenced telling me something about having recd. a letter from former; & went on to say, "How I used to laugh at him last Spring! He would come in in [sic] the evenings & talk about you in such a strain, until I began to think . . . until I did not know what to think." I told him our friend was such an admirer of the ladies, that he talked that way about all.

Mr. Charlie Temple is at home, came here around twelve days ago, told me in his old impudent way, that he wished I'd come out there & keep house, & let his Mother come in & nurse mine.<sup>426</sup> It was so refreshing to have a little quarrel with him once more; for I always liked him.

Wednesday evening I spent at Mr. Marye's with Mary Triplett. Mr. Hall came home with me. I enjoyed the company, & the good Sherbet too.

---

<sup>426</sup> Lt. Charles Wellford Temple (1834 – 1889) of Caroline County, Virginia, was a school teacher in Fredericksburg in 1860. He served in Company B, 9th Virginia Cavalry until he was wounded and taken prisoner at the Battle of Second Manassas. He was promoted to 2nd lieutenant of ordnance on February 15, 1864, and served in the Department of North Carolina and Southwest Virginia. After the war he continued to teach, both in Fredericksburg and in West Virginia. Krick, *9th Virginia Cavalry*, 124,

Mr. Temple has taken dinner, & paid another visit since then.

April 14th 1869

Wednesday Afternoon

Jennie, Loulie & I are all in Mother's room, where she is in bed.

June 10th, 1869

Thursday Afternoon

It has been a long time Journal since I wrote in you. Nearly three Months; and why I hardly know, only that I have been very much occupied, sewing a great deal, & with more than my usual no. of interruptions.

Emma Forbes has been here nearly a month; Kate staid almost a fortnight, and during the Convention, Mr. Dashill, Aunt Dorry, Miss Emm Browne, Emma, Kate Gordon, Ellen & Mr. Powell were all here, besides numbers of callers all through the day & to meals. I had dreaded the Convention so much, that it was really a relief when the time came; and we enjoyed it much more than I had anticipated. Mr. Dashill seemed delighted to see me. Mr. Powell was quite dignified, & not so free & easy as usual, I fancied. He walked to the church door with me once.

Nannie has a little girl, three weeks & a day old, born the 18th of May. She is named Nannie May, & is remarkably pretty for so young a lady.<sup>427</sup>

---

<sup>427</sup> Nannie Mayo Braxton (b. 1869) was the daughter of Carter M. and Nannie Clementina Alsop Braxton. As such, she was Lizzie's niece and the oldest of five surviving Braxton children. Alsop, *Genealogies and Traditions*.

Juliette Fauntleroy came on Monday & staid until this evening with me. She is very lovely. Not in person, but character especially. She & Mr. G. Chewning, Mr. Haley & I walked around the Falls, and up to the Dam yesterday evening.<sup>428</sup> Mr. Cutler has also been to see us this week. The most far fetched [sic] rumours are afloat in town concerning me; & certainly without a semblance of truth.

Florence & Lou Fleet, with the younger brother have been visiting Carrie, they are all pleasant; Lou being the most chatty. I liked them very much. I am very sure Mr. A. Frederic must have told them about me, for while they never said so, I inferred it from what they did &c. After Mr. David Fleet went back from here, he whispered to Nannie, "Cousin Nannie I do not see how in the world brother could keep from courting Miss Lizzie Alsop." Lou gave me a very kind invitation to visit them if I went to King & Queen.

But all this while Journal I fear I have not been growing in grace! It seems to me that I am not half so spiritual minded as I used to be last Winter, and it may be that as the earthly weights are lifted from our hearts, the unseen spiritual descend for I know that

"Suffering stamps the Saviour's image

On the heart of all his friends."

I do try to commit my way with the Lord, knowing that he will bring it to pass, but O faith is so weak! My Father help me to be thy child; thine own; humble, patient, self sacrificing, & charitable. Submissive to thy Will; & patiently waiting its fulfilment [sic]. All strength I beg in Jesus' name.

---

<sup>428</sup> George H. Chewning (b. 1848) was a Fredericksburg dentist listed in the household of Francis (b. 1809) and Elizabeth b. 1826) Chewning. 1870 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 17-18 (handwritten, 352 printed), dwelling 142, family 145, Francis Chewning, NARA microfilm publication M593, roll 1679.

Saturday evening

June 19th, 1869

Writing this date made me sad just then; throwing a Shadow momentarily over my heart by recalling to memory, the vision of other years when,

“The Junes with the roses were straying”

And yet to-day I have been very contented & happy. God is so good in renewing his loving kindness every morning & his faithfulness every evening; that I feel ashamed of myself for bearing so little in mind his love & care.

Recently all of us have been so troubled about Willie again; but this is a grief for life I fear. Poor, poor boy! God have Mercy upon him.

The future is veiled from our eyes but it is to be directed by “our Father,” & so I pray for patient waiting & submission no matter what disappointments [sic], & cares are ahead. I would rejoice in present blessings; & trust him for all the rest.

Last Monday evening we decorated the graves of “our dead.” All the stores were closed, & numbers of ladies, gentlemen, & children were there strewing their graves with flowers.<sup>429</sup>

---

<sup>429</sup> Refers to Decoration Day, June 14, 1869. Evidence suggests that annual Confederate memorial events had been a practice in the South since 1866. Ladies Memorial Associations, in which Lizzie was active, played a key role in the development of the holiday which was held on various dates ranging from late-April to mid-June. For more on the history of Decoration Day, see Caroline E. Janney, *Burying the Dead but Not the Past: Ladies' Memorial Associations & the Lost Cause* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2008).

A few days since Emma; Emm & I were talking & working in the dressing-room, when Mr. Watkins came in & paid us quite a pleasant visit.

Monday night, after I I

July 12th, 69

My poor neglected Journal cannot reproach me, but my own conscience does for failing to come & unburdened itself as of old. I believe however when we feel most we are unwilling even to write it; but here recently I seem to have become more frivolous & unfeeling than I used to be. I would give anything to be an exalted Xtian. But my sinful erring heart is so prone to go astray; that I verily get farther and farther from the light; instead of "shining nearer the perfect day." Yet I too know how vain are such regrets, and all resolutions of our own, all left to me is to come humbly confesing [sic] my sins, & pray for pardon & peace. This I do in Jesus' Name.

Mr. Bob Semple is at Mr. Broaddus'. I see him right often, and like him quite as much as of yore. He went to church with me last Wednesday night, & came to see me again Friday. To-night escorted me home from Mrs. Slaughter's.

Mr. Temple I see very regularly. He says the home people scold him terribly for coming to see me, & forgetting the post-office. I do not know exactly why, but being with him, & Mr. Semple too, reminds me of the hours I once spent with Mr. Beale. Loulie says I am disposed to flirt. Is it so? I am afraid sometimes I do try to make my manner expressive; yet God knows I do not want to flirt.

Dishonorable in man or woman. I had a terrible dream of being married to Mr. C. Temple the other night; and was miserable until I awoke. He knows better than anyone else that I care nothing for him; or he ought to.



July 31st

Saturday night.

I have several important things to write about; & so scarcely know [next word inserted above line] with which to begin, but as it was something very unusual I will commence with my memorial walk & talk. At our last Entertainment, three weeks ago, I went across Falmouth Bridge with Dr. Preston Wellford, and we sat down on the rocks & talked till late.

I remember a good deal of what was said, & some I have forgot, but altogether the impression left upon my mind was one of happiness, pure but fleeting. I dare say anyone to read this would think me almost a victim to the tender passion; whereas no two people in the world are less in love, than we.

“Mine to the core of the heart, my beauty;

Mine, all mine; and for love not duty;

Love given willingly, full & free,

Love for love’s sake, as mine to thee”

Dr. Wellford thinks I have no sentiment, when the truth is, I have much. People do not know the fervent heat of passion in my heart, only seeing the calm, cold, exterior, but I know the strength of passion there, for sympathy or for suffering; yea too often have I been mastered by it. Could they have witnessed some, or one heart passage; perhaps their verdict would be different.

Mr. Semple has been to see me three times this week, he is not a bit in love with me; & I like a great deal better for it. I wish I had a true gentleman friend, one who never would fall in love, it would be such a luxury.

Mr. Parker from Nebraska has been to see us twice this week; Fanny brought him.

Aunt E. Smith is in, at Sunny Side. We are all so glad to have her back. She seems entirely happy.

Journal the future stretches out so long, & [illegible word], & blank (it may be,) before me; that sometimes I feel very "blue." It is so hard to wait patiently upon our Father's pleasure. Yet he will withhold no good thing; and this surely is enough to calm every foreboding; & quiet every fear. For His hand is sure.

Letters written in 1868

Kate Gordon. Jan 2d

Emma Anspach. Jan 2d [expressed in ditto marks]

Miss Hetty. Jan 3d [Jan expressed in ditto marks]

Aunt E. Smith. Jan 3d & 7th [Jan expressed in ditto marks]

Aunt E. Smith. Jan 5th [Aunt E. Smith expressed in ditto marks]

Ellen Dew. Jan 8th [Jan expressed in ditto marks]

M. Taliaferro. Jan 21st [Jan expressed in ditto marks]

Berta [Illegible name]. 21st

Aunt Ellen. 21st

Mr. Cutler. 22d

Uncle Tom 23d

H. Evins. 23d

Aunt E. 2— & Feb 10th

Mr. Smith. 2 & Feb 10th [Expressed as ditto marks]

Ellen Dew. Feb 1st

Emm. Feb 1st [Feb. 1<sup>st</sup> expressed as ditto marks]

Emm. Feb. 7th

I am very impatient; very wrong in all things; so Sin & want I come confessing. Thou canst save, & thou canst heal. Help me Father to be submissive, and to seek thy glory for Jesus sake.

Cousin Lavilla McDonald has been on a visit. She is anxious to make a match between Barton & me. I became very fond of her. She is so warm-hearted & attractive. A true Southerner!

Mother is not better I think, but about her I know not what to think. Generally I feel that her case is hopeless; but again, I argue, if she has had strength so long, why maybe she not finally be restored to hearth & home happiness. In either case I do want to have no will of my own, but to say “Thy will be done;” but O should she be taken how dark would my [Next page torn out]

the shadows lie upon our hearth. God knows, & so submitting, & trusting I would say, even so Father, as it seemeth good in thy sight.

A year ago this evening I had the last very pleasant words with my kind escort of last Summer.<sup>430</sup> So far away I wonder if a thought of me ever crosses his mind; & whether he would like to see me again! It may be that he has forgotten all, but at any rate I remember him. Father always bless & guide him to true happiness.

[The following is written in pencil] August 4th, 1869. Wednesday night.

“If thou wilt be perfect, go & sell all that thou hast & give to the poor, ad thou shalt have treasure in heaven; & come follow me.” Math. 19th & 21st

“The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.”

“Him that giveth, with simplicity. [close quote mark missing] Romans 12

He hath given us all, let us render unto him his own.

Learned Witnesses to Christ Ordinances

Scripture Baptism

Barnabas (Apost. Age.) We indeed go down into the [next word inserted above line] water.

Tertullian A.D. 200. We are immersed

Gregory Bishop of Nyssa, A.D. 371. “He who is baptized into water, is wholly wet.”

Ambrose Bishop of Milan 374. “Thou wast immersed, that is thou wast buried.”

---

<sup>430</sup> Lizzie is referring here Alexander Frederick Fleet. See footnote on page 383.

## Modern Testimonies

- (1) John Calvin. "Among the ancients they immersed the whole body in water." "It is certain that immersion was the practice of the ancient church."
- (2) Martin Luther. "Those who are baptized should be deeply immersed."
- (3) John Wesley. "Buried with him, according to the ancient ~~m~~ode practice of ~~o~~f baptizing by immersion."

## CHAPTER SIX

August 14, 1869 – January 5, 1871

The sixth of Lizzie's journals begins on August 14, 1869, and ends on January 5, 1871.<sup>431</sup> The book is 7.75-inches high by 6.5-inches wide, and ruled at 3/8-inch with twenty-one lines per page in blue ink. This volume contains thirty-eight leaves bound between marbled covers. Writing only one or two entries each month, the frequency of Lizzie's journal entries is less regular than in the previous volumes.

A voracious reader, Lizzie's selections during this period shifted away from novels and instead toward religious texts such as *Jay's Morning Exercise*, *Holy Living*, *Changed Cross*, and the *Christian Examiner*.<sup>432</sup> Throughout this sixteen-month period, many of her journal entries focused on the content of her religious readings and the sermons she attended. In October, she recorded the sermon of Thomas S. Dunnaway who suggested that when selecting a Christian role-model, "fixing upon too low a standard, we . . . are much more apt to imitate the faults than the virtues of our models; therefore we must fix upon him, who alone is without sin."<sup>433</sup> Although a Baptist, she and her brother-in-law Carter Braxton went to the Presbyterian Church to hear a sermon on the text, "unto Him that hath loved us & washed us from our sins in his own blood, and made us Kings & Priests with God & the Fathers."<sup>434</sup>

Lizzie traveled frequently through this period, leaving Fredericksburg in October 1869, to visit with Ellen Gresham in King and Queen County, Virginia, and returning to Fredericksburg on December

---

<sup>431</sup> Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop Wynne. Journal of Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop Wynne, 1862 – 1926. Wynne Family Papers, 1809-1967. MssI W9927 a 34. Virginia Historical Society. Richmond, VA.

<sup>432</sup> Alsop Journal, September 21, 1869.

<sup>433</sup> Ibid., October 3, 1869.

<sup>434</sup> Ibid., August 15, 1869.

I.<sup>435</sup> She also attended the wedding of Mr. Fleet and returned via Richmond where she was reunited with her former instructor D. Lee Powell and his family.<sup>436</sup>

In October, she attended a meeting of Fredericksburg citizens regarding what action the community should take to commemorate the death of Robert E. Lee who, she wrote, was “grand in prosperity, but O how great in adversity! his honour was unsullied, his virtue untarnished.”<sup>437</sup>

Lizzie’s friend, Dr. Preston Wellford, first appeared in her journal in May 1865. At that time she wrote, “I never think of him as one who could fall in love, and so with him enjoy myself, & show it too I reckon.” The two remained friends for five years, but in December 1870, he moved to Florida. Before leaving, the two agreed to pray for one another, and Lizzie remarked that “I have remembered my promise faithfully, praying for him night & morning; but I have wondered if he thought of his too.”<sup>438</sup> At an unknown time after 1877, Lizzie added the following postscript: “He volunteered to nurse the sick in the yellow fever epidemic & so laid down his life for others. Christ-like to the end.”

The year’s journal ends with Lizzie lamenting her “ever offending tongue” at an incident the night before Christmas, and expressing a wish that people would stop teasing her about her suitors, noting that “I am not a bit anxious to be married.” Lizzie’s motto for 1871 was “be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honour preferring one another,”<sup>439</sup> but she remarked that she had already broken it.

---

<sup>435</sup> Ibid., November 8, 1869.

<sup>436</sup> Ibid., February 24, 1870.

<sup>437</sup> Ibid., October 14, 1870.

<sup>438</sup> Ibid., December 15, 1870.

<sup>439</sup> Ibid., January 1871.

Lizzie Maxwell Alsop

Journal for 1869-70

August 14th, 69

Saturday evening. In my own room.

"I believe who has not loved

Hath half the treasure of his life unproved,

Like one who with the grape within his [next word inserted] grasp

Drops it with all its crimson juices unpressed,

And all its luscious sweetness left unguessed,

Out from his careless & unheeding clasp."<sup>440</sup>

I believe love, pure & true

Is to the soul a sweet immortal dew

That gems life's petals in its hours of dusk,

The waiting angels see & recognize

The rich crown-jewel, Love of Paradise,

When life falls from us like a withered husk."

Thus believing I cannot, am not,

Willing to walk alone, and yet,

---

<sup>440</sup> An excerpt from the poem "Creed," written by the American poet Mary Ashley Townsend (1836 – 1901). "Townsend, Mary Ashley (Van Voorhis) ('Mary Ashley Xariffa') (1836-1901)." *Benet's Reader's Encyclopedia of American Literature*, Vol. I, ed. George B. Perkins, Barbara Perkins, and Phillip Leininger (New York: HarperCollins, 1991), 1060.



I am not sure, yea am very doubtful  
Whether I ever saw anyone I could  
love, as I would love.

Dr. Wellford came home with me from the memorial again Thursday night, and I had a nice long talk with him while waiting or rather walking to look for the “Comet;” and then we sat in the poarch about an hour.<sup>441</sup> Mr. Semple with Agnes; Dr. Wellford with me. The next morning we enjoyed his company again while waiting to have the room cleaned &c. I think if Dr. Wellford & I were much together we would be friends, in the best, truest, purest sense.

I never think of him as one who could fall in love, and so with him enjoy myself, & show it too I reckon. He is so gentle, refined, & noble; that I never feel afraid of his misconstruing what I do & say. And he likes me I believe, and delights in telling me I am too matter-of-fact for anything like sentiment. I told him the other night, I thought he ought to be tired abusing me, &c. When he exclaimed “Miss Lizzie Alsop you know I never allow anybody else to say so, and in my heart there are no hard thoughts of you; take it back.” Not his exact words, but nearly so. He says he would like to know the meaning of the far-away look in my eyes, and firmly believes I am in love, or have loved & lost I know not which. But enough of such writing. I like him, and he likes me, and if we knew each other better & longer, we would be friends. I have always wanted a gentleman friend & never had one; they are sure to fall in love.

August 15th, 1869

---

<sup>441</sup> See footnote on page 221 on Francis Preston Wellford.

Sunday Afternoon. In my room. This morning I attended Sunday School as usual; am afraid I said nothing in favor of my object & the one I want to work for there viz: the salvation of each little soul entrusted to my care. Father help me to bring with thee, in the tenderness and freshness of their years, these little children; & guide me how to lead them to the Lamb, that was slain. Enable me all the week long to strive towards this, and through thee at last to obtain a “starry” crown for Jesus sake. Amen.

Col Braxton & I went to the Presbetyrian [sic] Church & heard an excellent sermon from Mr. Smith. His text was “Unto Him that hath loved us & washed us from our sins in his own blood, and made us Kings & Priests with God & the Fathers,” be praise & dominion forever. First he discoursed upon that love which exceedeth all human passion, which passeth understanding, the motive power of our salvation. Secondly the consequence of this love, viz: the washing away of all sin in his own blood. Then he showed how he had exalted us to be Kings [“Kings” has possible apostrophe between the ‘g’ and ‘s’] & Priests with God & the Father; for we shall reign with him; and may we not enter into the “Holiest of all” by the precious blood of Jesus, as of a lamb without blemish & without spot.

A little child was christened. How wrong to substitute a human ordinance, for the believer’s baptism! The Lord’s supper was also celebrated. I cannot bear to [illegible word] from his table; it always seems to be rejecting Him. And yet our feelings are not always our best, most unerring guide. I wish I could unite with his people in commemorating [sic] his death every Lord’s day. I am sure it must be a great “means of grace.” But as it is, weeks and months go by, and I cannot gather with them to partake of that bread which is meat indeed; my soul starving for its food.

Sometimes I think if George goes West, it may result in his eternal salvation. The Lord grant it.

Again the wound is reopened and we must suffer. Yes it is only beginning & though neither Louie nor I have admitted it to the other; we both feel the shadow upon our hearts.<sup>442</sup>

Yesterday I was so wicked. I verily believe sometimes the evil one gets possession of me; and a kind word is a cross; nothing goes well. I get so contrary & am so far from home, rest, & my Saviour. This evening I come confessing my fault & pleading his righteousness. Give me strength, & let me not yield in the conflict. Make thy strength perfect, & keep me humble, patient, prayerful through the Beloved.

August 22d

Sunday Afternoon.

This morning I enjoyed Sunday School, and yet am very doubtful whether I did any of my class good. Yet I know "in the morning we must sow the seed; & at eve withhold not our hand," knowing not whether this or that shall prosper. I was late rising, felt sick, last night was so warm we could not sleep much. Then being humid dressing &c; I did not have time for prayer before breakfast; and I never feel right to partake of God's blessings, before thanking him for them; & invoking his guidance & help. Whenever I neglect Him, I suffer for it; and when I do seek him, I know he does aid me. I wonder if anybody else has as many wandering, worldly thoughts as I?

"Prone to wander Lord I own it. Prone to leave the Lord I love," yet it is not my desire; the poor flesh is so very weak. I wish I was better, nobler, purer! In me all is weakness, in thee all is strong. Lord take my hand in thine, & lead me from height to height, till called to appear before Thee. O leave me not! wither forsake me. Thou God of my Salvation! Hear, answer & take me because thy son hath loved us & washed from our sins in his own blood.

---

<sup>442</sup> Lizzie is referring to her brother William and his recurring bouts of alcoholism.

“In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.”<sup>443</sup>

Lord help for Jesus sake to be thine, all are thine & give me thy spirit!

Mr. Mat Anderson preached from the text “They are enemies to the cross of Christ” They referring to those who denied the expiatory character of our Saviour; & 2d Nominal Xtians.<sup>444</sup> It was quite a good plain sermon, the sining [sic] & prayers sweet altogether. I was glad & felt that it had been good for me to go up with the Power of the Lord.

“In the cross of Christ I glory  
Tow’ring o’er the recks [sic] of time;  
All the lights of sacred story  
Fathers round its head sublime.”<sup>445</sup>

“Where the woes of life o’ertake me,  
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me  
Lo! it glows with peace & joy.”

“When the sun of life is beaming

---

<sup>443</sup> A verse from the hymn “Rock of Ages.” See footnote on page 381.

<sup>444</sup> A “nominal” Christian is a person who calls himself a Christian, and may even be religious, but does what he wants rather than the will of God.

<sup>445</sup> A hymn written first published in 1825 by English poet and politician Sir John Bowring (1792 – 1872). Julian, *Dictionary of Hymnology*, 166.

Light & love upon my way,  
From the cross the lustre [sic] streaming  
Adds new lustre [sic] to the way. [Close quotes omitted]

“Bane & blessing, pain & pleasure  
By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide. [Close quotes omitted]

“In the cross of Christ I glory  
Towering o’er the recks [sic] of time;  
All the lights of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime!”

Thursday night.

August 26th, 69

Sitting on the bed; Dolie & Aunt E— putting up curls. This evening they, Loulie & Nannie spent at Mr. Marye’s. I did not go, & intended retiring after supper but Mr. Parker arrived. He wants to take a buggy ride with me tomorrow evening. I shall not hereafter.

Mr. Semple has gone back to Liberty. I am so sorry. He came with Mr. Fleet to tell me good-bye. I saw it was an effort for him to talk; & every now & then, I felt his eyes were just resting on my face. I believe he is as true a friend as I ever had. May he never wish to be anything else! When he was about leaving, he said Fred would be terribly jealous when he heard of all the pleasure he had in my company.

I laughingly said it would make much difference to him, but his answer was “that he was just in that state of mind to be jealous.” After supper I sent him some cake & flowers. He sent me word he intended to keep the flowers till he came back to Va.” I felt a little doubtful about the propriety of sending them, guessing at his feelings for me, but all of them said it would not be at-all flirty. I wonder how he thinks, & how some body else will feel when he knows it?

Sept. 19th, 69

Sunday night. Loulie & I in our room. She & I have been sining [sic] & reading hymns & sacred poetry; & although I did not go with the others to hear Mr. Duncan, I regret it not much.

This was the day appointed by the Ep. Goshen Association for “Humility, Fasting & Prayer.” I observed it; & am glad I did. May God help me to truly humble; for O! humility is one of the graces, most difficult of attainment. I feel as if the day had been profitable, and yet I did not enjoy church this morning, & fear I accomplished but little in Sunday School; yet we must in the morning sow our seed. Mother went to hear Dr. Duncan to-night, came home with a chill.

I have read a good deal in the “Changed Cross” to-night, and felt better for it.

Sept 21st, 69

Wednesday morning.

Jay’s morning exercise for to-day is upon the verse, God’s promise to Moses, “My presence shall go with thee, & I will give thee rest,” and very sweetly does he combine God’s precious, exceedingly precious, promises together into a strong assurance of thine fulfillment. First he considers “my

presence shall go with thee to guide & I will give thee rest from perplexities.”<sup>446</sup> An improved road to travel, an important object in view, but a faithful guide to lead us safely to the end!

2d. My problems with thee to guard, & I will give thee rest from apprehensions.” A warfare not against flesh & blood, but against principalities, powers, the prince of the darkness of this world, spiritual wickedness in high places! (Mrs. Foulke thinks this clause means wicked spirits in the church or false brethren.); but one who is strong to deliver & mighty to save upon our right hand; and through him we shall come out more than conquerors.”

3d. My presence shall go with thee to provide, & I will give thee rest from anxiety.” He that clothes the grass of the field, shall he not much more clothe us? He has numbered our hairs; without his notice, does not one sparrow fall to the ground! He [illegible word] was to be gathered day by day, not all at once, & just so, as thy day so shall thy strength be.

4th. My presence shall go with thee to comfort thee, & I will give thee rest from sorrow.”

Even down to old age my people shall prove,  
My boundless, eternal, unsearchable good,  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.”

What shall separate me from the love of Christ? If with us in life, he will not forsake us in death but we shall pass through “the flood” dry-shod.

---

<sup>446</sup> Written by English minister William Jay (1769 – 1853), *Morning Exercises for the Closet: For Every Day in the Year*, was initially published in 1828, and has enjoyed multiple printings. G.C. Boase, “Jay, William (1769–1853),” rev. Anne Pimlott Baker, *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), accessed on October 3, 2013.

Oct 3d, 1869

Sunday night again. Alone in my room. To-day has been rainy, but I have enjoyed it more than last Lord's Day. I did not go to S. School; the first time I have missed for two years & a half when in town. I was disappointed, especially after hearing that Bettie & Julia were in their places. Last Sunday morning was very inclement, but I, Ella, Julia, Bettie & Fainny were all there. This morning as the rain abated, I went to church; Mr. Dunnaway considered the passage "Grow in years," as meaning an increase of true heartfelt pity. I do not remember the divisions on many of his thoughts in fact; but one thing he said was that as we took our model so we would attain, that frequently young Xtians would aspire to the perfection attained by those eminent in godliness, but that it was a great error; for even Paul was not worthy of imitation according to his own confession of weakness! "When I would do good, evil is present with me." Nor Abraham, for he committed many sins, nor any human being, but Christ alone as pure & undefiled. In fixing [next word inserted below line] upon too low a standard, we tie ourselves down to earth, & are much more apt to imitate the faults than the virtues of our models; therefore we must fix upon him, who alone is without sin. He made a good prayer besides. I read to Miss Ann after dinner; she said she loved to hear all part [sic] of the Bible read, then this evening I looked over Sunday School lesson. I read some of "Holy Living," "Changed Cross," and my Examiner. Recently I have gotten a new idea from the perusal of its columns; about the new-birth viz: that while we are born of the spirit & water at the same time we are begotten of the Spirit before the begetting is of the Spirit alone, but the birth occurs in baptism [sic]. Mr. Cutler intended coming to town to-night, but the weather prevented. Cousin [Illegible name] is here & staying.

Willie is again the cause of trouble. No body knows what a grief his conduct is to us all. I feel so much for Father & Mother, they have made every effort to reclaim him, but in vain. I have no hope that he



will ever reform; but God have mercy on him. Poor Louie, her life is without hope in this world! My heart bleeds for her. She is far more patient & forbearing than I would be, I fear, but may I be delivered from her fate, only whatever befalls may it be “in the Lord.”

Jay's lesson for the 2d of Oct is “I will hear what God the Lord will speak.”

1st As to doctrine, not following any peer preconceived notion of our own; but going to God's word & inquiring humbly “what will thou have me to do?” 2d As to our ways in business or pleasure, “commit thy way with the Lord & he will bring it to pass.” 3d In afflictions. When we cannot see the design to trust in him, knowing that all things must work together for our good, though it is laudable to strive for sanctification” through the troubles which he sends. 4th. In answer to prayer. And when we ask God for anything we must expect and wait for an answer. If we are indifferent about the fulfilment [sic] of our wishes how can we think they will interest him?

Some weeks ago I heard a good deal of my friend's love affair with his pupil. He addressed her & was refused; suffered for it keenly; but now he says he is glad she did not accept him. I wonder what time during the winter it was? Somewhere before Xmas & March I opine. In that time I did not even guess it, so little do we know the bitterness of other's hearts, but then I saw little of him till afterwards. He said he was afraid of coming to see me too often, for fear of falling in love with me. I inferred as much from one of our [illegible word] talks while waiting for the train to Charlottesville. When he told me “he was afraid to trust himself in Fredericksburg” the next session, & also his meaning when he told me that he had thought he could give up his religion [following two words written above line] or church for the woman he loved, when excited by the tender passion; but I am sure he would not in the “hour

of calm reflection.” Very often the report of his being in love with me, reaches my ear, but he was not & may never be for all I know I wonder if he ever thinks of me, & our cosy [sic] talks after church?<sup>447</sup>

Rosemont, King & Queen Co. Va.

Nov. 8th, 69

I left Fredericksburg the 26th of Oct for this point, which I reached the next day; found Ellen just the same impulsive affectionate girl, and so far my visit has been one of unalloyed happiness. I went with Mr. Hillyard to Mr. Gresham’s wedding, & enjoyed my frolic very much, but unfortunately I was sick a good part of the evening, & so formed few new acquaintances, the most plesant [sic] of whom were Dr. Queensberry, Dr. & Mr. Dew, & Mr. Wm. Boulware, besides one or two married gentlemen, Mr. Willie Campbell & Mr. Franklin Dew, who made themselves very agreeable. Lou Fleet was there; & she brought me a most cordial invitation to stay with them while Ellen went to the Fair. I accepted it though [Illegible name] asked to visit Woodlawn at the same time. Mr. Phil Gresham took me to Green Mount last Sunday evening. I was most kindly received & soon felt at-home. I staid until yesterday morning, & never enjoyed a visit more. We used to play “Croquet” twice a day; Bessie & I always being partners. Mr. Timberlake came over & spent one evening & night. Lo that he too was on our side; & was so rejoiced at our success, that he said he must shake hands with us both, & we had a merry laugh together. After tea he & I again shook hands; this time because I advanced the idea that a woman ought not to express too much affection even if she was engaged, he arguing that she ought not only by actions, but words to make confession of her love; for enforcing my doctrine, the man’s heart would be starving for food, which she refused to give. I answered not at-all; but that she ought just to show her feelings enough to let him taste the hidden sweets, & have a good appetite for the rest. I formed a most favorable opinion of him; as honorable, benevolent, christian [sic], gentleman; and

---

<sup>447</sup> Lizzie appears to be referring to Alexander Frederick Fleet in this passage.

I believe in turn he liked me. I think he loves gentle Florence, and have formed a little plan for their future, ending in their marriage of-course! His parents are very old, so when they die; he will naturally turn to her for comfort, and even if they be there in the distant west, he will follow her even then. Lou lives in [next three words inserted above line] an atmosphere of beautiful ideas, love, & flowers, and Bessie is as bright as a Spring morning, & very funny. Willie did not like to take sides against me in the games; said he could not play against “Miss Lizzie.” Mr. David Fleet expects to go to Wm. Jewel College next session, & eventually the whole family will follow I expect; though Mrs. F— says “Fred” must take his trip to Germany, & then get settled before she leaves her home, to be with him.<sup>448</sup> He must be very kind & affectionate to them, for they are all devoted to him. Lou was telling me different things he had sent her, & ended by saying, if I could tell you all I know of his kindness, Miss Lizzie, you would not know half of how good he is.

Mrs. Fleet begged me to come & make them a visit next summer when “her boy” will be at-home; but of-course nothing would induce me to do it. I know better than that!

Yesterday morning we went to Benington & then to Smyrna; at the last place I met several old acquaintances & made many new; received several invitations to make visits at different places. I laughed & told Mr. Dew I would have to begin this morning if I attempted to accept them all, & not return till the night before I was ready to go home. Miss Lucy Yates Brockenborough [sic] expressed a great deal of pleasure at the idea of renewing our acquaintance. She is so genial. Miss Maggie Davis I met, also Fanny Dew Henley, Ellen Thom, Mr. Williams &c.

---

<sup>448</sup> William Jewel College was a founded by Baptist layman Dr. William Jewell, in 1849. Located in Liberty, Missouri, it was the first four-year men’s college west of the Mississippi River. “A Brief History of Jewell,” *William Jewel College*, accessed on October 3, 2013, [http://www.jewell.edu/gen/william\\_and\\_jewell\\_generated\\_pages/Jewell\\_History\\_p288.html](http://www.jewell.edu/gen/william_and_jewell_generated_pages/Jewell_History_p288.html).

Mr. Richard H. Bagby preached at Bruington from the text “Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; & they are they which testify of Me!”<sup>449</sup> In testifying of our Saviour they alone can teach the way to heaven, & so [next word inserted above line] contain Eternal life. He said we must search diligently as for hid [sic] treasure, devoutly, that we might be sanctified by His truth, doctrinally, because it is our duty to believe the truth as it is in Jesus. He was very plain especially upon “faith coming by bearing,” & urged us not only to search for ourselves, but also to seek to assist others by talking our passages, & by reading to those who cannot. So often I have felt tempted to neglect the latter, not perceiving that it had any effect. Help me my Saviour to believe that thy word is the power of God unto Salvation; & that our labor is not in vain in the Lord. In the Lord! If for his glory & done through Him, nothing can be lost! Blessed thought! [sic] May I be encouraged to work for & with Him, not trusting to myself of in my righteousness! Mr. Bagby also said he almost felt tempted say that he did not care to have sustaining grace as long as he could have working grace!

Mr. Williams in his sermon said that the apostles were called foundation stones, but never the corner stone. Christ being that, & that as two wings of a building rest on the same stone, so the Jews on the day of Pentecost were built on Him, & seven years later the Gentile wing moved up, [illegible word struck out] formed one building in Christ Jesus.

He commenced at Bruington, & the loaf was handed to Ellen & me, but we did not partake. I wanted to, & my Saviour knows that I longed to feed on him, but Mr. Bagby said, he never invited any but members of Baptist churches, and so excluded by man, I refused that bread, which was broken for me.

---

<sup>449</sup> Rev. Richard Hugh Bagby (1820 - 1870) was ordained in 1842, and became pastor at Bruington Baptist Church in King and Queen County, Virginia, where he served for twenty-seven years. In 1869, he was made field secretary of the Baptist State Mission Board. Bagby, *King and Queen County, Virginia*, 300-301.

I had such a sweet letter from Loulie while at Mrs. Fleet's. Mother had missed her chills, & sent me word to stay as long as I wanted to.

Everybody was so sweet in helping me prepare for my trip. Nenna, Madge, Emm & Loulie all assisted with my work; while mother gave me Miss Sallie, & helped in every way she could. Nannie gave me a lovely white velvet bow, & a collar.<sup>450</sup> I am working a beautiful [illegible word] for little Nancy; have crocheted Mother a shawl, & feather-stitched a band for myself.

At-Home

Dec 11th, 1869

I came home the first day of this month, found all of them glad to see me, but Father, Loulie, Caroline & Maria more rejoiced than any of them I verily believe. Dolie was in town too, but not well enough to be at the boat, & witness the meeting between Loulie & me, as she wanted to.

Journal at-home again! better for my visit and refreshed in body and mind! I enjoyed myself so much, & was so free from care, that I grew more worldly minded than ever before; but in returning the thorns have pricked & torn me, reminding me of my helplessness & His strength. In reading my Sunday School book (Harriet Russell) there was this description of a picture, which [illegible character struck out] took my attention. . .<sup>451</sup>

A sheep is represented as having gone astray upon the mountain, & after wandering far off it is brought upon its knees by the briers & thorns which encompass it tearing its fleece, & flesh. But upon close

---

<sup>450</sup> Given the context of this passage, it is possible that "Miss Sallie" is an African American woman hired by the Alsop family for domestic service.

<sup>451</sup> Probably *The Last Sunday-school Lesson Remembered, Or, The Story of Harriet Russell*, published by the American Sunday School Union as early as 1858. The book enjoyed numerous printings.

examination you will see that one step more would have precipitated it from the height, down a high precipice, and so destroyed the poor wanderer. So the thorns which seemingly only [illegible word] & wounded, were the means of saving. Looking on with mercy & forgiveness the "Good Shepherd" stands ready to take the "one" upon his shoulders & bear it into the fold rejoicing. Merciful Saviour! we bless & adore thee, because thou didst come to seek & save that which was lost! And so prosperity often turns our thoughts too much away from him, & causes us to go astray; till brought back by trials and afflictions [illegible word] we are saved from going over the brink, & are received into the Good Shepherd's loving arms. Thus was it with my visit. Wandering from Him, until brought to realize my utter helplessness, & his power to save. Journal now we are bearing the heaviest sorrow I have ever know [sic]; a grief to which falling asleep in Jesus would be joy! It [illegible word] me almost. And yet we can see no relief this side of the grave. I try to "hold still," and to trust Him whose promise is that all Xtians shall work together for good.

Dec 20th, 69

Monday evening. In the chamber.

I do not like to write in my journal as I once did, partly because I am not much in the habit of it; & partly I reckon because I am too fond of dreaming; having so many foolish wishes & thoughts to commit myself, even with my journal.

One thing is certain, I do not think I am improving at-all; & what must be the result then? Retrograding? A sad, sad thought! I think too little of the talents given me I fear, and the preciousness of the commendation of those who prove faithful. "Well done, good & faithful servant." O that I may one day hear the Saviour say "Well done" to me!

Another year has nearly passed; with its record of pain & pleasure! Even in looking back some clouds are yet black, but God has given sun-shine too; and only one days portion at a time.

My visit to Ellen was delightful, & for five weeks being away from the causes of anxiety, helped me in body & mind. Every body was kind & attentive; of all my gentlemen acquaintances I liked Mr. John Dew most. Father seemed delighted to get me home. Caroline & Maria fairly danced. One of the sweetest features of my visit was the letters from home. I think I will always keep [next word inserted above the line] them for the affection breathed throughout them will be to me always "les immortelles."

Feb. 24th, 1870

Thursday evening before supper. A cosy [sic] coal fire, & myself only.

I can scarcely believe this is the first time I have ever taken up my journal for two months, but even so it is. I have almost entirely gotten out of my old habit of writing.

Xmas has come & gone, the new year has begun; I have been on a second trip; and not one word of it all in my journal. So to go back, we were regaled by a visit from Dr. [Illegible name] the latter part of December; and I thought to myself of the tedious hours in store for me, when much to my surprise, & relief, he informed Jennie that he was going to be married. Loulie said she never saw any body manifest as much pleasure upon the receipt of such tidings, and sure it is, there was no secret bitterness of heart. He was married a second time Jan. 25th, 70; rather more than a year after his first wife's death. If I ever marry, and should happen to die first, I do hope he will wait & take off his mourning, before going to the altar with my substitute.

Xmas day [next word inserted above line and then struck out] ~~Dolie~~, N & Bro Carter, Jennie & George, Mr. & Mrs. Yerby, Dr. Fitzhugh & Mason, besides the three children & their nurses, dined here. I went to Sunday-School & church. We had a little Xmas tree for Georgie & Nannie; which highly delighted them. My presents were a muff from bro. Carter, a beautifully embroidered handkerchief from Nannie; a black necklace from Mother; a book-marker from Emm; two cakes soap, & a bon of candy from Uncle Thomas. I gave none, except to the servants; children, & Sunday-school class.

New Year's day Mr. R. Carmichael; Mr. John Mason; Mr. Wm. Carmichael, Mr. Powell Gordon, Mr. Bradley, Mr. Knox, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Hall, & somebody else maybe, I do not remember, called. That evening we had a charming family gathering a Nannie's. We also dined at Jennie's during the holidays.

January was not eventful, but as nice as May, a month of Spring in the midst of Winter. I have only indistinct recollections of walks; days at Nannie's, &c.; till the 28th, when I was startled upon opening my eyes to learn that Cousin John Chew was dead. Then for two or three days I was there, watching with Hettie Scott besides his cold form. Cousin Ellen could not bear for him to be left alone, she said; so we staid in the room most of two days & a night. They all seem to have loved me a great deal better ever since for it. I can never forget the heart-stricken widow, as I saw her that Sunday morning! She looks now as if life had no object in it. Madge gave me some beautiful fringe for my green dress, & Nenna would make me take a lace collar; besides her velvet wrapping for the rest of the Winter. Cousin Rob has come home to live; & Dr. Wellford has his place in Memphis.<sup>452</sup>

---

<sup>452</sup> Possibly refers to Dr. Robert S. Chew. See footnote on page 47.



Last Saturday week Carrie Fleet & I went to Mrs. Ryland's on our way to Mr. Fleet's marriage, where we remained till the following Tuesday, & enjoyed our visit; met Mrs. Robert Ryland & like her mightly [sic]. We went from there to Mr. Ryland's, & remained till Thursday; had a delightful time. I stood with Mr. Powell Ryland; but saw a good deal more of Mr. Carey, Mr. Winston & others. Mr. Dew was to have been my groomsman, but he was detained by the rain. Florence & Mr. David Fleet were there. Altogether we had such a pleasant set of people together; that it would have been almost impossible to have been dull. Our party returned through Richmond, & enjoyed our short stay there. Carrie & I had a nice little visit to Lou F. & then I went to see Ellen & Mr. Powell. I was never more gladly welcomed anywhere; Mr. P— wanted to send a telegram home saying I would not return at-once, but I knew it was best for me to get back. He rode down to Dr. Steel's with me, & promised to come-up & give me some parting advice one of these days; if I would notify him in time. Lee is a beautiful boy. I missed dear Mrs. Powell. Everything looked so familiar, that it was hard to realize I was almost a stranger there! But it made me very glad to see Mr. Powell & the children again. They begged me to make them a visit this Spring. Mr. Powell says he does not believe I want to!

March 28th, 70

Monday before dinner, alone in my room. Aunt Jane has just left, she has been with us for several days past. I think all of us enjoy her visits.

Journal I scarcely know what to record, what to omit, now that I am sitting with your fair leaves spread before me. Shall I begin with confession? Well then I am not good. Verily an original thought! But I mean that, even for me, I do not grow in grace. I do earnestly desire to go forward in the divine life, but every day's failure seems more complete; that is most of the time it is so. I feel discouraged with myself. Yet I know we can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth us. In me is no help; be

thou my strength in the hour of weakness & sin, my Saviour! And enable me, looking not inward, but upward, to follow thee. Thou O Christ art all I want!" [This quote mark has no mate] For possessing thee, time nor eternity can affect us.

Yesterday morning Dr. [Illegible name] preached, a sermon to the little folks. He told them about erecting sunshine factories in their home on the street &c; then he discoursed a little upon long-faced Xtians; then upon kindness to drunkards &c.<sup>453</sup> He alluded so touchingly to the childhood of Jesus; told the children there was a beautiful spring near Nazareth from which the women were accustomed to fill their water pots; & said others might doubt it, but in his heart he believed & loved to think, that the child Jesus used to follow his mother to that spring, & play in its clear water; just as little ones do now, but in him there was no sin. Then he told of St. Peter's Church, & about Michael Angelo [sic]. One day as Michael Angelo was walking with some friends through the streets of Florence he suddenly left them, & ran into an old yard where laid a large stone covered with dust &c; and commenced scraping the dust off, his friend called him to come away, & let the stone alone, but he continued removing the dust & trash from its surface, Muhl [sic] after their repeated remonstrances he exclaimed, "My friends there is an angel in this block of marble." And sure enough after removing the dirt & cleaning the stone it appered [sic] a beautiful piece of marble. He took it to his studio, and soon made a beautiful little angel child of the rock. So teachers by working faithfully upon these little [illegible word] of stone, [illegible word] on [sic] may perhaps one day make them, if not Angles [sic] here, Angles in that brighter land. So like the old prophet, put your heart to the child's heart and bring him to life again. Somehow the Sermon did me good; & I thanked God for it. He told us of the crosses we all had to

---

<sup>453</sup> *The Sunday School Teacher* makes reference to Sunday Schools as "sunshine factories," and that teachers "must in future seek to become spiritual fathers and mothers to the children brought under their care." A "long-faced" Christian is one who always seemed to be "under the lash. They'd never gotten away from the law. They wanted more joy. They needed greater gladness in their lives." Dwight Lyman Moody, *Great Joy: Comprising Sermons and Prayer-Meeting Talks* (London: William Nicholson and Sons, 1877), 363; National Sunday School Union, *The Sunday School Teacher: A Biblical and Educational Magazine*, Volume II (London: Sunday School Union, 1876), 135.

bear; the Cavalrys [sic] to ascend, but we were taught too of a strength beyond our own. A Father of Mercies; A Saviour! A very imperfect synopsis of what he said, for all his thoughts were fraught with scripture truths; and after listening [sic] him, my heart felt better. "Let us also walk in love, as Christ hath loved us." "Follow Me." The first, the last Sermon our Saviour ever preached to his people. "Follow Me." Help me to do it! One remark he made I remember in substance only; it was to the teachers. So your heart purified, & sanctified by prayer, & your face all glorious from communion with God you shall come to your class, & stretching yourself upon the child, you shall cause him to breath [sic] and live. I have visited all my scholars except Annie Owens within the last weeks. (She lives three or four miles out of town.) They seemed so pleased to see me, & so gratified, that I felt fully repaid for the little inconvenience to myself. I want to try & average one visit a week to them this year. We are going to commence the new questions next Sunday if nothing prevents.

This morning I went up to the Falls to see the river. The falls are associated with some very sweet memories. I wonder if any body else evern thingq [sic] of an evening in April 1868! The falls, & the rocks.

My birthday passed quietly, Nannie & little Nan were with me; the latter gave me Shirley; Georgie brought me a queen bow; Mother gave me Tennyson; Nannie sent me a beautiful bow, some nice paper & envelopes stamped, besides two dollars to send for some new flowers. All of them are so kind & thoughtful to me.

Little Nannie loves me dearly, so does Georgie. Berta sent me such a good picture of herself not long ago.

I had a letter from Lou Fleet also in answer to which I sent the slips. She says she hopes I will change my mind about visiting them next Summer. Mr. Bob Semple is really going to be married. Would'nt I like to see him with a wife. I know it will seem strange!

[Three leaves of the journal are torn out at this point]

October 1st, 1870

Saturday Morning. In the old Chamber alone. Journal my life has been for months past such a confirmation of joys & griefs, that the effort to record its events was too painful. It seems to me in looking back that pain predominated; but it was of the Lord's mercies that we were not consumed. Some very pleasant episodes then were [illegible word]. A good refreshing meeting at Berea with twelve additions & acquaintance with Mr. Day; then a charming trip to King & Queen. Dolie & I went together to attend to Co-Operation at Smyrna.<sup>454</sup> We had fun enough & made many pleasant acquaintances, enjoyed the discussions & sermons. Miss Lucy Dew, Mr. Ben, Mollie Grisham, Dolie & I staid the whole time with Ellen.

Mr. Boulware spent a night there, & Mr. John Dew two; I believe I enjoyed by Sunday evening's talk with him more than any while I was away. Mary Franklin is beautiful.<sup>455</sup> Lou, Florence Bessie, Willie & Mr. David Fleet were all at-church. I was sorry not to see Mrs. Fleet; but declined her invitation to visit them because the people down there had it reported that Mr. Fred Fleet was in love with me [remainder of sentence inserted above the line] & so I did not care to go while he was there. In vain I told them it was not so. Then, I thought he came to Fredericksburg simply from a benevolent feeling

---

<sup>454</sup> Smyrna Church is located in King & Queen County, Virginia.

<sup>455</sup> Possibly Mary F. Franklin (b. 1847) of Fredericksburg, Virginia. Mary was the oldest of ten children of Thomas (b. 1820) and Mary E. Franklin (b. 1826). Thomas, his daughter Mary, his daughter Julia (b. 1856), and his son John (b. 1859), all worked in a local woolen mill. 1870 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 82 (handwritten), dwelling 630, family 642, Thomas Franklin, NARA microfilm publication M593, roll 1679.

towards people & place. Since I have ~~realized~~ found out that he was not quite so unselfish; but came to see Belle Seddon.<sup>456</sup> I believe the match is pleasing to both sides. Carrie is right cheerful sometimes; poor dear child. What a heavy affliction! Six months ago what happy visions were hers; now a lifetime of sorrow, an eternity of bliss. I was with her during those dark days of grief, that will always be a link between us.

Journal this week will always be precious to our hearts on one account; for God in his goodness & mercy has lifted up one of our great troubles; & though it may not last, yet shall we not thank him for this hope? Yet, while this trial is removed how insignificant all others should appear! I wonder at myself for repining at anything now that this burden is removed. Jesus only can continue to keep it off, for we can do nothing of ourselves.

Above all things I do desire to be conformed to the Divine Will!

This morning in glancing over a back volume of this journal, I saw a prayer that God would use me in any way he saw fit; & only a few hours ago my heart was swelling with emotion at the thought of what His will might be concerning me. My Father O help me to lie in such close, intimate communion with thee, as to rest content in thy love; & desire thee before & above all!

Oct 4th, 1870

Tuesday night. In Mother's Room.

---

<sup>456</sup> Belle Seddon Matheson (1851 - 1940) married Alexander Frederick Fleet, on July 7, 1871, in Fredericksburg, Virginia. "Genealogy Data," *Fleet Family*, compiled on September 27, 1999, accessed October 3, 2013, <http://www.familyworkings.com/gedcoms/fleet/dat35.htm>.

To-day has been one of those days, in which so little has been comparatively accomplished. I have felt so depressed; & out of sorts without any apparent reason. Dr. Wellford says when I feel that being pleasant is such an effort; & have that unaccountable sort of depressed feeling; it is Dyspepsia! And that Dyspepsia & matrimony together will be awful. I laughed & told him I thought a dyspeptic old-maid would be far worse, for I had occasionally seen one.<sup>457</sup> He was amused at the idea of my preferring to have it; if have it I must; as a married woman; seeming to think he upon whom it would be expended, would be a pitiable object. He likes to teaze [sic] me, and yet he really likes me I know. This evening late I started out, & after some hesitation decided upon spending the remaining half hour to twilight with Mrs. Ficklin. She was sick in bed, & as I started out I met Dr. Wellford & his sisters going in, he joined me & Carrie home, & stood talking with me at the door for a long time. I love so to talk & listen to him. He is so different from all other men; so pure & elevated. I always feel strengthened physically & mentally after being with him. I wish I could write down every word he said, but things which were spoken seemed so full of meaning, would appear trite written without connecting links. He says he is coming to see me when I go to housekeeping; and going to spend a Summer with me. Would'nt that be nice? He of course could'nt refrain from calling me matter-of-fact. Says just as he thinks he has gotten me to be sentimental, I let him down so flatly; and I do say some such commonplace things to worry him. I do hope he will come & see me once more. After I came from down the country he paid me a visit one night; & did me so much good. He encouraged me to go forward, & strive to rise up, and talked with me a long time about the Xian life & warfare. Says unless we feel the tide against our breast, we may æ know we are not making headway, for without self-denial there can be no progress. To-night I said I thought one of the hardest things in the world to possess was the grace of humility, and even while speaking my honest conviction in saying I was not one of the humble-minded; the tempted whispered he will think you are all the more so for your confession. Shame, Shame, Shame! A

---

<sup>457</sup> Dyspepsia is a common nineteenth-century medical term for indigestion and involving weakness, loss of appetite, and depression of spirits. "Dyspepsia". *The Oxford English Dictionary* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2013), accessed October 13, 2013, <http://www.oed.com/view/Entry/58893?rskey=sYeTzj&result=1&isAdvanced=false>.

child of God so unlike its Father! A Servant so different from the blessed Master. He got to talking about & said one of the most trying & mortifying things to him was to hear encomiums passed upon him; for he immediately commenced thinking what hypocrisy he must have practiced to have appeared worthy of them. Now he was sincere; but that is what I call humbleness of mind; not taking to himself any credit for the good he performs. God bless my noble, Xtian friend! I hope he will always like me. I was telling him, how undemonstrative I was in disposition, whereupon he undertook to show me how much I ought to endeavour [sic] to express more. Says if I do not begin; when I get that home one will sit in [illegible character struck out] one corner & the other way over the other side. And when He (O mysterious, nameless personage. [Next three words inserted] Those two letters reproduced in every conceivable form, shape & size, embodying the hero of so many hearts; shaping the destiny of so many lives; advancing or dissipating the happiness of so many homes! And yet who, even though the fancy be never realized, who would voluntarily resolve to give Him up!!) came in at-night with his “how are you Lizzie?” to receive an indifferent “tolerable.” Instead of being at the door with a welcome in the heart, & “I’m so glad you have come upon the lips.” If ever I do marry, God forbid I should darken my husband’s life, with a heart unresponsive to his warmth, for as to this life I desire no greater happiness than some one to love me just what I am. How my heart yearns for its home! Nobody honors the feeling of desolation which so often chills me as I look forward to a life without this love. I have dear relations & friends; but they cannot satisfy this longing. Yet I do try to be submissive; for if I must go down the long pathway alone; I know it is His will; whose love passeth knowledge. But heart & flesh cry out for someone to lean upon & live for. I would desire of all things to be the center & light of his life, to soften for him the cares & rough lines of existence; to soothe & sympathize with his griefs & joys. But my heart you must not dwell upon such scenes. They fade away & leave too much soreness behind for long contemplation. After such dreams of earthly bliss; the awakening is too real & painful.

My Father give me grace to cry “Thy will be done,” & choose them for me. I know not what is best.  
Thou knowest all things & hast promised to withhold no good.

Oct 14th 1870

In bed with Loulie.

To-night we went to a meeting of the citizens; to take some action upon the death of our beloved Lee. Yes Robert E. Lee, sans peur et sans reproche, has passed away from us!<sup>458</sup> Grand in prosperity, but O how great in adversity! his honour was unsullied, his virtue untarnished. And now he will forever shine in the heaven of God’s presence. The hero of a mighty people! The beloved leader of a noble army! The tenderly cherished [sic] image of every heart. We lay him in the ground, his spirit is immortal, and while Virginia, the South; & the World exist; will he be held up as a model of the Christian, gentleman, & patriot. How “The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places! How are the mighty fallen!”

Sunny Side

Dec. 15th, 1870

A beautiful sun-shiny day. This Fall has been so charming; no cold weather scarcely, & such beautiful, unclouded, days. Then too in one respect it has been one of the happiest of any life. For a great burden has been lifted from off our shoulders; & the Lord has turned ashes into the beauty of gladness. Yes at first we could scarcely believe his power & goodness & feared it might fall back upon us. But he has held it up so far, and may we not pray & hope that through our blessed Saviour’s intercession he will continue to carry for us this grief. I do not know that any human eye will ever rest upon these pages, but should this book ever fall to any one in affliction; go cast your burden upon the Lord, & learn as we

---

<sup>458</sup> Robert E. Lee died on October 12, 1870, in Lexington, Virginia. “Sans peur et sans reproche” is French meaning “without fear and without reproach.”



have done, that he not only can, but will sustain you. For two or three years (years of such anxiety & grief; when we could almost pray the Lord to hurry his death-angel, when we thought our sorrow too hard for the Lord even; when Hope had [illegible word struck out] stretched her wings and left us; when even meek eyed Faith ceased to look up, when we cried out in the bitterness of our souls, "How long O Lord, how long? [close quote mark omitted]) We lived with cold, mourning hearts. When just as deep darkness seemed to have settled upon us forever; Our Lord brought us out of the deep shadow into his marvellous [sic] light; and now as we have learned something of the depths of his grace; & the riches of his love, we dare to trust & pray that this great trouble may never return. Only his grace can keep it off!

Journal this was no love-sorrow; but a deep grief to us all, and though I never expect to tell it to any human, some, too many, of us know it now. Yet it may help others to know that the Lord taught me early in life, that nothing was too hard for Him. For he has removed a sorrow which crushed the light out of my life for years; & nearly drove me to despair. How can we ever bless & praise his holy name enough, for his marvellous [sic] kindness to us? Bless the Lord O my soul, & all that is within [illegible word struck out] bless his holy name! And [missing quote mark] To him that hath loved us, & washed us from our sins with his own blood, be glory & praise forever!"

Last Saturday I came home with Dolie, & have had such a charming visit. Mr. Temple has spent two evenings with us. Suggested that it would be a good plan to put our spoons together, as I had six new tea, & he a dozen table in our own right. He likes me right well, & had for a long time; though the only way he displays his feelings, is quarreling at me the whole time.

Journal my friend Dr. Wellford has gone to Florida to live. About three or four weeks ago he came up home to bring a letter after church, and I met him at the gate; so though he would not go in, we had a really nice chat in the porch. As usual his thoughts seemed to dwell upon being better himself & making other people better, said he did not think Christians talked half enough together. Told me of his plan about going to Florida, & said he wanted me to remember him in the best ways. I knew very well what he meant, and promised cheerfully. He said he did not care for his friends to pray only for his worldly prosperity, but that he might grow in grace; repeating the Saviour's words, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God & his righteousness; & all things else shall be added unto you." The next day he sent Mrs. Rose up to ask me to give him some flowers for a friend who was going away. So Louie sent all that were in bloom. The next Monday I sent him a waiter of the loveliest [sic] blossoms I ever saw; he sent back & the waiter & said he would be up himself during the evening. So I put on my pretty new suit to be ready, & just after tea the bell rang. He sent for me to come to the door, as he had not time to come in. Said he had come to thank me for the bouquet, which was the prettiest he had ever had sent him. Told me not to forget my promise, and added I will remember you in the same way. Now if Dr. Wellford prays for me, I am sure it will bring me a blessing; for I believe he is indeed one of God's children. I felt right much depressed about his going so far away, but remembered to wish him a safe & prosperous journey, & a happy home in Florida. When with a fervent "God bless you" to me he was gone. I wonder if he will ever come back. I had such a strong presentiment of evil [next two words inserted] in connection with this move, that I felt heartily sorry to say good-bye, & yet I remember his own use of the Saviour's words "All things else shall be added unto you." Surely that means too, that no good shall be wanting. I have remembered my promise faithfully, praying for him night & morning; but I have wondered if he thought of his too. Now journal if mother, or any of the others were to see these pages about Dr. Wellford, they would at once infer that I was too-much interested in him, but you & I know that my feelings are those of the purest friendship, for I never think of him in any way

than that he liked me a little as one younger & more inexperienced than himself. [The following is written in pencil horizontally across the page: "He volunteered to nurse the sick in the yellow fever epidemic & so laid down his life for others. Christ-like to the end."]

Last Summer Mr. Fred Fleet came in from mission. He came to see me each visit to Fredericksburg. When I was at-home I enjoyed [next two words inserted] seeing him both times; especially the last. He staid a long time, & said he had a charming visit. Told me all at his home fell perfectly in love with me, especially Bessie, who thought [quote mark omitted] Miss Lizzie" the greatest woman in the world. It was just a day or two after this that he addressed Bell Seddon & was accepted. Agnes Lacy is engaged to Mr. Smith; & will be married in the Spring I believe. Mr. Temple came while I was writing in my journal, so I am going to finish to-day. Dec 16th.

We have been hoping to have a visit from Ellen & Mr. Dew all this lovely Autumn weather; but I am afraid they will never come. Mr. John Dew sent me word in E's last, that although I would not invite him, he felt inclined to come any how; and might after all. Of-course when I answered, I sent him a sweet message, which Loulie pronounced very coquettish.

Last first Lord's Day we had such a good meeting at Berea. Mr. Cutler preached upon "The Influence of the Holy Spirit upon Sinners," and so clearly & scripturally set forth our views upon the subject that I wished all who doubted our faith in the operation of the Spirit, could have been there. Especially did I wish dear George had heard. Miss Maggie Caldwell & Mr. Story made the good confession. Mr. C— spent Tuesday with us.

Recently one of my dear S. S. Class has become a Xtian, Mollie Wright, a sweet amiable rosy cheeked girl of thirteen, and from something her Mother told me, I have some reason to hope that I was the instrument in God's hands, of bringing her to see her need of a Saviour. If this is so, ought I not to be encouraged to work on & faint not? For what a blessed thing it will be at-last to get a crown, having even one star. I was recommended [sic] last Summer to stir around amongst the poor, being told by that same friend that it would be a blessing to both; and so has'nt it proved this Fall to me. The more I do for Jesus (and at best what a very little it is) the better I like it; until sometimes what duty & conscience get me to do, becomes a service of love.

Dolie has read aloud this week, "The Old Fashioned Girl," and it is [sic] such a fresh, natural book that I am sure any body would be better for reading it. Polly is one of these very human, but loving [PI06044I] thoughtful, brave littles souls, very good but not "painfully religious," (as some one said of me once, though after-wards he liked me better) with plenty of life & fun, and modesty.<sup>459</sup> There was one thing I did'nt like, & thought was unnatural, & that was her confessing that she loved; before she knew that her love was returned. I wonder if I ever will be "Pollyfied" as "Tom" used to say. Journal I have made one resolution to-day, which God helping me I am going to keep.

Xmas is almost here. I wish I had it in my power to make a hundred people happy.

And now adieu. I know not when you will get anymore of my precious time.

Dec 25th, 1870

---

<sup>459</sup> "The Old-Fashioned Girl" was written by American novelist Louisa May Alcott (1832 – 1888) and published in 1870. The story follows the adventures of Polly Milton, a country girl, who visits her glamorous friend, Fanny Shaw, and her family in Boston. Elsa Nettles, "Alcott, Louisa May (1832-1888)," *Benet's Reader's Encyclopedia of American Literature*, Vol. 1, ed. George B. Perkins, Barbara Perkins, and Phillip Leininger (New York: HarperCollins, 1991), 19.

At-home in my own room.

Journal this is Xmas day. I never spent one more entirely unlike it. I went to Sunday School without sufficient preparation [sic] & no breakfast. Then at-church I got sleepy & felt little in the spirit for worship. All my own fault too. My ever offending tongue the cause of all my heart sickness this day. God only knows my sincere sorrow for this besetting sin, & just as I think I am beginning to overcome it somewhat, I say something I ought not, & get lower than ever. O God for Jesus sake help me this year that is coming to try & rule my spirit by thy help. "Put a match over the door of my mouth, that I sin not with my lips." Any how all my pleasure has been destroyed by a few minutes impudence. After dinner I went to see old Mrs. Jones & tried to say a few words of warning & encouragement to her son. I felt so sorry for him. When one has sorrow of one's own, he can feel more sensibly for other people. Journal twice lately I have done something I would not have any one know, & to do which I have many a time prayed for strength; but would never try, and that was I prayed with old Mrs. Jones. Nobody but that old woman & myself, but I enjoyed it, & found it was not so very hard.

This evening I thought it was useless or worse for me to go & see anyone, for being so sinful, what could I do for others; but then I thought too, that was no reason for committing sins of omission. I have wondered several times what Dr. Wellford prays for me, and I know it is for spiritual blessings, growth in grace, but I am not progressing in "being silent." If he knew me, he would not care for my prayers, but I am going to keep my promise.

First of all I crave for my years blessings "a heart intent on pleasing God;" a lowly inoffensive, unselfish life. Next that somebody may learn to love me, & help me on in the divine life. I scarcely think I could marry one who was not so Christian.

Mary Triplett is engaged to a wealthy Mr. Stevens, & has discarded Barton.

Dec. 31st, 1870

In a few hours the old year will have died out, and a new one brought into existence. What a record has the Angle of my year's service, how many wrong, wrong words spoken! I have not forgot bitterness of the night before Xmas yet, and I fear the memory of it will burn my heart for a long time to come.

Monday George's & Nannie's families were with us; the children enjoyed their Xmas tree & gifts.

Cousin Nannie Minor sent me a pretty handkerchief & Cousin Ellen gave me a bottle of cologne. Emm gave me a bow & net, Nannie four handkerchiefs, & Mother has ordered a book for me.

Misses Mattie & Mag Davis spent two days with us, & Mr. Powell came to see us two or three times. I believe I made him think I cared somewhat for Dr. Preston Millford; when I in fact really do admire & love him only as a friend. Mr. Powell carried off my "John the Baptist" picture, which I did not exactly relish, and then was so much afraid I would think he cared especially for it, that he showed it to Millie, Loulie, & the whole Young family. Since he left I am tormented constantly with messages, remarks, & teasing. I wish people would let me alone! I am not a bit anxious to be married, and doubt whether I shall ever leave my precious father for any one else. After his death if I am here even, there will be nothing to keep me especially at-home, for none of the others would miss me much.

I have recently bought a set of Scotts novels, partly with [next word inserted] some money from Grand Pa's Estate, & partly by my own work.

Dolie & Thomas are right much together. I feel mighty sorry for her, though I wish her judgement [sic] would so far overcome her love as to [illegible word struck out], make her discard him.

Journal, if I was to be in love & really contemplate being married, I believe it would make me "right sick" so after all I do not care about any body's loving me yet-a-while. I had rather put off the crisis for a year or two.

One of my prayers is that I may have grace to stand forth bravely as an advocate for "the faith once delivered to the Saints," of-course in woman's [illegible word]. And that whatever may be the circumstances which surround me, I may be faithful to God, to my friends, and to myself.

"I cannot choose my lot,  
I would not, if I might,  
But choose thou for me O my God,  
That I may walk aright."

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, & lean not into thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy path" "Lead me in the path of thine own marching, for I know that will be the right one for me.

[Three leaves have been torn out at this point]

January 1871

I have taken a motto for this Year's service, and have broken it in spirit & fact this Sunday evening. It is, "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honour preferring one another." "Love is the fulfilling of the law," & earnestly do I beg thee gracious Saviour to help me have "that love," a charity that thinketh me evil. We are very weak, I am O so incaple [sic] of what I ought to do, I suppose every body has temptations, but I hope their hearts are purer than mine, or God help them, for without his grace, What am I?

This morning I enjoyed S. School, nine present. I told Annie & Charlie about the Flood; talked with Willie; heard verses & explained to the others & then said a few words of to Fannie & Bettie. May God bless me & my class this year, & help us all resolve, by his help, to live for Him! Mr. Dunnaway preached from the tent "He that ruleth his Spirit &c" and showed ~~that~~ what were the rewards of those who gained the victory over self; those receive the worlds praise & honours, these a crown that fadeth not away; those clothes in purple & fine linen, these in the robe of Christ righteousness; those the curses of the fatherless & widow; these the plaudit "Well done good & faithful servant enter thou with the joy of the Lord."

This has been a day spent how I worried over my dinner, because I did not think it enough there my worship has been, so spiritless. Will not one of the chief pleasures of heaven consist in the fact, that then "his servants shall serve him?" No sin there! Then shall I be satisfied when I awoke with thy likeness! He knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust!



## CHAPTER SEVEN

**January 20, 1871 – December 26, 1872**

Lizzie's seventh volume begins on January 20, 1871, and ends on December 26, 1872.<sup>460</sup> The book is 7.5-inches high by 6.0-inches wide with marbled covers. Seventy leaves of paper are ruled at 1/4-inch with twenty-two lines per page in blue ink, and four columns are delineated in red ink—one on left margin one in center and two columns on right margin. A lock of unidentified blond hair is in the binding eighteen leaves from the back cover.

Now twenty-four-years-old, Lizzie began with the statement, "a new year, a new Journal; but no new hopes, except a strong desire & prayer to be more holy in thought & word & deed."<sup>461</sup> She considered whether she could marry outside of her Baptist faith, and learned that rumors "abound in Richmond" about her being engaged to her former instructor, Mr. Powell. Lizzie rejected that possibility because his age, his children, and his religion recommend against it.<sup>462</sup> On July 19, Lizzie received reports that Mr. Powell was engaged, but a week later she recorded her grief at learning of his unexpected death. The news of his passing inspired a lengthy reminiscence of her days at the Southern Female Institute.

Lizzie also agreed to begin a correspondence with Robert Semple, who, at the time, lived in Texas. His aggressive flirtation resulted in her regretting her decision. Lizzie questioned whether she should have settled for one of her proposals when she was younger, writing that "I find at-last that 'it might have been' better to have given my hand, & what love I could; than brave the world alone."<sup>463</sup> But she held on to her desire for companionate love, writing "what would marriage be without a love

---

<sup>460</sup> Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop Wynne. *Journal of Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop Wynne, 1862 – 1926*. Wynne Family Papers, 1809-1967. MssI W9927 a 37. Virginia Historical Society. Richmond, VA.

<sup>461</sup> Alsop Journal, January 20, 1871.

<sup>462</sup> Ibid., March 7, 1871.

<sup>463</sup> Ibid., September 5, 1871.

so strong, so deep, so overpowering; that I could not help saying, 'God do so to me & more also, if aught but death part me & thee.'" <sup>464</sup>

Although she sent a letter to Semple in August telling him she did not love him, she received a letter in November expressing his hope that she would let him come to Virginia to determine if there was a feeling of affection between them. Although she was "yearning for such patient, constant, faithful love" as he expressed, she doubted whether he would "meet the demands of my nature." <sup>465</sup>

Although Lizzie infrequently discussed African Americans, this volume of her journal began with a humorous description of the Alsop family's search for a new cook. Later, she visits Sunny Side and mentions that she has been helping poor Sarah learn. About her Lizzie wrote that she is "such a bright Xtian Spirit in the poor, bed-ridden body of a colored woman." <sup>466</sup>

In August, Lizzie participated in a protracted religious meeting at Berea Baptist Church led by Robert and Lynn Cave, and many of her entries that follow represent summaries of their sermons.

Lizzie also mentioned her concerns about the family's fortunes and in November wrote that, "the want of money after all I do not feel so much for myself, but I do dislike to see Father so harrassed [sic] & worried in his old age." <sup>467</sup> Her father, Joseph, was stricken with paralysis on January 5, 1872, and was left a "helpless invalid." <sup>468</sup> He survived until June 24, and Lizzie spent much of her time and energy caring for him during the last months of his life.

Following her father's death, Lizzie contemplated her future. "My intention was in the event of Father's death to teach," she wrote, "but since I cannot see my way plainly, I do not know where duty calls me." She recognized that if she were to teach, she would have greater independence, and the

---

<sup>464</sup> Ibid.

<sup>465</sup> Ibid.

<sup>466</sup> Ibid., May 20, 1871.

<sup>467</sup> Ibid., November 6, 1871.

<sup>468</sup> Ibid., February 13, 1872.

means to support her religious interests. Nevertheless, she also knew that her “mother is bitterly opposed,” and she didn’t want to leave her sister Emma alone.<sup>469</sup>

The Alsop family suffered another tragedy, when on April 18, 1872, Lizzie reported the tragic death of Arthur L. Coleman, Emily’s suitor, and the grief that affected the entire family. Although Lizzie became an aunt again when Nannie gave birth to Josephine Braxton, on December 27, for some unknown reason she was less than joyful about the addition to the family.

---

<sup>469</sup> Ibid., July 14, 1872.

Jan. 1869

1st	Friday, Rained half the day
2d	Saturday, Rained
4d	Sunday, Rained
4th	Monday Rained
5th	Tuesday, Rained half
6th	the day, then bright
7th	Wednesday. Bright
8th	Friday, Beautiful
<del>11th</del> 9th	Saturday, Bright
10th	Sunday, Clear
11th	Monday, Rained
12th	Snowed, hailed
13th	Tuesday, Beautiful day
14th	Wednesday, Cold & Clear
15th	Thursday, Cold & Clear
16th	Friday, Rained
17th	Saturday
18th	Sunday
19th	Monday
20th	Tuesday
21	Wednesday
22d	Thursday
23d	Friday

24d	Saturday
25th	Sunday
26th	Monday
27th	Tuesday
28th	Wednesday
29th	Thursday
30th	Friday
31st	<del>Sunday</del> Saturday

Lizzie M. Alsop's Journal

Vol.

"Brightest of all eyes the eye that love expresses!

Sweetest of all lips, the lips long since kissed mine."<sup>470</sup>

Miss Mulock

Jan. 20th, 1871

I commenced writing on some sheets of paper, not having a book; when Mother gave me this one; so I will now begin another volume of my life. A new year, a new Journal; but no new hopes, except a strong desire & prayer to be more holy in thought & word & deed. Still I am not quite sure of the

---

<sup>470</sup> "Year After Year, A Love Song" is a poem by English writer Dinah Maria Mulock Craik. Lizzie read much of her work, including "John Halifax, Gentleman." Sally Mitchell, "Craik, Dinah Maria (1826–1887)," *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), accessed October 12, 2013.

exact truth of that statement either. Anyhow I do not desire to choose my future, & thank God it is hidden from my sight. This year so far has been quite uneventful, good deal of worry about cooks, and company the whole time. First had one, so prepossessing in manner & appearance that we thought we had a jewel; but Alas! She was pleasant & obliging; but those amicable qualities were insufficient to enable us to digest corn bread, tough buck-wheat, & leaden biscuit; so we tried Aunt Nelly. She proved to be in her dotage & had forgot [sic] if she ever knew the science. She used the pestle instead of her hands in making loaf bread, & sent in such miserably ashy looking biscuit, that we sent her off in three days. Then we waited quietly till [Illegible word] came with such good recommendations, that we engaged her. To-night I learned that she was a hard drinker, & it seemed to me, for a moment, that was the last drop. I could have cried, but I did not; for life necessarily must contain enough bitterness, with out "idle tears;" & those for bad biscuits! Enough of cooks, & their petty annoyances.

I have prayed earnestly ever since Xmas Eve for strength, to be silent, & my prayer has been answered to some degree at-least; for I do earnestly hope I have been more patient, & yet not I, "but the grace of God."

About two weeks since I had a very kind letter from Mr. Powell. At-first I was rather vexed, for his object was to get me to send him a better picture of myself than the one he took while in F— and I thought he was afraid I would think he cared especially for it. Loulie insists he wanted to commence a correspondence, but I do not. I wrote back, but declined sending the photograph until I should [next word inserted above line] go to Kentucky. Dolie said the note was very cool; at any rate then it has stopped, & my magazines have not come yet.

Sunday night.

Jan 22d, 1871

It seems to me, that I have entered less into the spirit of the Lord's Day here recently, than I sometimes have done or ought always to do, & writing that reminds me of a passage in "Jay." He says fervent spiritual emotions are not always a characteristic of God's children; but when they have them not, they are always seeking for them, for Christians have no happiness out of Christ, and from experience I know how true it is, for if I neglect my Saviour & grow cold in his service I am never satisfied, or happy.

To-night Dolie & I went to hear Mr. James P. Smith. The hymns were so sweet. "Behold a stranger at the door, [missing close quote mark] was one; & the other "I heard the voice of Jesus say, come unto me & live." This morning our S. S. lesson was "Fine Worship," a continuation of Jesus' talk with the women of Samaria.<sup>471</sup> Then Mr. Dunnaway preached about "Judas' denial."<sup>472</sup> He came to speak with my class a little while before school closed, & helped me to a great many wandering thoughts by some teasing [sic] remarks he made. He said he had not seen much of me recently, but had been hearing of me a good deal, & had no idea of losing his neighbours [sic] in that way, for I was not to leave without first consulting him, & added I am coming over to see you about it. The girls were amused, & I blushed & he laughed.

Journal I have been thinking right seriously of something recently. Suppose a [Illegible word]-baptist of influence & high position in his church should love me, & I could reciprocate his affections would it be right for me to do it, or would my duty to God require me to sacrifice my earthly happiness upon such grounds? I rather think it would detract from my usefulness as a working Xtian, and then I think maybe

---

<sup>471</sup> Passage from John, Chapter 4. *The Bible, Old and New Testaments*, King James Version, August 1, 1989, accessed on September 29, 2013. <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/10/10-h/10-h.htm>.

<sup>472</sup> The story of Judas's betrayal and Peter's denial is related in a Matthew 26:21-25, 31-35; Mark 14:18-21, 27-31; Luke 22:21-23, 31-38; and John 13:21-38. *The Bible, Old and New Testaments*, King James Version, August 1, 1989, accessed on September 29, 2013. <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/10/10-h/10-h.htm>.

God who knows all my weaknesses, may design that my faith should be subjected to this trial, to see whether I will be true to him, when it may require much boldness & sacrifice. He promises though “as thy day, so shall thy strength be,” and “In all thy ways acknowledge Him & he shall direct thy paths.”

What would become of me if I had to go alone?

Thoughts for weary hours.

Peace.

“If we would have peace, we must leave our selfish wishing & planning, take our hearts’ desire & lay it down at our Master’s feet, saying; thy will not mine. Every disciple of Jesus has a cross to bear, a conflict to wage, a victory to strive after. What is mine? The subduing of my will to God’s will. Every idol must be overthrown, every rebellious murmur stilled. The Lord must reign supreme.”

Saturday night

March 4th, 1871

Journal the Lord surely is good to me. You know by getting my set of Scott’s Novels I have had to sew [illegible characters struck out] in order to make money to pay for my hat &c &c. Well I have been calling out some numbers two evenings for bro. Carter; & ruled a book, so to-night he gave me two dollars. I protested against taking it, but he would make me.

I do not think I ever was so glad to get money scarcely, though every cent of it & more too is to be paid right away. I am afraid to say I will not; but I hope I shall not go in debt this year, the Lord helping me.



You see it has worried me nightly, so I prayed the Lord to help me on with my work &c, & behold how quickly he has answered my prayer!

March 7, 1871

In the dining room waiting for Francis to bring in supper. This evening Helen Chewning, Emm & I all started for Chatham to see Agnes & Mrs. Lacy, but at the Bridge learned they were in town, so did not continue our walk in that direction.<sup>473</sup> "The Bridge!" Many a tale of love, could it tell, were it capable of repeating all the tender passages which have occurred in passing on it, to & fro. But to me, it does not recall many tender, indeed I may say not any tender; & only one very pleasant association.

One night at an Ice-Cream Festival, (Memorial) Dr. Wellford came to me towards the close of the evening & asked if I was too much occupied to walk with him. So we went across the Bridge & sat on the rocks on the other side, & had such a nice talk. I remember in coming back, he repeated those lines of Miss Mulock's from "Plighted,"

"Mine to the core of thy heart my beauty,

Mine, all mine, and for love not duty;

Love, ~~for love's sake~~ given unwillingly, full & free

Love for love's sake, as mine for thee,"

Yet he did not say them for me, but only as an illustration of the way I desired to be loved. And nothing less will satisfy me. Another night he & I took a walk about eleven o'clock ~~one night~~ to look for

---

<sup>473</sup> Helen M. Chewning (b. 1852) is listed in the Fredericksburg census as a member of the household of Francis (b. 1809), a retired dentist, and Elizabeth (b. 1826) Chewning.

a comet. We had been to an Festival. Next morning what a nice time we had cleaning up & remembering things. Last Summer he accused me of having forgot all the circumstances, because I visited the comet, & the Bridge were different occasions. He is getting into a practice he writes, and I trust will succeed nobly. Journal he really was in love with Miss Butler Thornton, but did not address her because he saw her fondness for Mr. Taylor. Minnie Wellford got Mrs. White to write & inquire if I really was engaged to Mr. Powell. Says it is currently reported in Richmond. There are three decided objections to that even if Mr. P— cared for me; and I doubt it. His age, religion, & children. I love Mr. Powell just as much as I ever did, but there is not a spark of any other sort of affection for him in my heart. I do not think I will be tried in this way, and I hope not, though people choose to go & say he comes to see me. [Page torn from journal at this point]

evening comes on, it rouses thoughts like these, but I try not to give way to them, and pray against them. Carrie had a letter from her cousin Richard not long ago, principally about me she says. He mailed her to let him know whether I was engaged or not; ~~whether~~ says his coming to Va. depends on what answers he receives. He always speaks of me as “Mademoiselle Non-Pareil.” Right funny that he who never noticed me, or had anything to say to me, should have taking such a strange fancy. I always knew & liked Mr. Bob Semple, much better, for between you & me Journal I never fancied Mr. Richard’s change of religion much. Simply because I feared it was [illegible word] policy, and there is something else I do not like either. Yet I do not care for perfection, nor seek it; only no imperfections in a certain way.

Sunny Side, Va.

May 20th, 1871

Nearly two months since I last wrote, & now I am so sleepy, that I do not think I can long resist the wooings [sic] of “Tired Nature’s Sweet Restore.”

I will have been here two weeks tomorrow, & intend going home then, or even before; but Dolie is too sick to be left alone. I am so anxious to get our flowers arranged for the Summer, before the weather becomes so very warm. I am very willing & glad to stay however, if by so doing I can add to dear D’s comfort.

Sunday Evening, in the poarch.

May 21st. This has been a very quiet, & I fear a very unprofitably spent day. I have read & slept until a little while ago, when we sang some hymns.

“I heard the voice of Jesus say”

I heard the voice of Jesus say,

Come unto me and rest;

Lay down, thou weary one, lay down

Thy head upon my breast.”

I came to Jesus as I was,

Weary, and worn, and sad;

I found in him a resting place,

And he has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,

Behold I freely give,

The living Water; Thirsty one  
Stoop down and drink and live.”  
I came to Jesus and I drank  
Of that life-giving steam;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived  
And now I live in him.

“I heard the voice of Jesus say  
I am this dark world’s light;  
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright.”

I looked to Jesus and I found  
In him my star, my sun;  
And in that light of life, I’ll walk  
Till travelling days are done.<sup>474</sup>

Last Lord’s Day both of us spent quietly in pretty much the same way but in the afternoon both walked about a mile to a S. S. in the woods. Dolie taught a class of young men, & I of little girls. When I commenced I thought what must I say, what tell them, and I did try to lift my heart upwards for guidance, and He heard! They were bright, well instructed & attentive. I began at the Saviours [sic] birth & questioned them considerably about his life, death, resurrection & ascension, they surprised me

---

<sup>474</sup> A hymn written by Horatio Bonar and published in his *Hymns Original and Selected* in 1846, and in the first series of *Hymns of Faith & Hope* in 1857. Julian, *Dictionary of Hymnology*, 556.

by their intelligence, and I came away very glad that I had been & made an effort to do something for Jesus.

My last three visits here I have been reading to & helping poor Sarah learn. She has such a bright Xtian Spirit in the poor, bed-ridden body of a colored woman. Deserted principally by her husband, with two little children & no means of support.<sup>475</sup> She seems ever cheerful & trustful. I have accomplished a good deal of work since here I have been, [illegible character struck out] and glad to stay as long as Dolie requires me, but I will be very happy to get home again.

Journal it seems trouble is always necessary for me. Without I get so vain, & cold. Now my chief trouble is my tongue, which I am far from bridling at all times. I pray against this besetting sin, & strive to overcome it; when just as I begin to think I am improving, I will do or say something offensive, & be so miserable!

Now just before I came away from home two remarks I made, gave deep offense, and led to so much coldness, bitterness & estrangement. One I made in defence [sic] of somebody else, and the other I made with a pure motive, but they were not so received. All my prayer is just for strength not to say or do anything that may prove offensive, & God helping me I will pray & war against this unruly member till I learn to control it for Jesus sake.

By my window alone. Sunday afternoon.

June 11th

---

<sup>475</sup> The context of this passage suggests that Sarah is an African American woman who lives near "Sunny Side" in Spotsylvania County, Virginia.

What must I say, that I have improved! No serious storms but many passing clouds. Sometimes I wonder if anybody ever was tried like I am; & then I know so many, almost all in fact have more serious troubles than I do. But just now my discipline certainly does call for unwearied [sic] patience. Help me O my Father not to fail to look to them, & also to strive to grow in grace & charity.

My Spiritual life is very feeble. I get so cold & distant, my thoughts wander all over the earth I was about to say, while I am on my knees, & when I recall them I am astonished, & then here recently I am perfectly stupid by bed time from sleep, & can scarcely find words much less lift up my thoughts. And . . . in fact I believe I am suffering from what Dr. Wellford once charitably designated "Dyspepsia." I wonder what he is doing this evening! I surely would like to see him, & have him sit down & talk "good talk" to me, like he did once last Summer.

Last Sunday morning I heard Dr. Duncan preach such a heart comforting sermon from Hebrews "~~Seeing we have [illegible word]~~ such Seeing we are encompassed by so great a cloud of witnesses let us lay aside every weight & the sin which doth so easily beset us, and run with patience the race set before us; looking unto Jesus, the Author & Finisher of faith" Clearly did he set forth the necessity of continuing after once entering upon a race, for all time, & the impossibility of running with any burden however small to us. Then he spoke of the part this great cloud of witnesses had taken in the same race & conflict; not being mere spectators but fellow workers & sufferers. And in beautiful terms, did he show how Abraham & Moses had laid aside "every night" so as to obtain the [illegible word] crown." [open quote mark omitted] He said our besetting sins entrenched themselves in our hearts, & set forth the need of running with patience, looking unto Jesus." We must have some incentive, some reward to sustain us even in an earthly race, then how much greater our need of it in a life-long one. What else could help us pass onward & upward? What less than God & Heaven repay us for the tears

& toil by the way? Once he compared this cloud to the Milky Way bestudded with its innumerable hosts of stars.”

July 6th, 1871

I wrote the above brief synopsis just now, & clearly do I remember what an impression that sermon made upon me. At the close I felt like getting down upon my knees & confessing my unworthiness, with “God be merciful to me a sinner. Here lately I have been so cold. Reading & praying formally when full of such worldly desires & thoughts. As soon as I kneel down such drowsiness comes over me, that I can scarcely think or feel at all. I am not well, & this may partially account for some part of my sullenness, but much of it is, the wickedness [sic] of my poor heart.

Lou, Bessie & Florence Fleet have spent a day & night with me this week, then David, Carrie & Mr. Webb came in the evening, and we had the sweetest music. One song though so sad, especially pleased me, “I’m bearing a’wa fear, or The Lord O’ the Leal.”<sup>476</sup> They are such attractive, refined girls, especially lovely in the affection for each other. Mr. Fleet is to be married this evening. He came to see me about two weeks since, & I enjoyed seeing him very much. When he left he said “You know I always enjoy my visits to you.” The girls are charmed with Belle. I hope she will love them, & make a good wife. Mr. Bob Beal is in town. He has been to see me only once. Mr. Temple was here about a fortnight since. I think he is trying to get over his liking for me. Journal some time ago I had a letter from Mr. R. Temple asking me to correspond with him, and as he desired to refer the whole matter to Mother, I thought I would follow her advice & write to him. Had I acted as I thought best, I should most certainly have declined. Well I get very pleasant letters from him. [Illegible word struck out]

---

<sup>476</sup> Written by Scottish songwriter Carolina Oliphant (1766 – 1845). About eighty-seven songs carry her signature and it was only after her death that the songs appeared in her own name instead of the pseudonym “Mrs Bogan of Bogan.” William Donaldson, “Oliphant, Carolina, Lady Nairne (1766–1845),” *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004).

While I answer in a friendly sort of a way, I try not to say anything that may be brought up against me hereafter. [Next word inserted above the line] In the second letter he said that Va's sons were not more disloyal than her daughters, but necessity forced them to leave her borders, but generally they were animated by the hope of some day returning & inducing one of her "peerless beauties" to share his exile. Adding that most people advised him to marry a Texas woman. In reply I said the advice was "universally considered good ~~advice~~." Yesterday I had a letter from him. At the end he says "I am sorry for that expression of yours "universally considered good advice." He sent me his photograph last time, & wants mine, but I declined exchanging, for girls are too liberal with their pictures in my opinion.

July 12th. Wednesday no it is Tuesday.

To-night Bro. Carter, Nannie, Loulie, the two children & myself are all going down to Richmond to have little Nannie's picture taken. She is so lovely & interesting. When anyone asks how she feels, she says "I feel very poorly, pain in my back." The other day her mother was whipping her. She tried to pull down her clothes saying "[illegible word] [illegible word], little girls kicking up heels."

Bro. Carter has written to offer Dr. Wellford place of book-keeper at their Camp in Pittsylvania; has not heard from him yet though.

Aunt Jane was here yesterday, & Dolie spent all last week with us. Aunt Ellen a day & also an evening. Mrs. Marye, Miss Mary, [Illegible name] Mother & Liz, & a number of others at different times. Madge has a game of "Croquet," which we sometimes go around to enjoy. Johnny has not been here often of late; he teazes [sic] Loulie so about the Episcopal Church &c, & tells her the greatest number of idle rumours about what one & another says of the new preacher. Mr. Maury has gone away . . . & Mr. Williams been called.



This morning I picked up a piece of a recent “Religious Herald” & saw some quite unkind (in spirit & thought) remarks about “The [Illegible word] Reformation a Failure” Before I was conscious of what was passing in my heart & mind.<sup>477</sup> I found myself accusing Dr. [Illegible name] of a want of that “charity that thinketh no evil,” & had such bitter thoughts of him, but I remembered something I had been reading concerning “The Blisters of Humanity,” & concluded that I also must be wanting, so I did pray to get rid of such thoughts & feelings, for we are commanded to “love our enemies,” he certainly is the enemy of the Disciples.

The book entitled “Recreations of a Country Parson” is very entertaining, & has some good things in it.<sup>478</sup> As far as I have read there is very little about religion directly, but you cannot fail to recognize the Xtian sentimental of the ~~book~~ writer.

July 19th, 1871. Wednesday morning.

The Summer is passing very swiftly, but not anything especial to mark it one way or another. I sewed myself right sick, but am better now. I think the little trip to Richmond helped me, though we were a good deal fatigued. The two children, Nannie, Loulie & I all had our pictures taken. I expect I was right rude when the artist showed me the proof of mine. It was so horribly ugly that without thinking I avowed my dissatisfaction, but when the photographs came they certainly were not ugly. Loulie thinks them “lovely” she says, & Mother says I certainly must have had sweetest thoughts for the expression is heavenly. While Aunt Ellen thinks they do not do me justice at all. For my part I think they are like

---

<sup>477</sup> The *Religious Herald* was a periodical published since 1828 for the Baptist Book and Tract Society in Richmond, Virginia as the journal of the Baptist General Association of Virginia.

<sup>478</sup> *Recreations of a Country Parson* was written by Andrew Kennedy Hutchinson Boyd (1825 – 1899), a minister in the Church of Scotland. He wrote articles for *Fraser's Magazine*, which were eventually published in three series as *The Recreations of a Country Parson* (1859, 1861, and 1878), and ran into many editions. James Lachlan MacLeod, “Boyd, Andrew Kennedy Hutchison(1825–1899),” *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004).

me, only better looking than I am at all times. Little Nannie's is a beautiful picture & like her too, but I was disappointed in the others. The two Nannies are going to have portraits painted soon. I do hope they will be good, for both subjects are lovely. N— is now a handsome woman, & so pure & gentle looking. Emm too is very pretty, has such a rich bright face; & looks well no matter how she stretches her hair back. Arthur took Diplomas on Greek, German, French, & graduated on English too. He got a distinction on Latin. He is a fine fellow! Ellen Powell came to see us in R—, she reminded me very much of her Mother, & is so stylish & sweet looking, has lovely hair & complexion. Said she knew her Pa would be distressed to death at being away, while we were in the city. Rumour says Mr. Powell is engaged to Miss Mary Whittle; so there ends all the talk about his coming to see me. I never thought Mr. Powell in love with me, and it is a great deal better just as it is. He is too much of an Episcopalian to be happy married to anybody out of his own church. I wish he would come to see us once more before he takes unto himself a wife, for then she will be a stranger to us. I shall not feel as if I had a right to ~~fall~~ take the same interest in the Institute that I have always done.

Dolie stays with us right often. She has surely passed through deep waters this Spring, and poor thing I know she feels like her barque was drifting aimlessly along, it has been already so nearly ship-wrecked, but take courage. One is at the helm “who knows the way He takes.” The following lines she says suit her case so exactly.

I know not what will befall me, God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,  
And o'er each path he makes new scenes to rise,  
And every joy he sends to me, comes as a sweet & glad surprise.

“I see not a step before me as I tread the days of the year,

But the past is still in God's keeping, the future his Mercy shall clear,  
And what looks dark in the distance, may brighten as I draw near."

"For perhaps the dreaded future, is less bitter than I think,  
The Lord may sweeten the waters before I stoop to drink,  
Or, if Marah must be Marah, He will stand beside the brink."

"It may be He has waiting, for the coming of my feet,  
Some gift of such rare blessedness, some joy so strangely sweet,  
That my lips shall only tremble with the thanks I cannot speak."

"O restful, blissful ignorance, tis is blessed not to know,  
It keeps me quiet in those arms which will not let me know,  
And hushes my soul to rest on the bosom that loves me so."

"So I go on not knowing, I would not if I might,  
I would rather walk in the dark with God, than go alone in the light;  
I would rather walk with Him by faith, than walk alone by sight."

"My heart sinks back from trials, which the future may disclose,  
Yet I never had sorrow but what the dear Lord chose;  
So I send the coming tears back, with the whispered word, "He knows."<sup>479</sup>

---

<sup>479</sup> "Not Knowing" was written by American poet Mary Gardiner Brainard (1837 – 1905) and published in *The Congregationalist* in 1869. Edmund Clarence Stedman, ed., *An American Anthology, 1787–1900* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1900).

Wednesday Morning. Night I mean.

July 26th, 1871

Journal to-night I come to make the saddest record, ~~upon~~ that has ever yet overshadowed your pages. Mr. Powell is dead! As I write these words he rises before me in strength of & glory of his prime, as I last saw him, & my mind refuses to receive the truth. Plainly can I retrace the kindness, care & affection through the ten years I have known him. The first of October will be eleven years since Nannie & I were left in his charge; & well do I remember how handsome & pleasant he was that day. Three years I lived under his roof, & never did he scold me, or give me an unkind word. I can see him now making allowances for my [illegible word], though obliged to punish me too; I remember his forbearance when I was cros [sic] [illegible character struck out] & disagreeable, and again I am standing with him at the dining-room door during that awful examination on Butler, feeling the soft pressure of his hand on my head, & listening to his words of hope & encouragement. Hours spent in the Algebra room come back, & lessons of Literature. Now I am sent to bring Mag Britton down to Latin, & now for a book from the Library. Again we are going to church & he joins us two [sic]. I see him now coming up the road to Hilton, & feel the hot colour in my cheek as he tells Maj. Terrell it is unfair to ask one who is the prettiest girl in school. Then the week I staid at the Institute after school closed; how kind & affectionate he was, and always so glad to see us whenever we would go to the city. I see him now, as I have seen him in past years in a thousand different ways, but never anything but the faithful teacher, the true friend, the earnest Christian. Words cannot express my sorrow for his loss personally, as one to whom I could go in sorrow or joy, sure of finding sympathy; nor my great grief for his children. God can bring light out of darkness, & surely he will show the silver lining of this dark cloud. "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know here after." Yesterday tears were falling all the time, but to-night I feel as if nothing could force them from my eyes. God is good, & doeth all things well, this I know, & will believe, but my heart is very hard & cold. Some few letters are all I have to cherish, as a

part of that friendship which so long existed between us. Journal I could but think yesterday that the Mercy & goodness of the Lord were plainly discernible even in this trial, for suppose rumours of Mr. Powell's love for me had been true, how much heavier the blow would have fallen, but thank God deep as is the sorrow, it is free from that bitterness. Recently there have been reports of his being engaged to Miss [next word written over illegible word] Whittle, afloat, and so often I have wondered if they were true, & if so, God help her!

Sunny Side. Saturday Morning

August 5th, 1871

Yesterday evening our beloved brothers Robert & Lynn Cave concluded a protracted meeting they have been holding at Berea, with twelve additions to the church.<sup>480</sup> Eight from the world; two Baptists; one who had been excluded from the above named church for drunkenness [sic], & the last Mr. [Illegible name], who was baptized by Mr. Cutler three years ago, but has been wandering from the fold since. He asked Mr. Cave to state plainly how he had been inconsistent in drinking too much, & also in swearing. Altogether we feel that it has been a good meeting not only in converting sinners, but [illegible word] strengthening the church. May God help us all all [sic] & me, to live more for his glory, & enable us to try by his grace to be more faithful servants. The two brothers staid here two nights, & one at Aunt Janes'. They have less levity than any preachers I ever saw. Bro. Lynn thinks it a sin to laugh & appear gay during a protracted meeting, says Xtians ought to pray more, & let their friends see plainly that we do desire their salvation, & I think he is very nearly right, for I know for my own part how hard it is to speak of the soul's best interests to our brothers & neighbours [sic], no matter how

---

<sup>480</sup> Robert Catlett Cave (1843 – 1923) and Reuben Lindsay Cave (1845 – 1924) of Orange County, Virginia, both served in the Confederate army during the war. In 1867, Robert was ordained, and preached for the Macedonia church. The brethren in Kentucky heard of the young preacher who was growing in influence, and invited him to Lexington, Kentucky, to work with the journal, the *Apostolic Times*. After the war, Reuben Cave studied for the ministry preached in Virginia at Gordonsville, Macedonia, and Gilboa. "Robert Catlett Cave (1843 – 1923)," *Restoration History*, 2000, accessed on October 6, 2013, <http://www.therestorationmovement.com/cave,robert.htm>; "Reuben Lindsay Cave (1845 – 1924)," *Restoration History*, 2000, accessed on October 6, 2013, <http://www.therestorationmovement.com/cave,rlin.htm>.

greatly we may desire their good, or how many prayers we offer for them. I did manage to say a few words to three or four people this time, but if it made them think any, God only knows. Cora Washington, & Jennie Chandler, Taylor Crutchfield, Mary Herndon & Eddie Story were amongst those who made the good confession. I thought because Bro. Robert was so gentle & quiet, he would preach very little doctrine; but plainly preached before, & while he never said one word offensively; yet he pulled down three strongholds of justification [sic] by faith alone; &c.

Sunday morning Mr. Robert Case had commenced preaching before we got there, but from what I heard him say it was on “God manifest in the flesh,” or some kindred subject. That afternoon on “Reconciliation.” Monday in the Morning on [next word written over illegible word] “Conversion” [next two words represented by ditto marks] in the Morning [next word represented by ditto mark] on “Sins what must I do to be saved” Tuesday [next two words represented by ditto marks] in the Morning [next word represented by ditto mark] on “Faith.” [Next word represented by ditto mark] Tuesday Bro. Lynn, evening, “Saul of Tarsus.” Wednesday Bro. Robert Morning “Liberty” [Next word represented by ditto mark] Wednesday [next word represented by ditto mark] Bro. Lynn, evening “Labour not for the Meat that perisheth.” Thursday, Morning, “The Resurrection.” Thursday evening, Bro. Lynn, “Made him to be sure for us who [next three words inserted above line] know no sin &c” Friday evening [next two words represented by ditto marks] Bro. Lynn “The Conversion of Lyddia.”

Like at the marriage in Cana, the last wine was the best; so both brothers preached their very best at the last.<sup>481</sup> On Lyddia, Bro. L— gave me a good deal of light. I had never even noticed that she had gone to Philippi to sell her purple dyes. He showed so plainly how God had led Paul right there where she was; instead of permitting him to go ~~down into~~ Bithynia or preach the word in Asia. His spirit led

---

<sup>481</sup> Lizzie is referring to the story in John 2:1-11 in which Jesus transformed water into wine. *The Bible, Old and New Testaments*, King James Version, August 1, 1989, accessed on September 29, 2013, <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/10/10-h/10-h.htm>.

him to Troas, where he beheld in his vision the man a Macedonia praying for help. And then how providentially he found a ship going straight to Neapolis, & made the journey in two days, where usually it took five. Upon reaching this port Paul went to Philippi, which history tells us was the best of all markets for selling “purple,” there bringing its weight in gold. Now Lydia had come from Thyatira to Philippi to dispose of her dyes, but she showed her fidelity & at the same time her [illegible word] [illegible word] or conversion to that religion by meeting on the Sabbath with those who were wont to offer prayer by the river-side. And so when amongst those who believe & obey not the requirement of our holy profession, let us also [illegible word struck out] leave them on the Lord’s Day & retire where we can worship him in spirit & in truth. Me thinks too it teaches us that when in strange places, although we know it not, our influence against or for the truth may be felt; for probably here Lydia may not have been generally known; perhaps those she met on the river-side would not have know why she staid from them; nor those of her own counting & kindred have ever heard of her conduct, but God knew & saw her; & so too when exposed to temptation, may he ever help us to remember that thou God seeist me! So much for the character of Lydia. What was the effect? “And a certain woman named Lydia, . . . heard us; whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul.” In this connection, our preacher said “attend” was never used in but one of two senses viz: to listen or to execute, obey, then he should here that Lydia listened to; heard Paul & that after she had heard him, the Lord opened her heart, & then that she attended unto (performed) the things which were spoken of Paul. Now God is much more of an Economist than man, and if he sends his spirit directly into the sinner’s heart, why should he have called Paul to take this long journey across the Aegean Sea; 150 miles wide, when Lydia had no need of the word to teach her what to do? Ah, faith comes by hearing, & hearing by the word of God. How can they believe in Him of whom they have not heard, & how can they hear without a preacher? Bro. Lynn made two or three very simple & short pray speeches to the church also. Once he exhorted them to be prayerful & serious during their

meeting, begging God not to save anyone in his sins, but to direct their surroundings & steps so as to bring them to his house, that they might hear & obey. Pray said he where no eye but Gods [sic] can see, nor any ear but his hear you; pray for your friends, your neighbours; those who are in trouble on account of sin, & for hardened sinners. Let them see that you earnestly desire their salvation.

Another time he spoke of the nature of prayers. He said a prayer to be acceptable to God must first be offered in humility, for God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble; secondly it must be offered in the spirit of forgiveness. "Forgive us as we forgive those who trespass against us." [Quote mark omitted] Neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive you, if ye from your heart, forgive not everyone his brother his trespasses."

Thirdly he said prayer must be offered in faith, "For everyone that cometh to God must believe that he is, & the rewarder of those who diligently seek him."

Fourthly in the spirit of obedience. I cannot now remember exactly what he said about this.

Another time he said he wanted to call one thing to our remembrance viz: James says "Whatsoever is not of faith; is sin." No this was not it exactly, here it is though "To Him that knoweth to do good, & doeth it not, to him it is sin." Surely this is a solemn thought, that every time we neglect a duty, or permit an opportunity for doing even the slightest good pass by unimproved, we are guilty of sin.

He said the way James came to write these words, he was reproving Xtians for saying I will to this & that, instead of "if the Lord will."



The finest of all Bro. Roberts sermons was the one [sic] on the Resurrection. He read from 1st Cor. 15 chap. 1st, 20, 21 & 22 verses. "If in this life only, we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."

"For as by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead."

"For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

Mr. Cave thinks that the death of the body is the penalty inherited by all mankind because of Adam's transgression; but that individually we are free from the guilt of Adam's [sic] disobedience. For he thinks God's word sustains us in the opinion that our spirits are not inherited, but come directly from God, for Solomon says "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return to the God who gave it." For as by man came death, not by God, for He never made his creatures just to punish them with death; nor was it ordained before the world was created, that Adam should eat the forbidden fruit, for God's aim is not, nor ever was the misery of his creatures, but since their happiness was his object, he could do nothing to prevent the accomplishment of that purpose . . . by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. So if all must die spiritually in Adam; ~~so~~ after Christ, all must be made alive; and we know though there shall be a resurrection of all the dead both small & great; yet only those who are dead in Christ his own peculiar people, shall be raised to an immortality of bliss. That is, that since death of the body came by Adam, even so life [next three words represented by ditto marks] of the body will come [next word represented by ditto mark] by Christ to all mankind; and if spiritual death came to all by Adam, so must spiritual life come to all by Christ; & hence universal salvation, but we know those who do not believe & obey the gospel must be lost.

He illustrated it by saying that if he were to commit a theft, his child would in no wise inherit the guilt of his crime, while its effects would be undoubtedly felt, so our nature had been weakened, & our desires to do evil greatly increased by the Fall. Yet this he said was not the point to which he wished particularly to call attention, for many of our own people would not sustain him in it, even his own brother. So he told us privately. (yet we are not as guilty as was Adam of taking the forbidden fruit.)

I have scarcely been able to give even an idea of his opinion, for thoughts & words flowed freely from him, & he takes the Bible & proves so conclusively why he believes so & so, that there is little gainsaying him. He grew eloquent in speaking of Adams [sic] being turned out of the garden after eating of “the fruit of the knowledge of good & evil,” before his disobedience there had been full access to the tree of life; but after the Fall, God sent him out of the garden “lest he put forth his hand & take [next word inserted above line] also of the tree of life; & eat & live forever.” I never saw before why he was only told not to partake of the one tree; when both were in the garden. ~~for~~ So long as man kept the covenant between him & his maker, there was no reason for withholding from him the tree of life. Then he went on to speak of the hundreds of years the Angels stood at the gates of the earthly Paradise, to prevent man’s return (until the Flood I suppose,” [close parenthesis and quote mark missing] & yet no hope, but only darkness & gloom. Then along the patriarchal dispensation, until Moses, when the Law was given with the Solemn Sentence, He that doeth the things contained therein shall live by them, until Christ came, & brought “Life & Immortality to light through the Gospel.” Grandly did he picture the Resurrection morn! In concluding his exhortation was very touching. He said at the Pact Day perhaps he might again meet, those to whom he was now speaking, & perhaps be called upon the witness stand to testify concerning them. And then shall I say, “My Master I knew these people & for days I preached unto them the unsearchable riches of Christ, in yonder world; but they

refused to accept him or shall I say My master, yes I knew these, & I told them as best I could of thy Love & Mercy; and they believed & confessed Christ before men. I remember how he looked & Spoke, though I cannot give even a faint idea of what he said. While he was representing the joys of that bright home above; I thought so much of the dear teacher so recently gone to it, and felt “how sweet it would be to be there.”

Never can I forget the impression left upon me by one exhortation. It was Tuesday evening, and he had reason to think some were hesitating for fear of proving unfaithful. Showing them how, they were to live not of themselves; nor in their own strength. He exclaimed “Are you afraid to trust Jesus? Afraid to trust him who gave his life for you? Then his face grew bright, & his whole countenance illuminated as he repeated the words of inspiration, “But now thus saith the Lord, that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee O Israel, Fear not; for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee, by thy name; thou art mine.”

When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. “For I am the Lord thy God; the holy one of Israel, thy Saviour; I gave Egypt [sic] for thy ransom, Ethiopia & Seba for thee.

“Fear not for I am with thee, I will bring thy seed from the East; & gather thee from the West; I will say to the North give up, and to South, “Keep not back;”

“I, even I, am the Lord, and besides me there is no Saviour.”

Many new thoughts were suggested by different parts of his sermons. On Faith, he quoted from James was not Abraham justified by works, when he had offered his Son Isaac upon the altar? Seeeth thou how faith wrought with his works, & by works was faith made perfect. The Theologian & defender of "justification by faith only" may say but this is the case of a Xtian. Yes surely no one will deny that old Father Abraham was a Saint but, "Likewise also was not Rahab the harlot justified by works, &c, and surely she was no Saint." Again if the sinner who is spoken of as dead in trespasses & sins be incable [sic] of acting; or any good, then those who have been baptized into Christ have been baptized into his death; and are dead to sin, must be incable [sic] of doing any wrong; but we know the Xtian does sin daily.

Aug. 17th. At home.

Last night I had a right unaccountable sort of a dream. I thought we were all at [Illegible word], & I was in the parlour (How well I remember how the old room used to look, with its old fashioned furniture, & simple ornaments,) by the window & Dr. Wellford was standing by me talking in low tones, & a good deal agitated, telling the old, old story; but something interrupted & I left the room without saying anything, but feeling surprised. Presently however I came down again, & all of us were on the ere of leaving, when he & I stood once more by the window, & just as we were about to say good bye I looked up at him; wondering if he was going to ask for an answer. I think my raising my eyes caused him to, & he was just saying, "If you loved me a little I think you would be willing to go to Florida with me & we could live on a little" &c. when I awoke. I have scarcely thought of him at-all lately, except in the way & at the time he asked me to remember him, & cannot imagine what put him into my mind; but dreams are right unaccountable & certainly very far from true. For in this instance I am very sure he had no wish to be other than he is: [Quote mark omitted] My Memorial Friend."

Fredericksburg. Sept 5th, 1871

By my favorite window in the old chamber; with the beautiful view of the surrounding hills which so often has charmed away evil thoughts.

Since I last wrote in my journal Emm, Dolie, Cousins Tom, & Pyne and myself have all been to the Peidmont Co. Operation, meeting at Macedonia, had a delightful time & [next two words inserted above line] met with so much kindness. We spent the first night on our way up with Mrs. Graves, took supper first at Berea, the second at Mr. [Illegible name], third at Ms. Mouton's & fourth at "The Springs." George N. was in attendance of-course & supplied us with potatoe [sic]-puddings. Poor fellow he ate scarcely anything; & took ham & tomatoes for bread. We had plenty of fun with Dolie, & so many sweet laughs at her expense.

Emm seemed to be liked & admired. I think a young Mr. Hunley was really captivated by her sprightliness. She added so much to our enjoyment by her jokes & merriment, that I was more than glad she went. I wish I was full of fun & life, but though I enjoy such things; my character has been so sobered down, that one would scarcely think how wild I used to be. Mr. [Illegible name] Grastie was very kind to us all, & took Emm under his special care. We all enjoyed seeing Mr. Cave so much, his is the ruling spirit in the Co. Operation, he fought; he fought nobly & well for the success of his resolutions & prevailed in every instance I think. Mr. Linn Cave was also there two days & we had some pleasant talk with him. Mr. Cutler, Mr. Wallthall, Mr. Coleman, Mr. Dabney & his deaf brother, & Mr. Parker Richardson were of our member.

Among the acquaintances I made, the most pleasant were Mr. L. Parker & Mr. Daniel. The former I did not find a bit too slow, only deliberate, and so pious & humble; but with plenty of fun & zest for other

things. I think he liked me right well. He is not very handsome, but has a fine face & pretty eyes, which he raises & looks upward with the most innocent manner imaginable. I felt particularly free & easy as I knew he was engaged & soon to be married. Mr. Daniel is Mr. Cave's brother in law; he staid at the Springs with us the last night in Orange.<sup>482</sup> Soon after the ladies went into the parlour he came up & was introduced to me, & after talking a while proposed going to see the Springs, so the whole party of us went down, & after taking the water he & I went under the shade of some trees & sat, until after the others had all gone home. He told Emm before he knew me that the Misses Cary had given him one of us & asked if she was the one, for they had spoken in high terms of a Miss Alsop, but added he was going to see which one he liked best. He concluded I was the one answering Miss C— description, but he liked Emm best I think. I talked with him a good deal & liked him too. He is pious and noble I should judge, but not ostentatious, is quite [next word inserted above line] good looking, but not handsome, has read some, I did not know him well enough to form an opinion of his knowledge of history or depth, but imagine he likes to read, and he thinks more than most young men, his conversation is sprightly & interesting, and I believe he is sincere.

We were talking about how much more lasting characters generally were; which at-first were not near so prepossessing &c, and how frequently those, who upon first acquaintance so pleased us, were not apt to win as true a regard, when he added I scarcely ever like long those who at first please me most. In a few minutes I told I was not going to talk to him any longer, for I had a great honor of peoples getting tired of me, but told there were two things I wanted him to do. First not to think because I was not familiar with the books he had read, I did not know anything of others, & secondly, æ I hoped he had not liked me a bit. He seemed very much amused & said I did not think you would apply my

---

<sup>482</sup> Mr. Daniel was a brother of Fannie S. Daniel, the wife of Robert Catlett Cave. See footnote on page 462. The springs to which Lizzie referred could be Orange Springs, Unionville, Virginia. Orange Springs was originally constructed as a tavern in the 1790s, but was soon converted into a resort spa. About 1850, the spa building was remodeled to serve as a family home. Ann L. Miller, "National Register of Historic Places Inventory/Nomination: Orange Springs," (Richmond: Virginia Department of Historic Resources, 1990).

remark so, but you have got me completely, "I do not like you much at-all." Presently he came across where I was & said he had returned to show me he was not tired of talking with me. The next day he & Mr. Cave came down with our party & we all had a merry time eating our luncheon. Mr. D— was reclining near me & [illegible word] said cacthing [sic] my watch key, I wish you would give me this. I told him I would were it mine; he said would you<sup>r</sup> sure enough? & commenced laughing about a little heart I had to my chain, upon my saying something about my ability to preserve mine entire, he said but that is something you will get tired of keeping & want to give away, so I promised when I was tired I would send mine down to him, & he said he would immediately come up. I told him if it depended upon that I feared we would never meet again. I was begging Mr. C— to persuade Mr. Bob Coleman to come down, when Mr. D— said I am opposed to that, but I hope you will not think it is from selfish motives. I looked him right full in the eyes & said, ~~You need not be afraid~~ "I certainly do not think you are selfish in it." I am right sorry now, I did not ask him, "if he thought the danger was so great, that repeated warnings were necessary for my safety." He told Emm he was coming to F— upon his return to Richmond; but he was obliged to anyhow on business. He liked her mightly [sic] I thought, and but for Arthur I should not object; but he is too nice to be encouraged for nought [sic]; if he should ever care more for her. I felt something liked [sic] I used in the days of "Lang Syne." When freed from care, & charmed with the novelty of Society, I used to enjoy the meaningless nonsense of Capt. Church & others.

Bro. C— had a letter from Dr. Wellford, & at the end of his message to me, said tell her "not to forget me."

Here recently affairs have been coming to a rapid development between me & my “Bonham friend.”<sup>483</sup> “Ah woe is me” to be always bringing sorrow upon those who love me best. He brags for five years his dream has been to establish himself in life, lay the foundation of a fortune, & then come & lay all at my feet. He says the flashing glances of the Texas girls have failed to fascinate him, for always before him rose the memory of a pair of “large expressive eyes,” (My eyes are really grey, but none of my admirers ever designate them as such.) owned by a young lady possessing “vivacious manners,” (Generally speaking mine are any thing else.) “sprightly wit,” “dignified demeanour [sic],” & “a most amiable disposition.” As his opinion of me is so good, it is well he will have an opportunity of proving it otherwise. All of this must seem egotistical & vain, the former necessarily; for what is this book but a record of myself? the latter I admit partially, for the thought occurred to me that maybe some of my grand children might one day see these lines & feel some little curiosity about those who penned them. I have never yet let any one see these books, containing some instances in a life by no means uncommon. And even should I ever marry, I do not think I could let my husband see the workings of my mind & heart as herein disclosed. If I had one I might feel differently however, for of-course the inexperienced cannot appreciate the unity of feeling, existing between spirits so mysteriously connected, by God’s holy ordinance.

Mr. Semple wrote to me three times before hearing, & another letter came yesterday in which he begs me to reconsider the matter, if I have written him a discouraging letter; & not to spurn from me one who would consecrate “every energy of his soul, & every moment of his life to making me happy,” if I would only suffer it. My first letter upon the subject was so business like, that I hardly thought his feelings much involved; but now I really believes [sic] he loves me; truly & tenderly with all of a man’s

---

<sup>483</sup> Lizzie is referring to Richard Buckner Semple (1841 – 1913), but this is the only time she refers to him as her “Bonham friend,” a reference to his residence in Bonham, Texas. Semple was a veteran of the Fredericksburg Artillery. He moved to Texas in 1866, was admitted to the bar at Galveston in 1868, and was listed as a notary and alderman in Bonham, Texas in 1876. Henry Lewis Bentley, “Texas Legal Directory For 1876-77,” Book, 1877, *The Portal to Texas History*, accessed October 06, 2013, <http://texashistory.unt.edu/ark:/67531/metapht2413/>; Krick, *The Fredericksburg Artillery*, 108.



strength. Journal I have prayed in this as in all things, for Divine Aid, and I have tried to write him kindly & dispassionately, but firmly; thinking it kinder to blight his hopes now, than wait for them to burst into maturity. I have thought calmly over the matter. I am twenty-five; it maybe no one else will ever ask me to make him happy, possibly such faithful love will not again be offered me, & what then but an old maid's loveless lot? No home, no face to brighten for my greeting; no loved footsteps to listen for, but a long pathway to be trodden all alone! And yet not alone; for underneath are the "Everlasting Arms!" God pity me if after turning from so much affection, after overshadowing the brightness of so many hearts; I find at-last that "it might have been" better to have given my hand, & what love I could; than brave the world alone. Yet what would marriage be without a love so strong, so deep, so overpowering; that I could not help saying, "God do so to me & more also, if aught but death part me & thee."

Sept 8th, 71

Little Nannie was carried out to see some chickens the other day. When she called out "Dolie that little chicken peeped from under his Mother, & smiled at me!" She is so lovely, & attractive.

Georgie went into the closet with his Mother a few days since, & kept so quiet that she looked around to see what he was doing, found him washing some handkerchiefs Mrs. Yerby had put in soak.<sup>484</sup> Jennie called out "What are you doing sir?" [Quote mark omitted] I'm just washing these handkerchiefs. I'm mighty kind to Grandma & does ~~every~~ all these sorts of things she wants me to;" he replied.

An obituary notice in a recent paper (written by the afflicted parient [sic], reads,

---

<sup>484</sup> Hannah Meredith Yerby (1802 – 1871) was the mother of Lizzie's sister-in-law Virginia Louise Yerby.

“We cant [sic] have everything to please us,  
For our little Johnny has gone to Jesus!”

A day or two since my little three year old George went with his parents to get a hat. He declined having any that they saw, & turning to the merchant said what is the price of those hats, pointing to some on the shelf? Looked at them, selected one & would not have any other.

Mother gave him a little pocket-book with some notes in it, he was delighted and after looking over his role of money said, I must pay Uncle Willie some I owe him now; & gave his Mother ten cents (10 cts) & asked her please to send it to his Uncle. Last winter Willie teased him & told the child his cow had eaten his (Willie’s) corn, and he would bill him unless Georgie paid him \$2.50. So the little fellow promised, but ever since has made all sorts of excuses, till now, when he remembered his word, & tried to make it good the first money he had.

Wednesday Oct 3d. In the old chamber alone.

To-day George, Jennie, Mr. & Mrs. Yerby and the three little one’s [sic] left us. Emm went down to Caroline, & Loulie to her Father’s; so only Father, Mother & myself are here. Mary Knox, Johnny Minor, John Randolph, Mrs. Ficklin, Mr. Gordon, Emm & I formed a merry party at the Depot, where we had to wait, fully an hour & a half. Johnnie tells every body that John R— is in love with me, & this morning made Mary come home with him, before the cars came. She actually teased [sic] him at dinner yesterday, whereupon Cousin George said, “I can tell you John, Lizzie is not going marry of you trifling fellows; she ought not to take anybody lower than a President or Vice-Prt. anyhow.” That is a silly sounding speech to record, but it was told me simply as a proof of Cousin George’s regard. I am just as sleepy as I can be. The other night I dreamed about Mr. Daniel, thought he was trying to induce me to

believe he had come especially to see me. When probably I may never see him again. Bro. Carter & Louie have fixed on somebody for me. I am afraid to say whom!

Just now I turned to the first page of my Journal, & saw there, "A New Year, a New Journal, but no new hopes save an earnest desire & prayer to be more holy in thought, & word & deed." And now in October, I sit & looking back upon the past nine months see what? Impatience, petulance, wandering thoughts, wavering purpose, lip-service; a cold, unfeeling heart, more selfishness than there used to be even, I think. And yet I have had so many privileges this Summer, & surely enough of trial to "stamp the Saviour's image" on my heart. Poor sinful me! God help & forgive me for his dear son's sake!

Nov. 6th, Tuesday

In the dining room waiting for supper.

Journal a month & three days have passed since I last wrote in you, and though not really able to spare the time, again I will devote a few moments [next three illegible words inserted above line] to the privilege of pouring out to you some of the things which seem now so clouding our domestic horizon.

Ever since I came home from Cousin Pyne's I have been sewing for Nannie. I mean by that, I have done nothing for myself, & ~~when~~ to-night after I shall sew  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour more, I will have earned only six dollars. At that rate would I not support myself handsomely? Seventy-five dollars a year! But I am as glad to get this little amount now, as I used to be for twenty five or fifty dollars. The money-market is very tight; and Father cannot give us a single cent, so our winter preparations [sic] will be limited. I have puzzled my brain about something to do; but in vain. I could teach, but how can I get a Situation? If I could only get a place with a salary large enough to help Father some I would be so thankful. If Mr.

Powell was alive, I would be sure of an influential friend to help me in the accomplishment of my purpose, but “he is not.” God has taken him to himself. I am afraid sometimes my heart is very rebellious about his death. I cannot help wishing he was alive, & yet I know I would not have him back because of my desire, if it was in my power even! Almost every dream of future happiness was connected with him in some way; he entered into every day-dream; & pleasant anticipation. Still it was a pure true love, for friend & teacher, for I could think of seeing him with his new wife without pain. I thought of him as the one out of & beyond my own immediate family to whom I could just go in sorrow or joy. But God’s ways are not [illegible character struck out] ours; and “it is well!” Though a dear earthly friend has been removed, have I not now another amongst those around the Throne? And too, it may be that my Father intends removing all earthly props, that I may know him more fully in whom I believe. Gracious Saviour teach me to know & love thee best of all, at whatever cost; and mercifully grant me strength to do & suffer thy will. But I am so cold, & following so afar off; draw me closer to thy side & lead me “nearer my God to thee,  
E’re though a cross it be  
That raiseth me.”

The want of money after all I do not feel so much for myself, but I do dislike to see Father so harrassed [sic] & worried in his old age; but God knows best, & I can only pray that we may be patient & cheerful, & submissive, “looking above to the Hand that is guiding us, & beyond to the joys in view.”

Emm is dreadfully distressed about something, but will not tell anyone about what. Sometimes I wish I could take all sorrow from her & Nannie & bear it myself. I think I was made for trouble, and I know I need it! Yes every bit that comes to me.

Then we have been kept so anxious recently about Willie, he has been gone two weeks & not one word from him; we only having heard of his being in Baltimore, & having his arm examined. Loulie is so miserable about him. Part of the time I have felt wretched too, but I do pray for him constantly; and I try to be patient & wait; but I cannot think anything dreadful is the matter, or we would surely have heard, for we know I fear only too well the cause of his silence.

Just as all the troubles were bearing on us most heavily, and dreading Nannie's early departure; our old sorrow broke out afresh, and waking & sleeping oppressed us, for heavy as are the others, this is by far the hardest to bear. God give us grace to suffer, even in this trying to glorify thee; and if it is not removed O mercifully consider us! May all our loved [illegible word] be spared the bitterness we have so long been tasting. Lord have mercy upon us, through Jesus Christ our Lord!

Nov. 14th, Tuesday

In the old chamber. A really stormy day, windy & raining steadily. Yesterday morning Nannie, Bro. Carter and the two little ones left us. We do not yet realize our loss, for after having them in home nearly four months, the separation will of-course be all the more keenly felt. Nannie seemed so reluctant to leave us all, and missing them as we all must; I mind it more for Mother & Father, for we are young & may hope to be much more with them, but our "Father is growing old," and as each Winter approaches I can but feel apprehensive about the effect on him. Little Nannie is the loveliest & most interesting child I ever saw; with plenty of merriment & mischief. At the supper table she entertained us all telling her little stories; always beginning "Once t'was a time my Mother." Leaning her little head on one hand & resting her elbow on the table, I can see her now turning her sweet blue eyes up & saying with the most winning grace, "Once 'pon a time my Mother; a Mocking bird came to the window & said, "Nannie, Nannie what you doing?" and I said [quote mark omitted] yes," or else,

“Nannie, Nannie what you eating [quote mark omitted] & I said “mustard.” She says Lizzie is the prettiest but she is the best. She has been sleeping with me lately, & in the night would put her lips to mine & put her arms around me frequently.

Little Lizabeth was devoted to me, & could not bear for me to give her to anyone else. Soon as I would see her she would commence bread, bread. Her eyes were “Darkly, deeply, desperately blue.” Bro. Carter gave Emm, Louie, & me a nice alpaca apiece with trimmings. So without money I have most things I needed very much. Mother gave me a calico, & another dress, & Bro C the above mentioned, so now I am just waiting for my cloak & shoes, and when it is right I will certainly have them. All along I have prayed not to extravagant & to be cheerful & willing to do without this Winter, and asked the Lord to give me the things that were best for me. So I receive everything as coming from him. I bought myself a pair of gloves, & paid 91 cts I owed Miss Kitty, then got ribbon & frame for my nice, & a frame (or will get it,) for my common hat, both of them will only cost me about a dollar & eighty cts.

Journal though I wrote to Mr. Semple in August telling him I did not love him &c, yet even since he has continued to plead his cause in such a way as to cause me a good deal of painful reflection, until his last on Sunday dated, Nov 1st, came, I think it will be the last.

In it he says he thought I would have let him come to Va, to learn from personal intercourse whether there existed between us that natural affinity which is the parent of love . . . “If I were thrown into your society, and you were to believe me honest, sincere in my admiration & love worthy of your affection,” (that is the very root of the whole matter I doubt not,) and your heart was not pre-occupied, my life upon it, you would soon lend a ready ear to my story of love; so long, patient & sincere and that cold obdurate heart would meet with warmth for him, who henceforth must struggle

“to extirpate from his heart all the remains of a passion, [illegible word struck out] which he has derived so much pleasure in fostering.”

In another letter he said while he would not have me marry him unless I loved him truly; yet if no obstacle existed, he did not see any use in my going out of the way to make one. I cannot express the conflicting notions that have been harassing me of late concerning this, at first I did not hesitate at-all! A fear of seeming coquettish if I permitted him to come, and yet not thinking I would love him if he did, but scarcely knowing what I would or could do. A great yearning for such patient, constant, faithful love as his I believe is, but doubting whether he would meet the demands of my nature for all that. I have tried to act [illegible word], & as I would have others do to me; but time may develop the great mistake I may be making in refusing such wealth of affection, so steadfastly. Guide me aright my Father, but if I am wrong, God pity us both!

Sunny Side

Dec 10th, 71

Another quiet Lord's Day, but not a gloomy one by any means. I have spent the morning reading my Bible & Examiner, then Dolie & I sung a little & read some hymns. Sarah has been suffering too much for me to read aloud to her, but I endeavoured [sic] to edify Uncle [Illegible name] & old Uncle Hill, the former requested to hear the “Departure of the Israelites from Egypt,” and I could but feel they were harmonizing with their own release from bondage; I tried to attract their attention to the spiritual meaning of the scriptures too however.

Mr. Temple has been over every day but one since I came. He does & says some things so much like Mr. Beal that it is positively painful, at-times.

George's family are at-home, & Kate Brown is with Emm. Journal there is one thing I find particularly hard to do, & which I neglect being much, viz: talking with the unconverted. Above all else do I desire to see George, my dear Brother, a Xtian, and yet I say nothing of this great desire to him or Jennie. I pray for them daily to be sure, but one must not only pray but work. This is Bro. Robert's Sunday at the Bowling Green; how much I would have liked to hear him. A few days after writing this I heard from there, to the effect that Mr. Daniel was there & disappointed because we were not. Mr. Cave sent his love to me, & said he brought a beau all the way from Richmond to meet me.

Miss Ella Grasty has been staying some with us. She told me that Mr. Daniel & Mr. Cave had both taken a great fancy to me. I am glad, for it is nice to have people like you, when you like them.

Dec. 31st, 71

Sunday night

This morning Mr. Dunnaway preached from, "Bring to remembrance the former days &c," an excellent and very appropriate sermon too he preached for the last day of the year. He was urging individual retrospection & reflection at this time as especially appropriate while standing "with one foot on the crumbling verge of the old year, & the other on the threshold of a new in-coming year." As I look back even over this year how many sins to be mourned over! how many mercies to be thankful for! But the past is irrevocable, and all I can do is to lay my sins at his feet, & pray for future strength. This year our loss has been heavy! In six months as many loved ones have been taken away from us, none of whom do I miss more than the first My friend Mr. Powell; & the last, she of whom I heard the sad tidings to-day; Ellen Dew. God help me to meet them in Heaven, & forgive my many fold transgressions for Jesus



sake! My Father enable me to be more humble, more prayerful & watchful, more patient & hopeful, more fervent in spirit, serving the Lord!

To-day I read a letter from Lou in which speaking of some trials she says "I have had experience enough to learn that it is the worrying that wears, and so I try to keep the wheels of my life well oiled with patience, prayer & hope, and they move smoothly & happily." She is a noble brave woman!

Feb. 13th, 1872

Tuesday night. Aunt Jane, George & I in Father's room.

This is the first time I have even attempted to write in my Journal since the old year departed, but so much has been crowded into the last few weeks, that Xmas seems a very long way off in the past.

Friday the 5th of January my dear Father was stricken with Paralysis, and has been a helpless invalid ever since. Sometimes we have thought him on the very "Shore of the river of death," but God has been merciful, & not taken him from us. George thinks he may linger a long time, but fears he will never be able to move about again. It must be so hard for him to lie day after day, month after month without being able to move, or turn over himself; and last week when I could not use my hand, I felt more than ever for him. But what a blessing it is that he does not suffer acutely, & best of all that his mind is at peace, being stayed on Thee, merciful Father. He seems to enjoy the ministers [sic] visits more than anything else. And this is not our only trouble, for the old, old sorrow has returned and the future seems almost hopeless! In this dark hour what can we do but lift up our hearts unto Thee, "who art the strength of our hearts & our portion forever?" Now, very sweet & precious are the promises; yea they are exceeding great & precious! "All things shall work together for good to those that love

God [punctuation omitted]" "These light afflictions which are but for a moment, work for you an eternal might of glory." Amidst the changes & trials of life it is very comforting to know that "in Him there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." And then no matter how dark the future may seem, yet we are not to bear all at-once; only one day at-a-time, & the promise "as the day so shall thy strength be." I thought as I looked at the moon Sunday night (a bright crescent, the circle being completed by a dim silver outline, shining through the clouds,) it was a fit emblem of life, for memory sheds a soft radiance over the past & we in looking back upon it ~~we~~ forget that at first it was not light; while through the gloom of coming events we can but trace the dim outline, by faith. Now "the day is dark, & cloud on cloud; Is hovering darkly ove' me." Yet when light grows dim, we can still trust his love, who spared not his own son. And will he not with him richly give us all things?"

Saturday morning I went down to Cousin Tom's in order to hear Bro. Robert's farewell sermon. He Cousin Pyne & I all went down to the Bowling Green next day, & had the sweet privilege of meeting to celebrate the Lord's death & burial. Mr. Cave preached from I I Peter, 1st Chapter, 5th to I Ith verses inclusive.

He commenced by speaking of Faith, the foundation whereupon must be built all Xtians graces, for "without faith it is impossible to please Him," and if faith be weak progress will be slow. Add to your faith, virtue, strength of mind, fortitude, coming from the Latin viz, He said when the Christian was assailed by trials & temptations, this was what enabled him to resist them. In older times the Prince of Darkness openly assailed those who deserted his standard, in persecuting them from place to place (for they wandered about in sheep-skins & goat-skins; being destitute afflicted, tormented,) were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword, but does he oppose them less, because now he comes disguised in pleasure's robes? and gradually removes first one, then

another of thine props, until they fall into his ways. Fortitude enables him to resist the soft whispers of sin; “to press forward towards the prize.” And to Virtue, Knowledge, not the wisdom of this world; but the knowledge of our Lord & Saviour Jesus Christ, which is able to make us rise unto salvation. “Studying God’s revealed will, that he may learn to [next word inserted above line] know the Saviour’s character, & see what he will have us do, not saying this command is more essential or that, but doing the will of the Lord from the heart.” And to Knowledge, Temperance! All excess is sin! In eating & in drinking we must be temperate. And to temperance, Patience. “It was in a moment of angry impatience that Cain slew his brother, it is in a moment of impatience that you & I say words, for which naught but the blood of Jesus “can atone!”

And patience, Godliness!

Now it is that having virtue; fortitude, we are enabled to resist temptation, & turn a deaf ear [page torn out at this point]

is the soft whispers of worldliness & sin. Where doubtful about a pleasure, ask yourself will this help me to be more spiritual minded? Will it bring me closer to God, & make me more like him in thought, mind, & deed? “I remember to have seen somewhere, that we should do nothing upon which we could not ask God’s blessing. And to godliness, Brotherly-Kindness.” “By this we know we have passed from death unto life, because we love the bretheren.”

It is to love the image of Christ in whatever form we see it, remembering that a cup of cold water given in his name, Shall in no wise love its reward! Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these my bretheren, ye did it with me.” [Matching quote mark omitted]

And to brotherly kindness, Charity Charity is love; but since godliness is love to God, brotherly kindness to those who bear his name; Charity must be love in a wider sense; love for humanity, that grace which enables us to strive for the good of others; to hold out the hand to the poor fallen wretch & call him, brother.

“And if these be in you & abound, they make you, that you shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord & Saviour Jesus Christ.”

Then he spoke of the Christian hero, alluding to Pope’s lines “An honest man’s the noblest work of God,” he said the sentiment was false; for a man might be high minded, honourable, honest, upright, & not a Xtian, but that he who had his mind stayed on Him, steadfastly resisted temptation, overcoming sinful appetites & desires; manfully fighting against the “Princes of this World,” was the truly great & noble; no matter how poor his grab [sic] or humble his rank amongst the dignitaries of earth.<sup>485</sup>

I enjoyed the sermon, & the Communion so much. It is such a great cross to be so rarely able to meet around the table of our Lord. After church while Cousin Pyne & I were talking with some friends outside Bro. Robert came up and I really believe he was very much pleased to see me. He said “Sister Lizzie I am so glad to see you, so glad that I do not know what to do.” And when all around were saying what are you going for, we are going to quarrel with you for leaving us &c; I said I do not blame you brother Robert, though I am so sorry you are going. He seemed to be gratified, for he replied, that is the way I like to hear people talk, for it is a great trouble to me to go, I have prayed & cried over it like a little child, & I think I am right to go. He went with us to Mrs. Roper’s & wanted to go back to

---

<sup>485</sup> Refers to Alexander Pope’s (1688 – 1744) *An Essay on Man*, a four-epistle poem on the limits of human knowledge, published in 1734-1735. Howard Erskine-Hill, “Pope, Alexander (1688–1744),” *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*, (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), accessed October 14, 2013.

Spring Grove & stay all night, but did not like to leave Mr. Dearborn. I sat down by him, at Mrs. Roper's & had quite a nice talk till dinner.<sup>486</sup> He said he wished he had known I was going to be there, for he would have sent Mr. Daniel word; & he would have been sure to meet me "for he has been up once before on the same mission." I told him I didn't reckon that was his object, for I did not live at the Bowling Green, but he said yes it was, for Mr. D— got an idea somehow that I was to be there at that time. I told him to tell Mr. D— I had had a very pleasant reminder of him lately in reading "Innocents Abroad," and left Brother Robert standing on the steps smiling.<sup>487</sup>

I told him I was going to send him a luncheon to the train, & after preparing such a nice one, he did not get it. I never was so disappointed in my life about a thing of the kind, & in "angry impatience" said some things which I regretted, & which gave others the heart-ache, not that I said what was untrue, but what should have been left unsaid. And so Bro. Robert I fulfilled my good resolutions of "giving all diligence to add to my faith, patience." Poor me! Sometimes I wonder if anybody in the world is as impatient & says as many hasty words, which are always regretted with anguish of heart. I do not think I get a bit better, in fact it seems to me I am not half as good as I was even two years ago, that I have gone back instead of forward in the "Divine life."

1872

March 17th, Sunday night.

---

<sup>486</sup> Spring Grove is an estate located six miles south of Bowling Green, Virginia. The house was constructed in the middle of the nineteenth-century by Daniel Coleman DeJarnette (1822 - 1881). DeJarnette served in the Virginia House of Delegates and was elected to the 36th United States Congress. He was reelected to the 37th Congress, but declined to take his seat and was elected to represent Virginia in the Confederate Congress. Marshall Wingfield, *A History of Caroline County, Virginia: From Its Formation in 1727 to 1924* (Richmond: Press of Trevvet Christian & Co., 1924), 424.

<sup>487</sup> *The Innocents Abroad, or The New Pilgrims' Progress* is a travel book by American author Mark Twain (1835 – 1910) published in 1869. It humorously chronicles what Twain called his "Great Pleasure Excursion" on board the chartered vessel *Quaker City* through Europe and the Holy Land with a group of American travelers in 1867. "Innocents Abroad, The." *Merriam Webster's Encyclopedia of Literature*, (Springfield: Merriam-Webster, 1995).

I am twenty six years old to-day; at fifteen could I have foreseen living to be so old & single, I should have considered myself invocably [sic] an old maid, and I suppose in imagination been miserable at the long weary life before me. How wise that; we cannot tell what shall be; only to know that “no good thing will He withhold.” Precious promise! gracious Saviour! making all things to work together for our good. And we must take this upon faith, simple child like trust, not doubting that what he has promised he is able also to perform.

I have felt oppressed all day, why I cannot exactly say, for though Willie, poor Willie is again bringing so much sorrow to us, yet our great trouble looks a little less hopeless, and through the [illegible word] in the clouds we can see brightness of hope.

Father sometimes seems better, then not so well. How my heart sinks & turns from the bare thought of his leaving us, it would be harder to part with him now after being so long the first object of life, than when he was first stricken down! Yet God’s mercy is plainly discernible in sparing him even this long, for during these last two months we have all been drawn nearer together, and I think he must see & feel how dear he is to us all. How we would miss the sick chamber where now we spend so many hours, how vacant would our home seem without its head, how our hearts would grow weary with the impossibility of ever again rendering a little loving service for Father!

I try & trust I do in some degree at least succeed, to realize that all the future is with him, & it will bring strength with it for its changes & duties, yet in all probability I know the changes will be great for us, and probably it may be necessary for me to go from home & friends to work amongst strangers. I do not wish to be cast down about this now; for it may never be, still I do pray I may be ready for whatever is my duty at-home or abroad, pleasant or not, for I know that if I do commit my way unto

Him, and cheerfully endeavour to take up life's burden day by day, all will be well! Yae I will find  
pleasure in a service rendered unto Him; and this reminds me of Lou's verse

"Did we but view our daily paths aright  
Pain would seem pleasure, duty light,  
Our daily burden we would meekly take,  
With this sweet motive, for our Saviour's Sake!"<sup>488</sup>

"No One Knows but Jesus"<sup>489</sup>

"No one knows how sinful I am,  
No one knows but Jesus;  
No one knows how repentant I am,  
No one knows but Jesus;  
No one knows how glad I must be  
From sin & sorrow & death to flee,  
Finding light & joy & Heaven in Thee,  
My ever gracious Jesus.

"No one knows the resolves I make,  
No one knows but Jesus;  
To be meek and mild for his dear Sake,

---

<sup>488</sup> This is the first verse of a poem that appeared under the title "Life Lessons" as early as 1859, in *The Living Age*. E. Littell, *The Living Age*, Vol. 62 (Boston: Littell, Son, and Company, 1859), 303.

<sup>489</sup> "No One Knows But Jesus" was written by American industrialist William Howard Doane (1832 - 1915). His first Sunday School hymnbook was published in 1861, although Lizzie mentioned that she found the lines in an unidentified newspaper. Julian, *Dictionary of Hymnology*, 1560.

No one knows but Jesus;  
No one knows how oft & again  
My feeble attempts seem all in vain;  
Succeed in naught but giving pain,  
No one knows but Jesus. [Quote mark omitted]

“No one knows how sincerely I pray,  
No one knows but Jesus;  
To increase in grace each coming day,  
No one knows but Jesus;  
No one knows how my sinful heart,  
Presents my choosing the better part,  
Making me suffer from sins sore smart  
No one knows but Jesus.”

“No one knows what comfort I find,  
No one knows but Jesus;  
In calling his precious words to mind,  
No one knows but Jesus;  
None but Jesus can ever know,  
The river life of all below;  
Whate’r we hide, whate’r we show,  
Is only known to Jesus”



I found these beautiful lines in a newspaper, & surely they must express the feelings of many a poor pilgrims endeavour to go forward!

April 8th, 72

At-night, & in Father' room, where most of day had been spent, since I kept house & counted the clothes. He is no better, but so feeble & unwilling to take nourishment, yet I cannot bear the thought even of the hour which will release him from so much bodily discomfort. I read the Bible to him generally, and he likes to hear it always I think.

Yesterday Mr. Cutler preached on prayer, and when he was speaking of God's power, his goodness & condescension in listening to & answering our petitions, I felt it all so keenly, so humble & grateful. I enjoyed church very much for my soul was very thirsty.

Nannie left us nearly a week ago. I think it was a great trial to leave Father, but a woman must follow her husband before all others; and she was right to go.

A letter dictated verbatim by Georgie to little Nannie.

April 10th

Zin,<sup>490</sup>

If you can find some shot on the floor, I want you so send me some. I had a nice time playing in the dirt while you were gone. I went to the Fair & had some nice good ice-cream; if you had stayed longer you would have been there with me. I went down into the garden one day, and had nice sport making a

---

<sup>490</sup> Perhaps this word is "Zin," an abbreviation for "cousin."

bird-nest. I had a car (a “sunk-car” I mean) while you were gone. [Illegible name] you must write to me.<sup>491</sup>

Georgie

He asked me to put on the outside that Aunt Nannie would please read it to him.

April 18th, 1872

When I last wrote, little did I dream of the shadow which was fast settling down upon our home & hearts in Arthur’s early death.<sup>492</sup> But so it is “in the morning it groweth up & is green, in the evening it is cut down & withered.” In attempting to get on the cars to mail a letter concerning a Professorship in Oxford Ohio, he fell & was instantly killed. In one moment joy, hope & love were all a ruined heap. My heart so heavy with a sense of its own loss, is bowed down with grief for my little Sister, Emm, the youngest of us all. O how pitiful to see her suppressing her sorrow, trying to smile and to talk cheerfully, showing us his letters & the little relics he had stored away because associated with her. An old india-rubber ball he had taken from one of the boys (as far back as when they lived at Hazel Hill) because somebody said it belonged to her, an old class-book when she went to school to Mr. Fontaine; in which he used to sign Father’s name; Flowers from his grave, and then hear her recall little incidents relating to him. I know though she bears so bravely how heavy her heart is; how dark & dreary seems life’s long pathway. He was so noble; so high-minded; so unselfish; so “holy in all manner of

---

<sup>491</sup> Efforts to identify the definition of “sunk-car” were unsuccessful.

<sup>492</sup> The report of Arthur’s death was reported in the *Fredericksburg Ledger* as follows: “We learn that Mr. Arthur L. Coleman, only son of the late Judge B. H. Coleman, was crushed to death by a train of cars at Charlottesville on last Saturday about noon. He was a student at the University and was to have graduated this session. He was a young man of promise, and had selected the law as his profession. We have not heard from a reliable source the particulars of this melancholy affair, but report has it that he attempted to get on the eastern bound train on the Orange road while in motion, to go from the University to Charlottesville, missed the step and fell between the coaches and was instantly crushed. His remains were taken to Richmond, where, we understand, they are to be interred in Hollywood, where his father was buried.” “Death of Mr. A. L. Coleman,” *Fredericksburg Ledger*, April 16, 1872.

conversation” that words can not ever sketch a faint outline of the beautiful life, but he has gone to his reward. The stay, comfort, & darling of a widowed Mother’s heart; the idol of fond Sisters, but God has taken him to himself, and we can only “Be still and know that He is God.”

I look at my little sister, so young, and feel ashamed of my poor faint, heart; & I pray that God will help me to learn from her the lesson of being cheerful even under affliction, & bearing up even for the sake of others.

May 6th, Sunny Side

Not three weeks since I last wrote in my Journal, and it seems ages.

May 23d, 1872

Day by day, slowly but surely we can perceive the stealthy approach of the Destroyer! Little by little, dark & yet darker, falls the shadow of the Angel of Death across our home & our hearts. Soon we shall be mourning, and the Angels rejoicing “For another gem in the Saviour’s cross & Another Soul in heaven.” A little while and we shall be weeping because the familiar voice is forever hushed; but

“The walls of heaven will ring

With his new born melody.”

We can only watch & pray until God shall give his beloved sleep. For two weeks Father has gradually growing [sic] been growing worse.

June 26th, 1872

“Entered his Master’s joy” on the Morning of the 24th of June 1872 “Joseph Alsop” of Fredericksburg Va. aged sixty-seven years. “We know that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed hereafter; There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.”

And so once more the Angel of Death has laid his hand upon the family circle; removing the clasp, which bound us together in a chain for so long unbroken. We have laid him to rest, and the house is still & dreary. Now there is no Father to be [illegible word]; no living parent to say “my dear;” & “my darling,” but we have a “Father in heaven,” & may we say truly “Thy will be done”

Sunny Side Va.

July 14th, 1872

I feel so little like writing these days, that friends, journal and all are frequently neglected; still I do not like to be selfish & fail to do things because it costs me some effort!

Yesterday evening Mr. Semple died, and when the sad tidings reached our ears I could but think how soon the old neighbours & friends had been called one after another. I pray God they may be near each other in a better land, but I do not know whether one had hope or not. My Father was spared for months, and we had the comfort of being with him so much; then sweet thought that the call had no terror for him, it seemed but the sound of his Father’s voice.

A few days before his death, (a week before,) I went to church, & during the sermon I was thinking of my precious Father & his sufferings, also of the “joys preparing,” when I fancied I could see the “gates afar” and weary servant just entering into the joy of his Lord; I thought how bright his home would be,

& of the dear ones who would hasten to welcome him into the heavenly Rest. I fancied Arthur would be one of first, with his firm manly step & cordial greeting, the noble face illuminated with celestial joy, and how they would talk of the friends below, & rejoice in God's Will! Then I knew Grand Ma, and the five little innocents so long ago laid away from the parents' fond gaze. Mammy too would hasten after them, & the dear teacher who would have so cordially sympathized with us had he been on earth. Then I imagined how humbly he would fall at the blessed Saviour's feet, like poor Beatrice, waiting for Him to raise & crown him.

With so many already at-home how strange that we should cling so tenaciously to earthly things! Teach me O God, by all the solemn warnings of the past year, to fix my heart more upon thee, and keep me by thy holy spirit from sinking into a useless, self-indulgent life, living for myself! But O make me more & more like my Master; keep me, help me to be humble, prayerful, watchful. Save me from myself. Enable me to trust thee through the darkest hours, & now that life looks so dreary, so doubtful help me bear constantly in mind thine exceeding precious promises of strength for each day, and grace sufficient for every trial! I remember once, when as cast low, & troubled, with what a blessed assurance of peace I read about Paul's thorn in the flesh.

My heart is so cold instead of being softened, that I fear this affliction may be lost, & Oh I do indeed pray that God's purposes may be fulfilled concerning me. My intention was in the event of Father's death to teach, & with this intention I got letters from Mr. Dudley & Mr. Dashiell, but since I cannot see my way plainly, I do not know where duty calls me. I know full well that were I to teach my life would be much more independent, I would have more money to use in promoting the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom, & how many unpleasant necessities I would be spared. Yet Mother is bitterly opposed, & as yet I do not know who will stay with her. I cannot leave Emm alone! This has much

weight with me, for should our old trouble come back how could the poor child stand it alone? Yet she would not be alone, & I am going to continue praying & thinking over the subject, trusting that the Lord will guide me in the right way.

30th, August 1872

In the old chamber by my favourite window.

July has gone, & tomorrow will see August added to the list of other days. A long long Summer it has been! & yet it might have been so much more dreary.

Despite the [illegible word] & horror of last Spring & early Summer months I find as life wears away into every day duties, cares, & annoyance come just the same; and its little pleasures too in some degree. What a mercy that it is so!

Yea, our heavenly Father knows so much better than we what should be! If we could only always feel that this is best; how much more contented would be our lives. I believe I am willing that this needful discipline should continue, if it will really make me patient & humble; but just when I commence, thinking I am learning & exercising forbearance more, I give away to an impatient spirit so unlike Jesus.

Sometime ago I read a little piece about a gentleman & his family, being at the Steamer all ready to go abroad, arrangements perfected for [illegible word] absence, friends bidding them adieu, &c; when ~~only~~ the carelessness of the draymen in getting the baggage to the wharf in time, caused them to be left, and as the Steamer got fairly off, her canvass [sic] spread to the breeze; the man & trunks came. The gentleman did not scold, nor say an impatient word. This struck me as being such a marvellous [sic]

instance, that I thought I would try & control myself better too; for if he could be patient under such great provocations, why could not I by the grace of God, be so under the little daily crosses we all have to bear? I know sometimes since, it has helped me to restrain my tongue from evil.

Sept. 1st

To-night Jimmie Coleman has been here. To me it is misery to see those associated with Arthur's life; to hear of him; to know that he was conscious of his danger; to catch the failing [illegible word] "My God, I'm lost!" Yet why should we murmur? Does He not know it all, why the one was taken & the other left? How quick must have been the transition! One moment in the death agony, knowing that he was leaving all earthly treasures; the next his soul at-peace with God!

Father! Arthur! Mr. Powell! Hannah! Ellen! Could we desire to snatch from your hands the golden harps; would we dare take from your spotless brows the immortal crown? Would we have you leave the Celestial City to walk once more the earth, defiled by sin?

Poor sinful, human hearts! Only God can help us resign with cheerfulness our dearest to his keeping & teach us still more to learn that where our treasure is, there our hearts will be also.

Nov. 27th, 72

Sunny Side. In the chamber. Mr. Frazin in the corner, Nannie sewing, Dolie reading a letter from Aunt Eliza, and I writing in my Journal for the first time for nearly three months.

Sept passed, & also October quietly, without anything of much importance to me, save a protracted meeting at Bithia & a visit par consequence to Cousin Pyne. I have been in the country a great deal during the last five months, most of the time with Dolie & Nannie's family here.

Mother keeps house, so I have much less to do than formerly, but I sew a great deal. On the 7th of October Dolie & I went down to Richmond to attend the Convention, waiting at the junction until the Central brought Mr. Cutler, when all of us traveled the rest of the way together. We stayed at Col. Cary's & it mere vain to attempt to do justice to their hospitality or our enjoyment. Lizzie was there, & appeared to great advantage in her sweet character of a helpful daughter. She is one of the most graceful people I ever saw, & very attractive. I do not wonder that Mr. Daniel loved her. After hearing that she had been his preference, I could understand several things; or rather several little incidents helped me to the belief that once he had cared for her. Georgie Christian was there with two of her children, also the Henleys, Mrs. [Illegible name] & Mrs. Tom Henley especially added to the pleasure of our visit. Then we were thrown with Bretheren Merriwell, Emmet, Gilbert, & Presnt. Pendleton whom we had never before met. Mr. Power too was there, I had a nice long talk with him one afternoon [illegible word] Convention; there is so much to admire in him. Some of these days he & Lizzie Cary will unite hands & hearts I opine. Mr. Richardson, Bro. Robert L—, Dr. Williams & many, many more were amongst the delegates. "Possum Barrett" bought a new umbrella just to take Dolie home, & Dr. Phil Duval of [Illegible name] notoriety, was with her constantly. Mr. Hundley & Dr. Pendleton were there too. The former's kindness I can never forget, for to our party a brother could not have been more tender & considerate. I went to church with him two nights, & twice with Mr. Daniel, who in his turn manifested considerable joy at seeing us. One night Saturday, when I went with him we left Convention & on going to Col. Cary's could not get in, so we had to go to Pizzini's & stay for some



time.<sup>493</sup> I believe I enjoyed talking with him more upon that occasion that [sic] any other. Next night we went to 3d Baptist Church to hear Mr. Gilbert, after getting home we were sitting all together, when I misunderstood something Mr. D— said, & in answering laid myself open to criticism. I could not explain & so I doubt not ~~but~~ he thought me very vain, & prone to appropriate to myself undue appreciation. Now! I hate anything of the kind, and really did not dream of putting any construction of liking at-all upon what I thought he said. He told me he was coming to Fredericksburg, & Em says we may look for him Xmas. Xmas! Little gaiety will there be in the annual gathering to us. The “vacant chairs” will vividly too vividly back other days, when all came together in the family homestead to rejoice in the festivities of the seasons. Besides the shadows resting upon us then from the graves of our “sleeping ones;” there is now almost constantly before me the probability of a sorrow, far greater than any that has yet ever fallen upon us. Willie has been drinking so much for the last three months, and recently has had two attacks which George fears may prove very serious. God only knows what his death would be. O, Father if it be possible let this cup pass from us! Death without a hope beyond the grave! Lost, eternally lost!

Dec. 26th. At Nannie’s

Xmas day has come & gone once more! We had so little reason to hail its advent with joy, that none of us regretted its passing by in such a quiet, ordinary way. First we went to Sunday School, and then had a tree for the children, but this year the presents were mostly small, they however enjoyed them none the less for that. Vena Young dined with Loulie, for she keeps house now and we girls take our meals with her. George, Jennie, & their children with little Nannie were there, while poor Willie was in no condition to be with the family. My heart was full as I looked at George at the foot, and the changed

---

<sup>493</sup> Andrew Pizzini (b. 1810) is listed as a confectioner in the 1870 census. At Pizzini’s confectionary “on Broad Street to the east of Murphy’s Hotel . . . under handsome chandeliers and on marble floors, one could enjoy cooling ices or munch candies and fruit.” Dabney, *Richmond: The Story of a City*, 265; 1870 U.S. census, Richmond, Henrico County, Virginia, population schedule, Madison Ward, p. 19 (handwritten), dwelling 214, family 300, Andrew Pizzini, NARA microfilm publication M593, roll 1654.

circle; and though of the dear Father who will meet no more on earth with us forever. Six months to the day since we stood by the open grave & saw his beloved formed [sic] laid quietly away. Last Xmas Arthur too was here, & now . . . . . ! O Father, Arthur you are gone from us, and since sorrow upon, sorrow has befallen us. God pity us!

The last six weeks have been so fraught with bitterness & grief that I would like to bury them deep out of sight, but I fear, they are but forerunners of darker days & more dreary yet to come. Yet I try to leave the future with Him, who alone can carry us through the flood, and he has promised that though we must pass thro' the deep waters, yet they shall not overwhelm us.

Recently I have had such kind letters from Cousin Pyne & Bro. Robert Cave about my teaching. The other day I told Liz to say "hush," she called out "Debbel," whereupon Nannie Mayo asked, "She said it wrong side out, did'nt she Ally?"

Georgie had some money given him recently by Mother; a day or so before Xmas he told his Father he wanted to buy his Mother a Xmas gift. So G— asked him what he would like to give her and the little fellow said he thought a needle-book would be nice. Accordingly George Senior, bought it for him, & he kept it a secret till Xmas morning, when climbing up into the bed he kissed her & said "Mother here is a Xmas present for you." He wrote to Santa Claus twice.

Dec 27th

Twenty minutes past ten. I was sitting down before the fire just now, when in came Mrs. Nosset for cologne, and before she could find it in rushed Brother Carter for her, as the door opened I heard "it" my, scream out two or three times, and after a moment or two I could but laugh at myself, for there I

was sitting down in front of the fire muttering “I hear you, you horrid hateful little thing; Yes I hear you! you hateful horrid little thing! You horrid little thing!”<sup>494</sup>

Another girl, well I don’t care much, for as they will be sure to come trooping in for the next twenty years. There will be plenty of opportunities for boys. Me of all people ought to welcome their advent with emotions of anything else but joy.

Though it is a hateful little, red, crying baby, I am very thankful it has come at-last on Nannie’s account. In the midst of this year of gloom, many mercies too have crowned our lots! Nannie, Mary Watkins about whom we all felt so apprehensive through the worst of their trouble, and far more to be thankful for are the spared lives of those who are not ready to meet their God. Some have gone to the heavenly home and to each of the bereaved households has a little child been born. Maybe their little lives may develop Christian beauty; their little hands [next word inserted above line] bear, & feet be willing messengers of the good tidings of great peace. God grant it! Helen Watkins! Braxton! Untried by the weary discipline of earth, new born spirits from God; little Innocents! Yet we know those who have gone from us to a fairer world are purer than they who have never yet mingled with the busy scenes of earth, for they have washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb, and never again can spot or defilement touch ~~again~~ their snowy robes.

Surely more to be revered are those who have finished their course, & fought a good fight, and obtained the crown; than they who have but started on the race! [Next page torn from journal]

---

<sup>494</sup> Probably Catherine Aldridge Nossett (b. 1815). Based on the context of this entry, It possible that she was assisting with the delivery of Nannie’s child—Josephine Braxton (b. 1873). 1860 U.S. census, Fredericksburg, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, population schedule, p. 16 (handwritten), dwelling 119, family 119, Catharine Nossett; NARA microfilm publication M653, roll 1380.

List of money recd. from Father

\$ cts

240.00	Jan 1866. From State stock
50.00	June 14th, 1867
100.00	March – 1868
100.00	April 24th, 1869
50.00	May 13th, 1869
17.00	Aug – 1869
100.00	April 27th, 1870
72.00	Sept 24th, 1870
50.00	Nov 29th, 1870

[Three pages torn from journal]

To 8 lbs Peaches put 4 lbs sugar. Nutmegs, Allspice, Celery Seed & Cinnamon  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz each, &  $\frac{1}{2}$  gal. vinegar. After peeling the fruit, put it in brine for 24 hrs, then scald the sugar, spices & vinegar together, & pour over hot for three days in succession.

Dolie's Sponge Cake

10 Eggs, 1 Lb Sugar, weight of five eggs in flour. Season with fresh Lemon.

Dec. 1872 Mrs. S. B. French

No 44, West 39th St.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

February 1, 1873 – March 20, 1878

The eighth volume of Lizzie's journal begins on February 1, 1873, and her last entry was recorded on November 11, 1918.<sup>495</sup> The book itself is 8.5-inches high by 7.25-inches wide. Unlike the other volumes in which Lizzie recorded her thoughts, this volume has faux leather pasteboard covers, red corners, and red top and fore edges. Each page has twenty-two lines marked in blue ink and ruled at 3/8-inch. Lizzie wrote on thirty-seven of the fifty-seven leaves of this book and the remaining pages are blank.

A year after her father's death, Lizzie wrote that "we little dreamed how you bound us all together, how you were the strength & stay of this household . . . & never since have I felt that I was the same then as now." During that year, numerous changes undermined the relative stability of Lizzie's life in Fredericksburg. Her brother George moved his family—including her favorite nephew Georgie—to Smithfield. Lizzie's brother Willie returned home, and brought with him "the same old chapter of shame & sorrow" that had plagued the family for nearly a decade.<sup>496</sup> Lastly, Emma admitted to Lizzie that she and Frederick Power had fallen in love—a revelation which caused Lizzie to lament her loneliness and recall past relationships.<sup>497</sup> "Perhaps I have had more lovers than most girls," she wrote, "but they somehow did not awaken any of the depths of tenderness, of which I feel sure my soul is capable."

Lizzie continued her participation in the memorialization of Confederate soldiers, and joined in the celebration of Memorial Day on June 5, 1873. She also continued to be concerned about her

---

<sup>495</sup> Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop Wynne. *Journal of Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop Wynne, 1862 – 1926*. Wynne Family Papers, 1809-1967. MssI W9927 a 38. Virginia Historical Society. Richmond, VA.

<sup>496</sup> Alsop Journal, March 8, 1873.

<sup>497</sup> *Ibid.*, April 18, 1873.

feelings of pride, her inattention to God, and her lack of submissiveness. “My prayers are so lukewarm, & full of wandering thoughts, that often times I am on my knees & feel ashamed to stay, or rise.”<sup>498</sup>

December 12, 1873, marked the last regular entry in Lizzie’s journal. The financial troubles of the Alsop family were made clear by her announcement of the sale of both the house on Princess Anne Street and the farm at Sunny Side.<sup>499</sup>

Lizzie resumed her journal in September 1877, from Kenmore. At thirty-one-years-old, she found the love she desired with “my Richard,” who she described as “all that a woman’s heart can wish for love & happiness.”<sup>500</sup> Lizzie’s family did not approve of the match, and she noted that Richard visited as often as he thought “allowable in regard for the feelings of others who do not relish this state of affairs!”<sup>501</sup> Although she knew that her choice distressed her family, her “judgement approves,” and Lizzie and Richard Henry Wynne were married on March 20, 1878.

Richard Henry Wynne taught mathematics at Columbia College, Kentucky, from 1878 to 1881, and at Norfolk College, Virginia, from 1881 to 1890. Lizzie and Richard had four children, Francis Edmund (1880-1973), Richard Henry (1885-1960), Joseph Alsop (born and died in 1884), and Herbert Maxwell (1887-1977). The family moved to Bethany, West Virginia, in 1891, where Richard served as professor of Hebrew and History at Bethany College until his retirement in 1908. He died on December 31, 1915. Lizzie lived for another twenty-eight years, died on October 26, 1933, at Bethany, West Virginia, at the age of eighty-seven.

---

<sup>498</sup> Ibid., March 5, 1873.

<sup>499</sup> Ibid., December 12, 1873

<sup>500</sup> Ibid., September 15, 1877

<sup>501</sup> Ibid.

Composition Book #3 New

Lizzie M. Alsop's Journal Vol

Feb. 1st, 1873

"The very time to be helpful & pleasant, is when every body's is tired & cross."

Fredericksburg Va.

February 1st, 1873

Tuesday night Arthur Taylor & Madge were married. Thursday night Tip died; & so here joy was turned into sorrow!

How can I write of it, so great, so sad a change, and yet they have everything to comfort them in his calm & peaceful end, for with his dying lips he testified to the faith that was in him, & his purpose to have become a member of the visible church of Christ had he lived to be strong enough to get there. How different would be our feelings ~~to~~ if one of our others should be taken! God only knows the agony it is to see them living so far off day, after day! Lord have mercy upon us & them, and spare them to glorify thee!

This morning Mr. John Anderson died suddenly of apoplexy, without hope. When these terrible shocks come, how my heart shrinks from the life yet to be lived! How sweet it would be if we all were sheltered safe in the great loving heart, and outstretched arms of the good Father. Safe at home!

March 5th, 1873

Sitting before the fire in my own room. Mrs. Foulke on the other side of the table offering an occasional remark, while voices from Mother's room remind me of the little gathering in there, being Miss Sallie Stevenson, Loulie, Emm & Dolie.

Journal I feel blue to-night, without any especial reason either, but for the last few days I certainly have felt unamiable. Sometimes it is most undoubtedly a cross to me to talk at all without cutting somebody up, and I despise myself for it. Once Dr. Wellford told me it was "Dyspepsia," and I would feel better & brighter if I would go out into the open air when such moods came upon me. Well! I believe he was partially right, though I have been walking every day recently. Cold blew the north wind, all Monday & Tuesday, but both days I took long walks, & this evening went to see the Chews & Mrs. Ficklin's returning by Nannie's. After all I believe something Nannie said about "my paying her such unsatisfactory visit; either feeling it was always time to go, or that I ought not to stay," worried me. I expect, indeed know that I have a very bad habit of being in a hurry & showing it; so there is another struggle to enter upon. I wonder if God's grace will ever make me sweet, & pure, & gentle, & good, & having "a quiet mind," as I wish! Poor me! so weak; so erring; so uneven-tempered; so altogether wrong. Lord pity & help me, for I feel as if I was sinking in the mire of of [sic] worldliness & sin. If I do a good deed I feel so self-sufficient, if I visit the poor, immediately an emotion of my charitableness comes in with its withering influence of pride, & exaltation. That I know it is no longer pleasing to Him, whose I am. My prayers are so lukewarm, & full of wandering thoughts, that often times I am on my knees & feel ashamed to stay, or rise. When I think "well now, I certainly am getting more patient," the old natural man raises his head & snaps right & left; again I commence to think I am learning to govern the unruly member, when so before I am aware, some hasty word has too plainly shown "how great a



matter a little fire kindleth.” I am impatient, unamiable, provoking, wise in my own conceits, and God knows & sees it all. He knows how feeble is my best effort to serve him! He sees my pride, and how the things of the world come in between me & the light! and O! He knows I am tired and weary of my wanderings, and I want to come to him for rest & peace! He knows I want (no matter how small is the desire, how feeble the effort) to love him, and submit my will to his own, for is not “submission the complete yeilding [sic] of our will to his?” Thus it was that Bro. Fred P— defined it, and I remember at the time I felt so sorry for him, and thought that he too must be learning obedience by the things which he as God’s child, and co-heir with [sic] Christ, was suffering. To-night my own heart yearns for the love which overcometh the world! for the higher purer life above the world’s cares & occupations; to be conformed to love the image of his dear Son. Lord give me this.

A nice little note came from Mr. Power to me the other day, saying “he was coming to preach for us the fifth Lord’s Day in March & that though he had received several applications for that week, he held his first convert sacred; as indeed he could not do otherwise since the appointment so entirely harmonized with his own pleasure.” Mr. Hundley says he fears he cannot join us in our gathering at Sunny Side, but Mr. Daniel says he is coming if he can possibly get off, though now very busy, says he certainly does want to see Emm & me. I do trust we will have a nice time, & be all together there, but especially do I try to desire the good of the cause; the success of the gospel; the conversion of sinners; & the upbuilding of the household of faith during that especial effort.

George has moved to Smithfield, we miss them all, but especially my precious little Georgie; he has written to Mother, Loulie, Emm & me since he left town. Nannie’s children are sweet & interesting, Lizzie is so bright & mischievous, she loves me better than any one in the world, except perhaps Dolie, hugs me & kisses me so sweetly. I asked her to give me one (kiss), she held up her little fingers & said,

“Ally, one, two, fre.” Bro. C— was telling Nannie about putting confidence in her parents; when N— said “yes I know what you mean. I mus’nt hid [sic] the sugar from my mother.” A few days before she had taken more sugar than she thought her Mother approved of, & slipped it along under the edge of the table. Dolie is staying with us. Willie is in Maryland. We can but feel anxious when he is away.

March 8th

Yesterday I made some custard, & sent several sick people. On the waiter for Newman I also put a bunch of violets. She sent me word “that she knew there was nothing in town sweeter than the flowers except myself.” I do not know when I appreciated a message more; for it was so unusual, coming from her. Mrs. Knox too sent me very sweet thanks, & thinks I have been so thoughtful of them lately; while I think I do so little for them in consideration of their many kind offices. I should not wonder if the others have sent things, for which I got credit.

Poor Willie is home again, & . . . . the same old chapter of shame & sorrow to be learned. Father pity his wanderings, & give him yet other opportunities for turning from his way to thee! [Next page torn from journal]

April 12th. Sunny Side

Little Lizzie is asleep on the bed, and before beginning my sewing I will write a little on another page of my journal, for when I go home old friend, I do not reckon you & I will talk much. The meeting closed last night, with but two additions, yet the people came & listened, and so the seed may take root, we cannot tell. Mr. Cutler was so funny, always ready, so I found when cutting at him, he generally got the best of the joke against me.

After Mr. Power left, Emm told me what I already knew, that he loved her, & a good deal more.<sup>502</sup>

They are not engaged, yet in the providence of God they will be married some of these times. I confess my own feelings were a little shocked, yet I know the first tie between them was the suffering common to both, and in her heart I believe Emm cherishes the memory of him who one short year ago, yeilded [sic] up his young life. She has not forgotten him; but poor child her heart has been so torn, that it is not strange perhaps, the first balm should be in affection. Mr. Power reminds me of Arthur in character and person, and laughs so much like him. I doubt not that he will have a better influence over Browne, and that she will be a wiser and truer woman, than if she had been permitted to walk uninterruptedly in the path of her own choosing, yet my own heart is still sore from the pain of knowing that we shall never again see the noble form, nor hear the manly tones of him whom I so loved. Yet Arthur! you were to me as friend & brother, and always there will live in my soul, the memory of the pure young life so suddenly cut off. Even now I can scarcely realize that you are “one of the angle-band [sic].” I so long to look upon your dear face, and listen to the words of comfort & strength you so well knew how to say, but “What we know not now, we shall know hereafter,” and it is right because He did it. Yes. I know it is well! but life will always have a stronger shadow thrown upon its brightness, by the grave in the lonely corner of the “Holly Wood” Beneath that monument flowers of peace, & resignation may bloom, but blossoms of joy & gladness, never! Yet even now as on that bright April morning one year ago tomorrow, the words which come with most force to calm my unbelieving, restless sorrow are, “Be still and know that I am God.” He is good, full of mercy & compassion, and O how he loves us poor faithless, short-sighted children! Lord have mercy upon me.

---

<sup>502</sup> Frederick D. Power (b. 1851) and Emily Browne Alsop were married on March 17, 1874. Frederick entered Bethany College in September 1868, to prepare for the ministry. Graduating in 1871, he took charge of Smyrna Church, King and Queen County, Jerusalem Church, King William County, and Olive Branch Church, James City County. In 1874, he accepted leadership of the church in Charlottesville, Virginia, and in September he was called to Bethany College as adjunct professor of ancient languages. Beginning in 1875, he served as the pastor of Vermont Avenue Church in Washington, D.C. In 1881, Power was made Chaplain of the House of Representatives. He and Emily had no children. Alsop, *Alsop's Tables*, 384.

Last Monday I had a note from Mr. Daniel and a letter from Mr. [Illegible name] last night; both characteristic. I answered the former some days ago.

April 18th, Fredericksburg

I came home this morning with Mr. Rose. Emm has had two letters from Mr. Power which she let me read. It seems so queer that he, the dignified retiring, cool young preacher, should all at-once have been developed into a passionate lover. I cannot realize it, it seems so very strange! He wrote so modestly of himself, & with such strong faith in her purity, goodness, & religion. I could but think that his own beautiful character reflected upon her, and made her own virtues all the more radiant. Just as the setting sun illuminates and glorifies the objects upon which fall his rays, no matter how lovely they were before, his brightness makes them more beautiful. I say I thought so as I read, not exactly, but just now in writing about his loving her so, the thought came into my mind. "Mark Twain" says all the fine reflections people have over scenes of vanished splendor, come to them after they have left the spot and are quietly at home. . . . . and as I read, I could but wonder if anybody would ever love me as much? My heart grows so hungry for a strong, sympathizing human love; and sometimes I think that I might brighten some one's home, but maybe I would not, and perhaps that is why the good Father withholds this coveted boon. I am so domestic in my tastes; so I do not know what to call it, but somehow I care so little for general society, & know so little how to mingle freely with & interest those who are strange to me, that it seems (to me) as if my whole life will be wasted, without some especial object to live for, yet if it would have been best, I know it would have been otherwise; & so I try to still the longings, repinings, & wonderings of my heart, and leave in God's hand the future. Sure it is gloomy, but when it comes, so will all needful strength, and I earnestly pray that whether it be but a repetition of old cares & sorrows, or a fulfilment [sic] of such hopes & dreams; yet I pray that I may take either as "the gift of God." Perhaps I have had more lovers than most girls, but they somehow did

not awaken any of the depths of tenderness, of which I feel sure my soul is capable, for to-day if they could come, one by one & say after all these years of loneliness, & waiting, & sorrow, & care, come, I will love you still, the answer would be just the same to one & all; softened perhaps by a knowledge of what disappointment makes one suffer. Can it be nine years ago this June since my first lover, Capt. Jones (kind, sentimental, ardent, boyish Capt. Jones, aged forty-five) came that Summer morning to "Cook's" and asked me to be his wife? How I hated it, and how miserable I was to think of my causing him so much trouble! I was ashamed to see Loulie & Nannie and crept upstairs, and into the back window before they knew it. Then we came home, & in August Capt Gregory, whom I always liked so much, came in August. We went to the cemetery together & there near the big gate his hopes too were buried. Yet after eight years & a half, no tears of regret fall from my eyes to make green the grave of a lost love. It was that same Autumn that Mr. Beal told me the old, old story, and now in the depths of my heart, there is more compassion & sympathy for him, than for any of those who filled my life in those days of "Lang syne." He loved me with an altogether consuming passion, and poor fellow, but for it & its hopelessness, he to-day might be living his part in the "world's broad field of action." "They say" he died of a complication of diseases. I know how his love for me was paramount to every other interest. I know how he worshipped the very dust beneath my feet; I know how he enthroned me in his heart & bowed down to it; and thank God I know too that the months of sickness, weariness & pain turned the strong, high, spirited, sensitive man into the child-like Christian. In those September days came too another to our town. He was so clever, and accomplished that I wonder he ever cared for me. He was so used to being with smart men & women, that I wonder how I pleased him, he never told me of his love, yet I know it, for he said one day while lying on his couch in Lexington it came over him with such overwhelming power, as to "nearly knock him down." If he had not cared for me, why would he have delayed & loitered over his toilette so as to eat breakfast alone, & get Loulie to put my picture by him that he might look at it thus? Why would he have gone to Morton's, and brought me

such lovely “Japonicas” all the way to F— in those days of difficulty & danger? Why would he have asked that flowers might be, bought & sent me in his name while he was off in the Army? Why would he have wished to go off & get me to Richmond on a visit during his absence, and then unexpectedly return? Why would he have been so vexed with Phil for saying “he asked for the young ladies” when he only wanted to see me? Why would he have been so impatient to come again, & help asking “how long will it be before I can tell her?” And why would he have been so much afraid of my picture falling into rude Yankee hands, & so, to avoid even the possibility, have carried it with him into the field? Ah if he had not loved me truly, would these things have been so? Yes he did, & he repeatedly said so, yet I never dreamed it until one day Willie asked me, why every body fell in love with me? & then said, there was somebody who cared for me, & of whom I did not think it. Brave, noble, intelligent, he now fills an unknown grave, and I have not even the privilege of placing a few blossoms on the green turf to show that he still lives in the memory of some, yet on his brow will be a crown that fadeth not away, before which even a hero’s laurels must appear as nothing. I did not love him, and perhaps never would even had his fate been different; but how can I help lingering fondly over the remembrance of a love, which was mine in all its beauty, strength & manliness. In that miserable Spring of 1865, when we as a people lost our cause, Dr. Fitzhugh summoned resolution to acknowledge his affection. I had know [sic] of it for ever so long, but didn’t like him, and treated him so badly, it was a wonder he had not hated me; but he was just that sort of disposition; I might have walked over him, & he would then have risen up & begged for the honour of coming behind. I like independance [sic]; and if any man wants to win a woman, let him show that he respects himself entirely too much to allow even her to trample upon his rights. I despise servility!

Well after the war there was a respite. To be sure Dr. F— came back, though he denied after he found there was no hope for him in this quarter, and things went on very calmly, (poor Mr. Beal was living all

this time, & watching my action, and coming to see me, for no matter what I did, his heart was loyal to me always, “fidelis ad remain” in truth!<sup>503</sup> until Mr. Bob Gray hove in sight, and then there followed such a tornado of notes, pieces of poetry, visits, walks, &c, &c, that the storm attained its height very rapidly, and before Xmas, he was at leisure to reflect upon all the nonsensical things he had done & said for three months. About that time I paid my first visit to Ellen Dew & curious to say met three, who afterwards imagined that I was made for each of them. Mr. Aubrey Jones being without tact & somewhat impulsive came, saw, & was disappointed without much ceremony. Mr. Grisham was much more wary, & never acknowledged that he came so see me. I did not think so either, until that note he wrote & gave me, in which he said he would try to prove by a lifetime’s devotion his affection, if I would so agree. I took no notice of his overtures, & when he came for an answer, did really try to pass it all off as a joke, but he would not. Then Mr. Hillyard kept visiting us for a year or two, & I believe he really did love me, but I never could have fancied him, just to think of sitting opposite him, three times, three hundred & sixty five days, & suppose . . . well suppositions would amount to nothing, and he has ceased his visits altogether now. I heard he had lost most of his property, but when I knew him he was worth about forty thousand, so . . . It has been nearly three years now I verily believe since I saw him, & since then I was about to say, I had had no one to care especially for me, but I forgot that in “Bonham” one heart had long toiled, waited, & hoped, but all in vain. Yes eighteen months ago I wrote him the cold chilling words of refusal, and yet I knew that he for seven years had borne privation, & worked steadily with one aim in view, to lay it all down before me & say “can you [next word inserted above line] not come, and for my sake be happy away from kindred, country, & friends, and make me a home here?” Journal I confess there was some struggle & very much pain in saying no, that time. I knew well I was twenty-five; not pretty as of yore; so heart-hungry, & in so much need of a stronger than myself to help me bear the burden of life. But thanks to Him who hears us in all things however

---

<sup>503</sup> Latin translation may be “to remain faithful.”

small or great," I was true God, true to him, & true to myself. I refused to give an unequal return for so great a treasure, I did not let my earnest desire for affection, make me believe I could be happy because he loved me, and without my love too. Yes it did cost me a good deal of resolution, but I told him firmly that I could not ever be to him more than I then was. He thought I ought to have let him come on to Virginia, and perhaps I ought to, but there was a doubt in my mind which unless removed would have been an effectual barrier in the way of my ever being his wife, and my feelings were not enough enlisted to clear up that point. I never answered his last two letters, so full of despair, woe, but I did not, because I saw he clung so to every little tie between us, and for his sake I wished the pain to be no greater than could be avoided. So I suppose he thought me heartless, & cruel, while I, I thought only of sparing him any little pain I could. Now Journal, after all these who have loved me, & some so much more than I deserved, do you suppose your old, sedate mistress will ever again arouse any real deep, tender feeling? I am twenty-seven; just think of it; and it seems curious to me that any should ever have loved me, for if I was a man, I know I would not fall in love with anybody like me. Still though I am not sweet & winning as Emm, yet I know that there is power in me to love just as loyally, and tenderly, and faithfully as other women. I think I would try to make those dependant on me happy, and sometimes my heart cries out for its need; but God knows best; and if indeed I would in any other sphere be better & happier, he will place me there. I have no fear of not having what is really the very best thing for my soul, or body either, and I can only pray for strength to receive my portion in an humble child-like spirit, content because he gives it.

Journal it is well you & I dont [sic] have confidantes, because they might be wanting to know what you & I have so many secrets about, but I am not going to tell, and I will take care that they do not find out from you.



April 19th, Sunday evening

I heard Dr. Preston of Richmond to-day, from the tent. "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over, her young, beareth them on her wings, so he lead them & there was no strange God with them."<sup>504</sup> God by his word, telling us to love not the world nor things of the world, to take up the cross; forsake father & mother; &c &c, stirs up the nest lest we should be so [illegible word] down with looking to the things of ground (as the man in his search for gold,) that at-last our eyes could not see the brightness of the heavens above. So too by providence he comes & stirs up our nest, else we would be altogether carnal & love only the things of this world. He read here, the "School of Suffering."

May 28th, 1873. In our room.

This has been a hard day in some respect, yet not without its seasons of respite either. Perhaps God has been stirring up my nest on which so often messengers of pride, wordliness [sic], & selfishness are sheltered. I know nothing of the sort ever comes to me unless there is a crying need for it. It has been only about two days since I was wondering what would be my next fall. I find it so hard to be humble-minded, that it seems to me as if all my short-comings came from high-mindedness. After the few first words, I did not open my lips, but tried to bear & listen patiently, and I would not have done even that, but I prayed all the time. . . . God only knows how I have tried to be more gentle, to try & not give offence, to sacrifice my poor proud will to His; to give now then, "a cup" cheerfully to some weary, toiling pilgrim, and He alone can see how after repeated efforts, failure stares boldly in the face. Some one defines faith as "having the heart to try again," and there is truth in the expression. We are always doing wrong, & falling it seems even below the starting point; yet God blesses ever [sic] honest effort made to subdue self & glorify Him. I would mind to-day's experiences so much, if I thought they were

---

<sup>504</sup> Passage from Deuteronomy 32:9-14. *The Bible, Old and New Testaments*, King James Version, August 1, 1989, accessed on September 29, 2013, <http://www.gutenberg.org/files/10/10-h/10-h.htm>.

altogether undeserved; if I was just sure of being right myself, it would be so much easier to bear such patiently; for then I would know it was only one part of the good Father's discipline to make me more submissive & childlike. I would not tell them what troubles me, & get over the worst just as soon as I could, & even now Journal I am almost sorry to have [illegible word] it to you, for I try not to record on your fair [next word inserted above line] pages anything which may cause me to cherish feelings of bitterness; It is so much wiser & better to remember the pleasant hours of our past, than to brood over its pains! So I try to forget words which burn, & record only those calculated to strengthen & soothe. Therefore Journal, my only excuse for this night's writing is my feeling so desolate.

June 5th

This has been our "Memorial Day" and despite the rain the crowd was large, & the decoration general & most beautiful. Seymour White made an appropriate & beautiful little speech, & the "Band" discoursed sweet music ever & anon.<sup>505</sup> Yet going to our Cemetery always saddens me, and brings back the dear dead so forcibly. It is hard to realize that the grass has not yet been growing a year above our Father's head.

He died the 24th of June! Can the memory of that night ever pass away? The sufferer lying [next word inserted above line] down & then propped up; the pale frightened group around trying to strengthen the fast failing system; the tender looks of agony at parting he cast on wife & children, the fearful storm raging without & the flashes of lightening lending a still more ghastly light to the white face, and within the dreadful stillness which comes from suppressed anguish! Father dead! My God thou knowest & doest all things well, and I would not that he should forego the bliss of heaven; but to-night it all comes back with the freshness of our first great family sorrow, but my heart cries out at its loss. Our Father.

---

<sup>505</sup> William Seymour White (1853 – 1897) was a journalist for the *Free Lance* and afterward editor and co-owner of the *Fredericksburg Star*. He also served as mayor of Fredericksburg from 1896-97. "William Seymour White: Mayor of this City and Editor of the Star," *The Daily Star*, November 26, 1897.

We little dreamed how you bound us all together; how you were the strength & stay of this household. With his death the links connecting my past & this present seems to have been severed & never since have I felt that I was the same then as now. The shadow of that grave only lengthens as the sun rises higher & higher towards the meridian of my life, and on this side life his [sic] still in the obscured light of a great grief.

“One little year & so much gone

And yet the even flow of life moves calmly on.”

Lord of the living & the dead,

Our Saviour dear,

We lay in silence at thy feet

This sad, sad year.”<sup>506</sup>

June 11th, 1873

Last week, or the week before I believe it was too, Mr. Power came, but staid only part of one day. He looked radiant, & laughed everytime he called me “Sister” Lizzie; laughed at Mother’s asking him to call again; laughed at my saying something about his “passing through here.” [Next page torn from journal]

& hasty speeches; & too-rash judgments.

In looking back upon my life since I became a child of God, the loving kindness of the Lord, & his manifold mercies seem so many & rise so high as almost to exclude from view the years of grief & agony, which I thought had well-nigh broken my heart. Now even now, I can see that it was the Lord’s

---

<sup>506</sup> “Only a Year” is a poem written by Harriet Beecher Stowe (1811 – 1896) and published in 1850. “Manuscript c. 1850, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Clifton Waller Barrett Collection,” *Uncle Tom’s Cabin & American Culture: A Multimedia Archive*, University of Virginia, accessed October 14, 2013, <http://utc.iath.virginia.edu/sentimnt/snpohbsat.html>.

hand mixing the bitter drought, but in his mercy, he has taken away so much of the bitterness that even in drinking we could taste the sweet most. Death has often visited us, in removing the best-loved; yet not one has been taken without our knowing that for him was a "Mansion preparing," yea all-ready in the Father's house. Then too so many trials of temper & demands for patience! God grant I may hereafter be better enabled to resist the one, & meet the other. Remembering always, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver! And now in these latter days, has he permitted one of my heart's most cherished wishes to be granted? I think so. Not certain knowledge, but a very sweet hope, known only to Him & me.

Friday night. Dec 12th, 73

Just a few minutes ago I went into Mother's room to get some paregoric & nitre for my cold; took a bottle off the mantle & had the mug in my hand ready to pour it out; when Mrs. Foulke said, "it's [Illegible word]," "it's [Illegible word]!" But for her speaking, I would have taken it, & come directly to bed; and in all probability never more opened my eyes to this world's sunlight! O Lord; thou art very merciful to watch thus over us, & bring me so soon to realize the promise in my to-day's reading, "He shall preserve thee from all evil! Almost stepping over the brink, just on the verge of Eternity. Lord I thank thee for sparing me again. May it bring me "nearer to thee!" [Four pages torn from journal]

By his grace he has awakened renewed interest in things around; he has enabled me to be more to my Mother I trust; and sometimes I know he has moved my heart to say "thy will be done."

Form little words,

Easy to say,

But thoughts that must before

Can words convey?

The struggle only known

To one proud soul,

And him, whose eye alone,

Has marked the whole!"

Again at times I feel as if I was so cold in his service, so insensible of his presence, that he must bring new or heavier sorrows upon me, to turn me more fully to him. Indeed, I think he has helped me bear my cross, by giving me new trials, already. Once I heard Mrs. Coleman say, she believed her trials were mercies, in keeping her from thinking so constantly of her greatest loss.

This Spring has brought so many changes to me. First Bro. Carter's ill health; then his failure. George's financial troubles, the sale of this place, and some ill feeling existing in the family, then Emm is so much more seriously affected, & Sunny Side is to be sold. And yet the promise "All things" &c! Not one [illegible word] truly we are led by paths we know not.<sup>507</sup>

What the going out of our home is, to me, none know sometimes when my eye rests upon the lights & shadows of the evening, resting so brightly & softly upon hill & dale. Sometimes when the wind rustles the leaves upon the trees, & the sun peeps through the branches upon the croquet ground, & at the bend in the walk. Sometimes when my eyes see the beauties of blooming boughs, & the soft green grass, I feel as if my heart would break to leave it all forever, to cross the threshold for the last time. And I dare not dwell upon the thousand memories of my child, maiden or womanhood, which has made the past a holy thing. No, I can only try to put far away such sad remembrances, and pray for

---

<sup>507</sup> Carter Braxton died in 1898 of Bright's disease, so this failure in health proved not to be fatal.

daily strength. I do not look forward, I dare not look backward. I can only keep my eyes upon heaven, and try to be content.

Kenmore, Sept 15th, 1877

The first time for more than two years, that I have even given my Journal a minute. Strange! contrasting this long silence with the frequent communings once between us, and yet not strange, or rather unnatural; for as years crowd upon us, we give less & less time to such pursuits as this, recording the thoughts & feelings of a simple life.

How steadily the rain comes down; fair promise of a long, quiet evening, & how I wish some body was here. I rather thought he'd come to-day; and if he had, the rain would have been reason enough for his staying till tomorrow, but though he is away, I know it is because he cannot help it, for from his own lips & pen how often have I had the sweet assurance, that his absence was never his wish, and his actions have proved it more than words; for does he not come when he can, & as often as he thinks allowable in regard for the feeling of others who do not relish this state of affairs! Whatever they think; I know my Richard to be all that a woman's heart can wish for love & happiness, nor do I doubt that both will be mine; whenever God opens the way, for the fulfilment of our vows.<sup>508</sup> Sometimes when wearied with the opposition, have I questioned myself, whether it was worth all the worry & pain, whether the future holds enough pleasure, to compensate for the suffering, and then going to God with it, my own heart grows stronger, and I realize what he is to me, in my heart, I believe to me he is dearer, than any have ever has been before, and then sometimes I wish the time of waiting was over, for as his wife, many things could not annoy as now. Still it is "as God wills!" Faithfully, unceasingly has

---

<sup>508</sup> Richard Henry Wynne (1842 – 1915) was born in York, Virginia, to Edmund Thomas Wynne and Martha Frances Curtis. Based on Emily's relationship with Frederick D. Power—who studied and served as a minister at Bethany College—it is possible that Richard and Elizabeth met through that connection. Elizabeth and Richard had four children. He died at in Bethany, West Virginia.

he been trying for months to get some work to do, by which he might be more useful, & at the same time, better able to support a wife. Yet if he had been so placed; I would not have been ready, nor so far would I have felt justified in leaving Mother. So even with our weak eyes we can see some of God's providence; and can only ask that it may be different after awhile & we willing to wait his time. [Next sentence written in pencil] And so Col Fontaine Davis came.

Oct 18th, 1877

This evening I made the first purchases towards my trousseau;<sup>509</sup> when the time came to go, I felt very much like declining, but it was so necessary so with a very sorry face I started. Made Loulie call for the different articles. I had to make Georgie stop asking questions about, & commenting upon the different articles, by promising to tell him when I came home. Which I did. To my surprise he put his arms around me & cried like a grown person, is distressed & bitterly opposed, says "I am almost too old to be married anyhow;" "That Mr. Wynne is too young for me," four years not being enough difference; that "he never saw any body happier after being married & he knows I wont [sic] be" &c &c. Mother has been very kind, says while she can never be willing, yet she will not make me unhappy in it, or something to that effect. I know all of them are distressed, but what can I do, my judgement [sic] approves; I know he loves me most tenderly, and that my own heart is happy in being loved, & in loving; I have asked divine guidance, and God has answered my prayers, the way has been opened for him, & for me. My Father! I pray that thou wilt watch over & bless us, and make our union a blessing to all around me. May those whom to whom [sic] I am so dear, learn his worth, and give him the affection he so deserves, if in accordance with thy will. May we never repent the day which brought us together, and may the radiance of our lives lighten the way of many here on earth, for the sake of thy Son.

---

<sup>509</sup> A "bride's outfit of clothes, house-linen, etc.," but can also refer to a dowry or hope chest. "Trousseau," *Oxford English Dictionary* (1915), accessed on September 29, 2013.

March 20th, 1878

At 10 O'clock A.M. in the Baptist Church Fredericksburg Va, by F. Power, asserted by Rev. T. F.

Dunnaway, Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop to Richard Henry Wynne. "Whom God hath joined together, Let not man put asunder!"



## APPENDIX I

### MAJOR CHARACTERS IN THE LIFE OF ELIZABETH MAXWELL ALSOP WYNNE

Title	First	Last	Description
	Joseph M.	Alsop	Referred to as "Father," Joseph M. Alsop (1806 - 1872) is Lizzie's father and husband to Sarah Ann Alsop.
	Sarah Ann	Alsop	Referred to as "Mother," Sarah Ann Alsop (b. 1816) is Lizzie's mother and wife of Joseph M. Alsop.
	Nannie	Alsop	Known simply as "Nannie," Nannie Clementina Alsop (1844 - 1907) was Lizzie's older sister. She married Carter Moore Braxton in 1868.
	Emily Browne	Alsop	Frequently referred to as "Em" or "Brownie," Emily Browne Alsop (b. 1851) was Lizzie's younger sister. She married Frederick D. Power in 1874.
	William S.	Alsop	Often referred to as "Willie," William S. Alsop (b. 1838) was Lizzie's eldest brother. He apparently suffered from recurring bouts of alcoholism. He married Louisa (Loulie) Minor Young in 1861.
	George Edward	Alsop	Lizzie's older brother Dr. George E. Alsop (1839 – 1907). He married Virginia Louisa Yerby in 1866.
	Susan Catherine Stone	Barton	Referred to as "Aunt Susan," Susan Catherine Stone Barton (1796-1875) was Lizzie's maternal great-aunt.
	John Howison	Beale	Referred to as "Mr. Beale," John Howison Beale (1840 – 1868) of Fredericksburg, Virginia, was the son of Jane Briggs Howison Beale. He served in the 1st Virginia Infantry before enlisting in the Fredericksburg Light Artillery in 1864. He died of consumption in 1878 and although one of Lizzie's suitors, was never married.
	Julian	Beale	Called only "Julian," Julian Beale (b. 1850) was the son of Jane Briggs Howison Beale.
	Marion	Beale	Called "Minnie," Marion Beale (b. 1848) was the daughter of Jane Briggs Howison.
	Carter Moore	Braxton	Often referred to as "Brother Carter," Carter Braxton (1836 – 1898) became Lizzie's brother in law when he married Nannie Clementina Alsop in 1868.
	Thomas Coleman	Chandler	Referred to as "Uncle Tom," Thomas Coleman Chandler (b. 1798) was Lizzie's paternal uncle through his first wife Clementina S. Alsop.
	Ellen Patton	Chew	Referred to as "Nenna," Ellen Patton Chew (1838 - 1896) was Lizzie's maternal first cousin once removed.
	Elizabeth French	Chew	Known as "Lizzie," Elizabeth French Chew (1843 - 1922) was Lizzie's maternal second cousin.
	Margaretta Herndon	Chew	Referred to as "Madggie," Margaretta Herndon Chew (b. 1846) was Lizzie's second cousin.

## MAJOR CHARACTERS IN THE LIFE OF ELIZABETH MAXWELL ALSOP WYNNE

Title	First	Last	Description
	Arthur Ludwell	Coleman	Known simply as "Arthur," Arthur Ludwell Coleman (1850 – 1872), of Bowling Green, courted Lizzie's sister Emily until the time of his accidental death.
Capt.	John Esten	Cooke	Referred to as "Capt. Cooke," John Esten Cooke (1830 – 1886) served on the staff of Confederate general James Ewell Brown Stuart and, after Stuart's death in 1864, on the staff of Brig. Gen. William N. Pendleton. Although Cooke carried on a flirtation with Nannie Alsop, he ultimately married Mary Frances Page in September 1867.
Gen.	John Rogers	Cooke	Referred to as "General Cooke," Brig. Gen. John Rogers Cooke (1833 – 1891) was the brother-in-law of Maj. Gen. James Ewell Brown Stuart. Cooke was severely wounded during the Battle of Fredericksburg when a bullet entered over his left eye and fractured his skull. He returned to duty in April 1863.
Col.	Stapleton	Crutchfield	Col. Stapleton Crutchfield (1835 – 1865) is frequently referred to in Lizzie's journal. He was born in Spotsylvania County attended the Virginia Military Institute where he graduated in 1855 and served as an instructor of mathematics and tactics. Crutchfield served as Lt. Gen. Thomas Jonathan Jackson's chief of artillery. He was wounded at the Battle of Chancellorsville on May 2, 1863, losing a leg as a result. Crutchfield afterward served as an artillery inspector for coastal defenses and was assigned to command artillery units in the defenses of Richmond, Virginia. When the city was abandoned, his gunners served as an infantry brigade. He was killed at the Battle of Sailor's Creek on April 6, 1865.
Dr.	Thaddeus	Fitzhugh	Referred to as "Dr. Fitzhugh," Thaddeus Fitzhugh (1835 – 1914) served as captain of Company F, 5th Virginia Cavalry. In 1864, he became one of Lizzie's unsuccessful suitors.
	Alexander Frederick	Fleet	Referred to as "Fred Fleet," Alexander Frederick Fleet (1843 – 1911) was the son of Dr. Benjamin Robert Fleet of King and Queen County, Virginia. After the war, he studied at the University of Virginia and after graduating in 1867, taught at Kenmore Academy in Fredericksburg. In 1868, he moved to Missouri, where he was a professor of Greek and German at William Jewell College.
	Doratheia Buckner	French	Referred to as "Aunt Dorry," or "Dolie," Doratheia Buckner French (b. 1829) was Lizzie's maternal aunt.
	Eliza Chew	French	Referred to as "Aunt Eliza," Eliza Chew French (b. 1825) was Lizzie's maternal aunt.
	Seth Barton	French	Called "Uncle Seth," Seth Barton French (1832 – 1910) was Lizzie's maternal uncle.
	Thomas Barton	French	Known as "Uncle Tom," Thomas Barton French (1830 – 1899) was Lizzie's maternal uncle. He enlisted in August 1861, as 2nd lieutenant in the Stafford Light Artillery. He was promoted to captain in September 1862, and then to major in November.

## MAJOR CHARACTERS IN THE LIFE OF ELIZABETH MAXWELL ALSOP WYNNE

Title	First	Last	Description
	Catherine	Gordon	Known as "Kate," Catherine Gordon (b. 1845) was a student at the Southern Female Institute from Louisa County, Virginia.
	Hannah Wertimer	Graves	Known as "Hannah," Hannah Wertimer Graves (1844 - 1863) was a student at the Southern Female Institute from Albemarle, Virginia. She died suddenly, and her death is a frequent subject in Lizzie's journal.
	Robert Acheson	Gray	Referred to as "Mr. Gray," Robert Acheson Gray (1830 - 1915) of Stafford County, Virginia. Gray was a veteran of Company B, 9th Virginia Cavalry, and Company H, 4th Virginia Cavalry. Lizzie was introduced to him in 1866, and he became one of her unsuccessful suitors.
Captain	Fendall	Gregory	Referred to as "Capt. Gregory," Capt. Fendall Gregory, Jr. (1835 – 1877), of Company E, 5th Virginia Cavalry was of Lizzie's unsuccessful suitors.
	Ellen	Gresham	Known as "Ellen," Ellen Gresham was a student at the Southern Female Institute and the oldest daughter of William D. and Harriett M. Gresham of King and Queen County, Virginia.
	Walter	Gresham	"Mr. Gresham," was likely Walter Gresham of King and Queen County, Virginia. Lizzie was introduced to him in 1866, and he became one of her unsuccessful suitors.
	Carrie	Hall	Referred to as "Carrie Hall Junior," Caroline G. Hall (b. 1849), daughter Horace Byrd Hall (b. 1824) a Fredericksburg druggist.
	Carrie	Hall	Referred to as "Carrie Hall Senior," Caroline C. Hall (b. 1845), daughter of John B. Hall, a Fredericksburg druggist.
Mr.	-	Hillyard	"Mr. Hillyard" could not be positively identified, but he first visited Fredericksburg in 1868, and was one of Lizzie's unsuccessful suitors.
Adjutant	John M.	Jones	Referred to as "Adj. Jones," Capt. John M. Jones of Georgia was aide-de-camp to Brig. Gen. Pierce Manning Butler Young from September 28, 1863 until his death in 1864.
Captain		Jones	Known as "Capt. Jones," one of Lizzie's unsuccessful suitors who first appeared in February 1864. This "Capt. Jones" appears to be different from "Adj. Jones" of general Young's staff.
Mr.	-	Jones	"Mr. Jones" could not be positively identified, but he first appeared in July 1863 while Lizzie is at Hilton in Spotsylvania County. He became one of her unsuccessful suitors.
	Nelly/Nellie	Kelly	
	D. Lee	Powell	D. Lee Powell (d. 1871) conducted a school for girls known as the Fredericksburg Institute in the Citizens' Hall on Princess Anne Street, Fredericksburg. Powell moved to Richmond and established the Southern Female Institute in 1850.
	Mildred	Wallace	Known as "Milly," Mildred Wallace (b. 1830) was a member of the household of Rev. William F. Broadus.

## MAJOR CHARACTERS IN THE LIFE OF ELIZABETH MAXWELL ALSOP WYNNE

Title	First	Last	Description
	Louisa Minor	Young	Known as "Loulie," Louisa Minor Young (1838 – 1909) became Lizzie's sister in law and when she married William S. Alsop in 1861.
	Dolie		
Captain	William Lee	Church	Known as "Capt. Church," Capt. William Lee Church (b. 1843) was the assistant adjutant general for Brig. Gen. Pierce M. B. Young of the Cobb Legion.

**APPENDIX II**  
**PHOTOGRAPHS**



Photograph taken on February 22, 1866 at the wedding of George E. Alsop and Virginia Louisa Yerby. Virginia Historical Society (1982.41)



From left: Emily Browne Alsop Powers, Nannie Clementina Alsop Braxton, Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop Wynne. Virginia Historical Society (1982.39)



Sarah Ann French Alsop, c. 1866. Virginia Historical Society (1982.40)



Joseph Alsop, c. 1866. Virginia Historical Society (1982.37)



The Virginia Historical Society  
Do not use without Permission

Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop Wynne, c. 1862. Virginia Historical Society (1982.42)

## BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Allardice, Bruce S. *Confederate Colonels: A Biographical Register*. Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 2008.
- Allan, Elizabeth Randolph Preston. *The Life and Letters of Margaret Junkin Preston*. New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1903.
- Alsup, Jerry D. *Alsop's Tables: Vol. III, Pt I*. Bloomington: iUniverse, 2012.
- Appletons' Annual Cyclopaedia and Register of Important Events*, Vol. 20. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1896.
- Appletons' Cyclopædia of American Biography*. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1900.
- Bagby, Alfred. *King and Queen County, Virginia*. New York: The Neale Publishing Company, 1908.
- Balderston, Lydia Ray. *Laundering*. Philadelphia: L.R. Balderston, 1914.
- Barber, Edna Susan. "Sisters of the Capital: White Women in Richmond, Virginia, 1860-1880." PhD diss., University of Maryland, 1997.
- Barrere, Albert and Charles G. Leland. *A Dictionary of Slang, Jargon & Cant*, Vol. I. London: George Bell & Sons, 1897.
- Beagle, Donald Robert and Bryan Albin Giemza. *Poet of the Lost Cause: A Life of Father Ryan*. Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press, 2008.
- Beale, Jane Howison. *A Woman in a War-Torn Town: The Journal of Jane Howison Beale, Fredericksburg, Virginia 1850-1862*, eds. Kerri S. Barile and Barbara P. Willis. Virginia Beach: Donning Company Publishers, 2011.
- Bearss, Sara, John T. Kneebone, J. Jefferson Looney, Brent Tarter, and Sandra Gioia Treadway, ed. *Dictionary of Virginia Biography*, Vol. 2. Richmond: Library of Virginia, 2001.
- Beringer, Richard E. *Why the South Lost the Civil War*. Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1986.



- Breckinridge, Lucy Gilmer. *Lucy Breckinridge of Grove Hill*. ed. Mary D. Robertson. Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 1994.
- Broadfoot Publishing Company, *The Roster of Confederate Soldiers 1861–1865*, 16 vols. Wilmington: Broadfoot Publishing Company, 1995–1996.
- Browne, Charles Farrar. *Artemus Ward, and Other Papers*. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co., 1867.
- Buchanan, Roberdeau *Genealogy of the Roberdeau Family*. Washington: Joseph L. Pearson, 1876.
- Burt, Daniel. *The Chronology of American Literature: America's Literary Achievements From the Colonial Era to Modern Times*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 2004.
- Carpenter, Carolyn. "The Civil War diary of Betty Herndon Maury." *Fredericksburg History and Biography*, Volume 9, 2012, p. 8 - 121. (F234.F8 F84 v.9)
- Censer, Jane. *The Reconstruction of White Southern Womanhood, 1865-1895*. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State
- Chesnut, Mary Boykin. *The Private Mary Chesnut: The Unpublished Civil War Diaries*. eds. C. Vann Woodward and Elisabeth Muhlenfeld. New York: Oxford University Press, 1984.
- University Press, 2003.
- Chesnut, Mary Boykin. *A Diary from Dixie*. New York: D. Appleton and Company, 1905.
- Clinton, Catherine and Nina Silber, ed. *Divided Houses: Gender and the Civil War*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1992.
- Cozzens, Peter. *Shenandoah 1862: Stonewall Jackson's Valley Campaign*. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2008.
- Dabney, Virginius. *Mr. Jefferson's University: A History*. Charlottesville: University of Virginia Press, 1981.
- Dabney, Virginius. *Richmond: The Story of a City*. Charlottesville: University of Virginia Press, 1990.
- Dyer, Frederick H. *A Compendium of the War of the Rebellion, Vol. 3*. Des Moines: The Dyer Publishing Company, 1908.
- Edwards, Landon B., M.D. *Virginia Medical Semi-Monthly*, Vol. 1, April 1896 – March 1897. Richmond: J.W. Fergusson & Son, 1897.
- Edwards, Laura F. *Scarlett Doesn't Live Here Anymore: Southern Women in the Civil War Era*. Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 2000.
- Eicher, John H., and David J. Eicher. *Civil War High Commands*. Stanford: Stanford University Press, 2001.
- Estes, Claud. *List of Field Officers, Regiments, and Battalions in the Confederate States Army, 1861-1865*. Macon: J.W. Burke Company, 1912.

- Evans, Augusta Jane. *Beulah*, ed. Elizabeth Fox-Genovese. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1992.
- Evans, George P. *The Stranger's Guide and Official Directory for the City of Richmond*. Richmond: Geo. P. Evans & Co., 1863.
- Faust, Drew Gilpin. *Mothers of Invention: Women of the Slaveholding South in the American Civil War*. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1996.
- Fleet, Benjamin Robert, Betsy Fleet and John D.P. Fuller, ed. *Green Mount: A Virginia Plantation Family during the Civil War*. Lexington: University of Kentucky Press, 1962.
- Gallagher, Gary W. *The Confederate War*. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1997.
- Greenhow, Rose O'Neal. *My Imprisonment and the First Year of Abolition Rule at Washington*. London: R. Bentley, 1863.
- Harrison, Noel G. *Fredericksburg Civil War Sites, Volume Two, December 1862 – April 1865*. Lynchburg: H. E. Howard, 1995.
- \_\_\_\_\_. *Fredericksburg Civil War Sites, Volume One, April 1861 – November 1862*. Lynchburg: H. E. Howard, 1995.
- Hayden, Horace Edwin. *Virginia Genealogies: A Genealogy of the Glassell Family of Scotland and Virginia*. Wilkes-Barre: E. B. Yordy, \_\_\_\_.
- Janney, Caroline E. *Burying the Dead but Not the Past: Ladies' Memorial Associations & the Lost Cause*. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2008.
- Johnson, Ronald W. "Preliminary Historic Resource Study: Chatam, Fredericksburg and Spotsylvania County Battlefields Memorial National Military Park." Denver: Denver Service Center, National Park Service, United States Department of the Interior, 1982.
- Jones, Charles Edgeworth. *Georgia in the War, 1861-1865*. 1909.
- Julian, John. *A Dictionary of Hymnology*. London: John Murray, 1892.
- Kett, Joseph F. *Rites of Passage: Adolescence in America, 1790 to the Present*. New York: Basic Books, 1978.
- Kettell, Thomas Prentice. *The United States Magazine and Democratic Review*, Vol. 29. New York: Kettell & Moore, 1851.
- Kline, Mary-Jo and Susan Holbrook Perdue. *A Guide to Documentary Editing* (Third Edition). Charlottesville: University of Virginia Press, 2008.
- Krick, Robert K. *9th Virginia Cavalry*. Virginia Regimental History Series. Lynchburg: H.E. Howard, 1982.

- \_\_\_\_\_. *30th Virginia Infantry*, Virginia Regimental History Series. Lynchburg: H.E. Howard, 1983.
- \_\_\_\_\_. *Lee's Colonels: A Biographical Register of the Field Officers of the Army of Northern Virginia*. Dayton: Morningside House, Inc., 1992.
- \_\_\_\_\_. *Fredericksburg Artillery*, Virginia Regimental History Series. Lynchburg: H.E. Howard, 1986.
- Lamb, Janie Preston Boulware. "Saint Julien," *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, Vol. 45, No. 4. Richmond: Virginia Historical Society, 1937.
- Lévy-Bruhl, Lucien, *History of Modern Philosophy in France: With portraits of the Leading French Philosophers*. Chicago, The Open Court Publishing Company, 1899.
- Merriam Webster's Encyclopedia of Literature*. Springfield: Merriam-Webster, 1995.
- Mesic, Harriet Bey. *Cobb's Legion Cavalry: A History and Roster of the Ninth Georgia Volunteers in the Civil War*. Jefferson: McFarland & Company, Inc., 2009.
- Miller, Josiah. *Singers and Songs of the Church*. London, Longmans, Green, and Co., 1869.
- Moody, Dwight Lyman. *Great Joy: Comprising Sermons and Prayer-Meeting Talks*. London: William Nicholson and Sons, 1877.
- Moss, Elizabeth. *Domestic Novelists in the Old South: Defenders of Southern Culture*. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1992.
- Musselman, Homer D. *47th Virginia Infantry*. Lynchburg: H.E. Howard, 1991.
- \_\_\_\_\_. *The Caroline Light, Parker and Stafford Light, Virginia Artillery*, Virginia Regimental History Series. Lynchburg: H.E. Howard, 1992.
- \_\_\_\_\_. *Stafford County in the Civil War*. Lynchburg: H. E. Howard, 1995.
- Nash, Steven E. "Love is a Battlefield: Lizzie Alsop's Flirtation with the Confederacy," in *Weirding the Civil War: Stories from the Civil War's Ragged Edges*, ed. Stephen Berry. University of Georgia Press, 2011.
- National Sunday School Union. *The Sunday School Teacher: A Biblical and Educational Magazine*, Vol. II. London: Sunday School Union, 1876.
- O'Sullivan, Richard. *55th Virginia Infantry*. Lynchburg: H.E. Howard, 1989.
- O'Brien, Michael. *An Evening When Alone: Four Journals of Single Women in the South*. Charlottesville: University Press of Virginia, 1993.
- Ott, Victoria. *Confederate Daughters: Coming of Age during the Civil War*. Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press, 2008.

- Perkins, George B., Barbara Perkins, and Phillip Leininger, ed. *Benet's Reader's Encyclopedia of American Literature*, Vol. 1. New York: HarperCollins, 1991.
- Phisterer, Frederick *New York in the War of the Rebellion*, 3rd ed. Albany: J. B. Lyon Company, 1912.
- Putnam, Sally Brock. *Richmond During the War: Four Years of Personal Observation*. 1867. Reprint, Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1996.
- Quigley, Paul. *Shifting Grounds: Nationalism and the American South, 1848-1865*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2011.
- Quinn, Sylvanius Jackson. *The History of Fredericksburg, Virginia*. Richmond: The Hermitage Press, Inc., 1908.
- Rable, George. *Civil Wars: Women and the Crisis of Southern Nationalism*. Chicago: University of Illinois, 1989.
- Riggs, Susan A. *21st Virginia Infantry*, Virginia Regimental History Series. Lynchburg: H.E. Howard, 1991.
- Ruffner, Kevin Conley. *Maryland's Blue and Gray*. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University, 1997.
- Sears, Stephen W. *To the Gates of Richmond: The Peninsula Campaign*. Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1992.
- Smith, Andrew F. *Starving the South: How the North Won the Civil War*. New York: St. Martin's Press, 2011.
- Smith, Russell P. "It Does Appear that Our Soldiers Were Made Altogether of Patriotism: The Civil War Diary of Mary Gray Caldwell, Part I," in *Fredericksburg History and Biography*, Vol. 11. Fredericksburg: Central Virginia Battlefields Trust, Inc., 2012.
- Sperry, Lewis. *Major Bible Themes: 52 Vital Doctrines of the Scriptures Simplified and Explained*. Grand Rapids: Zondervan Publishing, 1974.
- Stevens, Michael E. and Steven B. Burg. *Editing Historical Documents: A Handbook of Practice*. Walnut Creek: AltaMira Press, 1997.
- Stiles, Kenneth L. *4th Virginia Cavalry*. Lynchburg: H.E. Howard, 1985.
- Tanselle, Thomas G. "The Editing of Historical Documents," *Studies in Bibliography*, 31 (1978): 1-57.
- Tucker, Spencer C. and William E. White. *The Civil War Naval Encyclopedia*, Vol. 1. Santa Barbara: ABC-CLIO, LLC, 2011.
- U.S. Department of War. *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*. 128 vols. and index. Washington, 1880-1891.
- U.S. Government. *List of Staff Officers of the Confederate States Army, 1861-1865*. Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1891.

Vincent, Leon Henry. *American Literary Masters*. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1906.

Wallace, Lee A., Jr. *17th Virginia Infantry*. Lynchburg: H.E. Howard, 1990.

Warner, Ezra J. *Generals in Gray: Lives of the Confederate Commanders*. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1959.

Warner, Ezra J. *Generals in Blue: Lives of Union Commanders*. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1964.

Watkins, M. G. "Folk-lore for Sweethearts," in *The Eclectic Magazine of Foreign Literature, Science, and Art*, Vol. 41. New York: E. R. Pelton, 1885.

Wert, Jeffrey D. *Cavalryman of the Lost Cause: A Biography of J. E. B. Stuart*. New York: Simon & Schuster, 2009.

Wilcox, Ruth Turner. *Five Centuries of American Costume*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1963.

Wigfield, Marshall. *A History of Caroline County, Virginia: From Its Formation in 1727 to 1924*. Richmond: Press of Trevvet Christian & Co., 1924.

Wyatt-Brown, Bertram. *Honor and Violence in the Old South*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1986.

\_\_\_\_\_. *Southern Honor: Ethics and Behavior in the Old South*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1982.

Wynne, Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop. *Journal of Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop Wynne, 1862 – 1926*. Wynne Family Papers, 1809-1967. MssI W9927 a. Virginia Historical Society. Richmond, VA.

Wynne, Elizabeth Maxwell Alsop. *Genealogies and Traditions: Brayne, Bengier, Barton, French*. Indiana, PA: Park Printing House, 1931.

## **NEWSPAPERS**

*Fredericksburg Ledger*

*Free-Lance Star*

## VITA

Andrew Harris Talkov was born on November 17, 1972, and raised in the suburbs of Boston, Massachusetts where he gained a lifelong appreciation for history. He received his B.A. in History and Secondary Education from Rutgers University in New Brunswick, New Jersey, in 1995. As a student, Andrew found an outlet for his longtime interest in the American Civil War as a seasonal park ranger at Gettysburg National Military Park and Manassas National Battlefield Park. In 1996, he began his professional museum career as blacksmith and millwright at Old Sturbridge Village in Sturbridge, Massachusetts, where he was employed until the spring of 2000. Returning to Virginia and Civil War history, he served as a senior staff member at Pamplin Historical Park & The National Museum of the Civil War Soldier in Petersburg, Virginia until the fall of 2007. In November 2007, Andrew accepted a position at the Virginia Historical Society where he currently serves as the Head of Program Development and Coordinator of *Virginia's Civil War*. He was co-curator of the Commonwealth of Virginia's Civil War sesquicentennial exhibition—*An American Turning Point: The Civil War in Virginia*—which opened in Richmond in February 2011, and toured throughout Virginia until 2015.